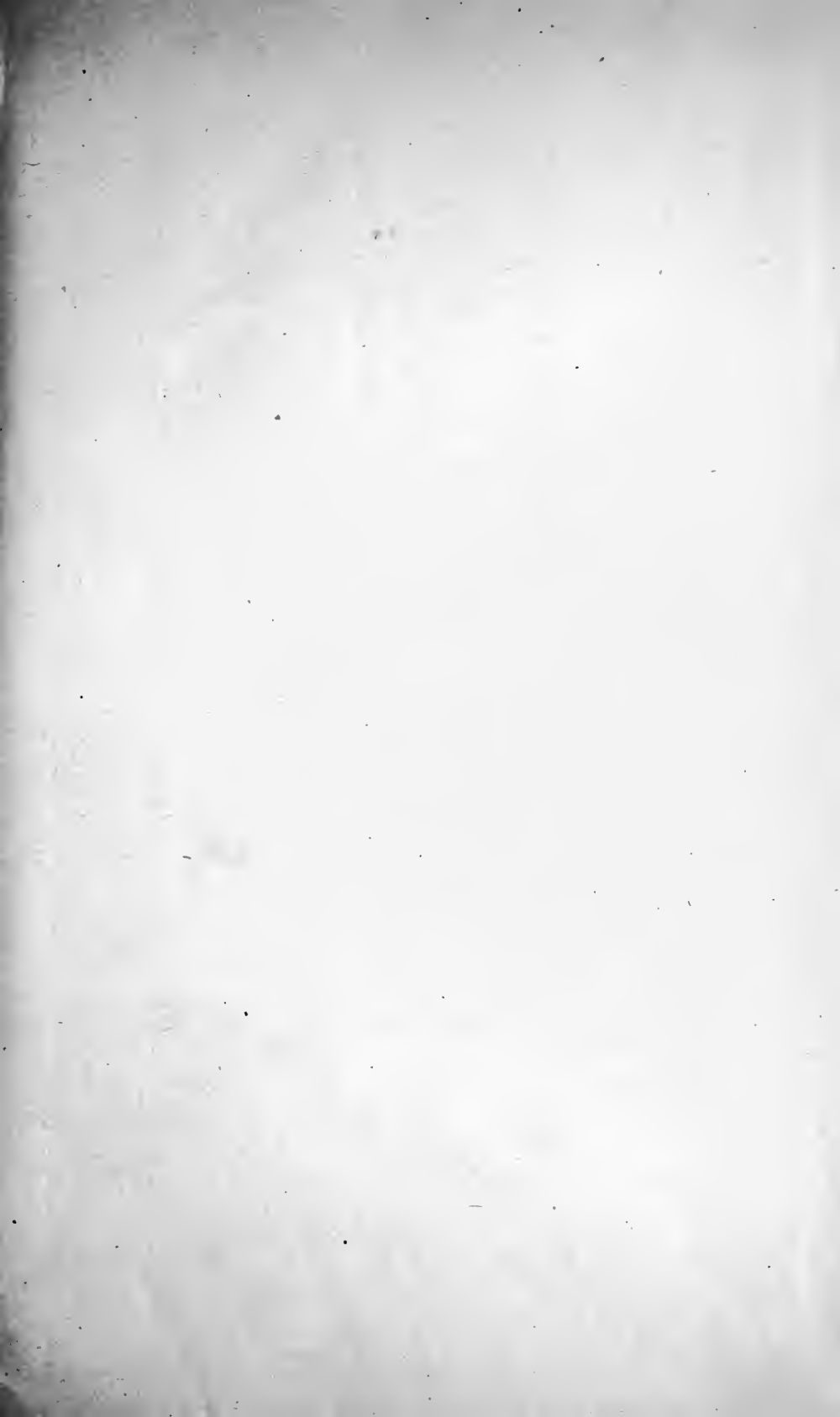
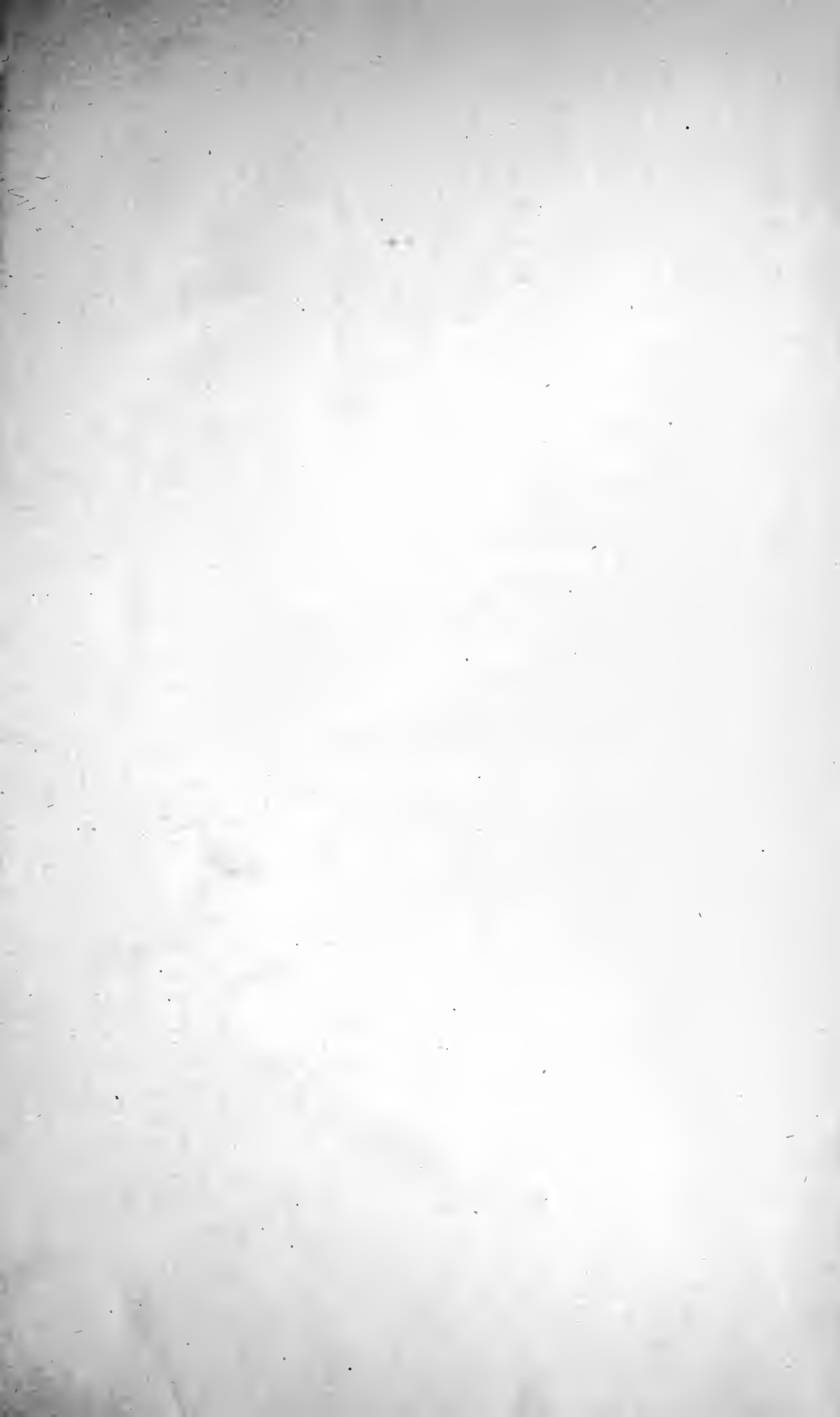


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation







Page 4

702013

~~723869~~

THE



CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

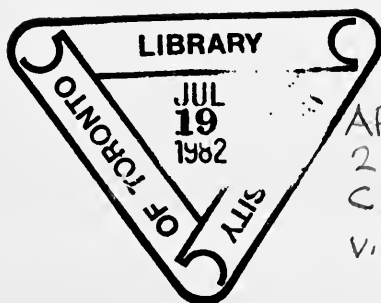


VOL. LXIX.

APRIL, 1899, TO SEPTEMBER, 1899.

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120 WEST 60th STREET.

—
1899.



Copyright, 1899, by THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL
THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

A Doctor, a Diary, and a Diagnosis.— <i>Margaret M. Halvey,</i> . . .	376	Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), Letters of. — <i>Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton,</i> . . .	224
Ancient and Honorable.— <i>Jeanie Drake,</i>	248	German Humor.— <i>Carina B. C. Eagles-</i> <i>field, B.A.,</i> . . .	319
Association of St. Camillus, The.— <i>Jos-</i> <i>eph Ignatius Maguire,</i> . . .	826	Havana Holy Week, A. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) — <i>M. E. Henry-Ruffin,</i> . . .	34
Barlow, Miss Jane. (<i>Portrait.</i>)— <i>Katha-</i> <i>rine Tynan Hinkson,</i> . . .	101	Heavenly Adventure, A— <i>Comte De V.</i> <i>de l'Isle Adam,</i> . . .	66
Beardsley, Aubrey: A Reconstruction. — <i>Louise Imogen Guiney,</i> . . .	201	Heirs of the Abbey, The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) — <i>C. S. Howe,</i> . . .	610
Béguines Past and Present. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>Virginia M. Crawford,</i> . . .	329	Ingersoll, Robert.— <i>Henry A. Brann,</i> <i>D.D.,</i> . . .	787
Bohemia, A Philosopher in. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>Margaret F. Sullivan,</i> . . .	365	Ireland, A Revolution in.— <i>Seumas Mac-</i> <i>Manus,</i> . . .	522
Brownson's Conversion, An English View of.— <i>Rev. William L. Gildea,</i> <i>D.D.,</i> . . .	24	Labor Question, The, and the Catholic Church — <i>Dr. Nicholas Bjerring,</i> 461, 629	
Bruges, The Gables and Octagon Tow- ers of. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) — <i>Madder</i> <i>Browne,</i> . . .	449	Lagoons, On the. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>E.</i> <i>McAuliffe,</i> . . .	737
Cardinals who may be the Next Pope. (<i>Portraits.</i>), . . .	433	Lay-Sisters, The.— <i>Mary Onahan Gal-</i> <i>lery,</i> . . .	605
Catholic Church Architecture. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>W. H. McGinty,</i> . . .	191	Leo XIII. on "Americanism," . . .	133
Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago, Reminiscences of a.— <i>Rev. C.</i> <i>L. Walworth,</i> . . .	396, 549, 662, 812	Louvain, In Picturesque. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) <i>Michael P. Seter,</i> . . .	595
"Catholicism, Roman and Anglican." — <i>Rev. R. Richardson,</i> . . .	359	Love's Resurrection.— <i>Edith Grangier</i> <i>Charlton,</i> . . .	17
Catholic Officers in the Army and Navy. (<i>Portraits.</i>) . . .	129, 282, 425, 573, 715	Markham: A Mischievous Pessimist. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Rev. George McDerm-</i> <i>mot, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	688
Celtic Revival, The.— <i>Rev. George Mc-</i> <i>Dermot, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	480	Mexico, A Sixteenth Century Town in. (<i>Illustrated.</i>), . . .	110
Charity as it Was and Is.— <i>H. M. Beadle,</i>	81	Montmartre and its Poor. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) <i>Rev. Frank X. McGowan, O.S.A.,</i>	232
Christ the Need of Society.— <i>Rev. Mich-</i> <i>ael P. Smith, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	386	Montauk Incident, A.— <i>Henrietta Dana</i> <i>Skinner,</i> . . .	54
Christ the Need of the Individual.— <i>Rev.</i> <i>Michael P. Smith, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	777	Münster's Peace, Through the.— <i>E. C.</i> <i>Vansittart,</i> . . .	490
Christ the Need of the Nations.— <i>Rev.</i> <i>Michael P. Smith, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	255	Newman, The Influence of.— <i>Anne Eli-</i> <i>zabeth O'Hare,</i> . . .	623
Christian Science, The Vagaries of.— <i>Ernest Hawley,</i> . . .	508	"New York Catholic Teachers' Man- ual," . . .	832
Church in the Philippines, The Truth about the.— <i>Bryan J. Clinch,</i> . . .	289	Norway, A Cruise in the Fjords of. (<i>Il-</i> <i>lustrated.</i>)— <i>C. M. O'Brien,</i> . . .	533
Columbian Reading Union, The, . . .	142, 286, 430, 575, 718, 861	Old Brown Hat, The.— <i>John Austin</i> <i>Schettly,</i> . . .	584
Conclave, The Press and the Next.— <i>Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	240	Our Risen Lord, . . . (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	
"Consider the Lilies," (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)		Papal Letter and the "Outlook," The, . . .	1
Cuba, A Practical View of. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>James M. McGinley,</i> . . .	72	Pater Damien, . . . (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	
Cyrano de Bergerac.— <i>Rev. George Mc-</i> <i>Dermot, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	181	Patmore, Coventry. (<i>Portrait.</i>)— <i>Rev.</i> <i>Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	646
Don Jaime's Honeymoon.— <i>Henrietta</i> <i>Dana Skinner,</i> . . .	746	Peace Conference, and What it Might Have Been, The, . . .	577
Drink Problem, Women and the.— <i>M.</i> <i>E. J. Kelley,</i> . . .	678	Philippine Insurrection, and the Voice of the Courts, The.— <i>E. B. Briggs,</i> <i>D.C.L.,</i> . . .	544
Editorial Notes, . . .	128, 280, 424, 572, 714, 857	"Ramona's" Home. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>M. B. Jordan,</i> . . .	10
Education Bill in New York State, The New, . . .	106	Red-House, The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>P. M.</i> <i>Evans,</i> . . .	305
Evangelists in Symbolism, The. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>Marion Arnold,</i> . . .	637	Resurrection and the Ancient World. — <i>Rev. Joseph V. Tracy,</i> . . .	46
Florence, Recollections of. (<i>Illus-</i> <i>trated.</i>)— <i>E. McAuliffe,</i> . . .	173	Saint Vincent de Paul. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P.,</i> . . .	721

San Luis Rey, At the Ruined Altar of, (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	Tintoretto, The Religious Paintings of. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Mary F. Nixon,</i>	762
San Luis Rey, The Mission of. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Clara Spalding Brown,</i>	Tolafaa Land, In. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Mary F. Nixon,</i>	88
Saturday Morning on Mount Calvary. (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	Ursuline Nuns and a Normal College, The.— <i>Isabel Allardyce,</i>	674
Science, The Century's Progress in.— <i>William Seton, L.L.D.,</i>	Watterson, Bishop (<i>Portrait.</i>)— <i>John Jerome Rooney,</i>	407
Southern Alps," The "Unspoilt Valleys of the. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>E. M. Lynch,</i>	What the Thinkers Say, 285, 427, 858	468
Study in Identity, A.— <i>James N. White, Jr.,</i>	Whistler, Mr., and the Expatriated.— <i>Frank Ward O'Malley,</i>	340
Sympathy.— <i>Rev. Wm. A. Sutton, S.J.,</i>	Woodland Scene, (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	
Talk about New Books, 118, 264, 411, 561, 699, 838	Woods and Pastures New, Fresh. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>E. M. Lynch,</i>	346
	Zach's "Interests."— <i>Easton Smith,</i>	214

POETRY.

Agnosticism.—" <i>Eamon Hayes,</i> "	532	"Lead Thou Me on."— <i>Rev. James T. Brown,</i>	395
Au Sable Chasm.— <i>John Jerome Rooney,</i>	735	O Salutaris Hostia!— <i>Clara Conway,</i>	304
Ballad of Normandy, A.— <i>Rob Lear,</i>	836	Raphael's Transfiguration.— <i>D. J. McMackin,</i>	776
Darkness, In.— <i>Virginia Osborne Reed,</i>	825	Resurrection.— <i>F. X. E.,</i>	50
Death of the Innocent— <i>Grace Beatrice Barlet,</i>	507	Salve, Regina!— <i>R. H. Armstrong,</i>	145
Discipline,	560	Song of Songs, The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Claude M. Girardeau,</i>	518
Easter Symphony, An.— <i>M. A. Blanchet,</i>	9	St. Catherine of Sienna. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) <i>Carolyn Sage,</i>	168
Easter, The First.— <i>Marion Arnold,</i>	64	Surrexit Christus Spes Mea. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Mary Grant O'Sheridan,</i>	33
Father Fitzgerald.— <i>John Jerome Rooney,</i>	51	Twilight— <i>Rev. William P. Cantwell,</i>	200
Fidelity.— <i>James Buckham,</i>	318	Waiting.— <i>Thomas B. Reilly,</i>	594
Heart's Teaching, The.— <i>C. J. Clifford, S. J.,</i>	345		

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Agnostic Science, The Reaction from,	704	God Winning Us,	122
Are Catholics Reasonable in their Belief?	705	Historic Nuns,	126
Auricular Confession, Notes on a History of: H. C. Lea's Account of the Power of the Keys in the Early Church, Bettering Ourselves, Between Whiles: A Collection of Verses,	420	Industrial Cuba,	849
Bible Stories in Bible Language,	271	Italian Art, History of Modern,	264
Blessed Virgin, Devotion to the,	270	Joubert's Thoughts,	417
Boyhood to Manhood, Through: A Plea for Ideals,	269	Kingdom of Italy and the Sovereignty of Rome, The,	415
Business Guide for Priests,	279	Law and Legal Practice, Natural,	566
Cambridge Conferences,	708	Le Catholicisme et la Vie de l'Esprit,	422
Catholic Teachers' Institute, The National,	570	Le Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe Siècle,	700
Christ to Manhood, The Message of,	122	Mass Book, The,	127
Christian Argument,	411	Miracles of Antichrist, The,	272
Christian Doctrine, Exposition of,	845	My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses,	278
Christian Persecutions,	417	Old Bay State, Stories of the,	562
Christianity or Agnosticism,	124	Old Patroon and other Plays, The,	419
Church of the Revelation, The,	705	Philosophy of Literature, An Essay Contributing to a,	565
College Boy, The,	564	Protestant Fiction,	565
Contemporary Spain,	700	Prudentius, Songs from,	563
Du Doute à la Foi,	421	Religion and Morality; their Nature and Mutual Relations historically and doctrinally considered,	705
Early Church, Gems from the,	844	Roman Primacy, A. D. 430-451, The,	838
English Church, Men and Movements in the,	123	Ruskin, John, Social Reformer,	852
Espiritu Santo,	119	Shakespeare, The Religion of,	699
Fullerton, The Inner Life of Lady Georgiana, with Notes of Retreat and Diary,	702	Silver Cross, The,	413
Gaelic, Key to the Study of,	855	Sociology, Outline of Practical,	841
		St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury, Life of,	125
		St. Francis de Sales, Library of,	846
		Studies in Literature, Three,	121
		Turf Smoke, Through the,	276
		Two Standards, The,	118





"And on the Sabbath Day they rested according to the Commandment."

SATURDAY MORNING ON MOUNT CALVARY.


THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 409.

THE PAPAL LETTER AND THE "OUTLOOK."

ABOUT the only religious publication which has taken any very serious exception to the recent letter of the Holy Father on the subject of "Americanism" is the *Outlook*. Other periodicals have demurred at some of the statements or have found fault in a trivial way with the dignified and authoritative claims made by the Holy Father as the exponent of the one true Church. This might have been expected, because of the different points of view from which the letter is looked at. But the *Outlook* takes issue with the words of the Pope on deeper and more fundamental grounds, no less than "the interpretation of the religion of Jesus Christ as embodied in the Four Gospels." Let us quote here the exact words of the statement from the *Outlook*:

"But the larger question, Does Pope Leo XIII. correctly interpret the religion of Jesus Christ as it is embodied in his life and teachings contained in the four Gospels? concerns the Universal Church. The *Outlook* does not believe that he does. We recognize the self-consistent attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, but not that this attitude is consistent with the liberty wherewith Christ makes free. Nevertheless we are glad to have it stated with such explicitness, for it will help clear thinking. For between the position that religious faith is a dogma once for all delivered to the saints, and either transcribed in an infallible Bible or committed to the custody of an infallible Church, and the position that every man is a child of God, may have direct communion with God, and may learn for himself by that communion what the will of God is, that no dogma can possibly state spiritual truth in a permanent form, that

Copyright. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK. 1899.

philosophical definitions of spiritual life must change with changing philosophy, as the language in which they are expressed changes with changes in language and literature, that truth is more than dogma and life is more than discipline, that neither truth nor life has been or can be ossified in a written record or a traditional ecclesiastical decree, that, in a word, the kingdom of God is like a seed planted in the ground, which grows, men know not how, and that when it ceases to grow it ceases to live, and therefore ceases to be the kingdom of God—between these two attitudes there appears to us to be no middle ground. The Roman Catholic Church is the self-consistent exponent of an infallible, unchangeable dogma, an immobile, unalterable life. Protestantism will never be self-consistent until it stands with equal courage for the opposite doctrine—adaptability of religious institutions to changing circumstances, the mobility of religious life as a perpetual growth, and the continual change of dogmatic definitions, always inadequate to express the ever-enlarging spiritual life of the individual and of the race."

As a thoughtful and representative periodical the *Outlook* has a very high standing. It voices the religious sentiments of a large and intelligent class of non-Catholics who have turned their back on church authority and ecclesiasticism, and are facing towards "rationalism" in religion, in the stricter sense of the word, as opposed to the acceptance of the authoritative teaching of the external order.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the *Outlook* should manifest some little uneasiness at the beautiful spectacle of the Catholic world here in free-thinking and liberty-loving America listening with reverential docility to the voice of an old man away off in Rome. But in doing so Catholics neither confess to any servility to the opinions of another, nor to any intellectual slavery. The only intellectual servitude we know is the subservience of the mind to a human teacher whose authority on questions of divine truth does not transcend the skies and whose sources of knowledge are no more or no less than just what any one may acquire by natural ability. It is no slavery for the mariner who is tossed on the wide expanse of ocean that he must stand at midday and watch the passing of the sun across the meridian, and that he must accept the dictation of the sun as to the regulation of his daily life. He perchance might be freer if he had the arrangement of his own time, if he might go on the bridge and announce the hour of twelve when it pleased his fancy, or suited his own convenience. But even then he could not get away from the principle of authority. In order

to get any one to accept his arbitrary arrangement of time so that there might be some order in the watches, and not everlasting confusion on board, he would be obliged to impose his arrangement on all the others by authority. Many, moreover, seeing that the only principle whereby the hour of midday was fixed was the captain's own pleasure, would very soon rebel against one man's pleasure setting itself up against another's, even if he were the captain of the ship.

How much more harmonious it is to have the authority of the sun, which no one disputes and whose regulation of time every one freely and willingly accepts. As we look over the non-Catholic religious world, where the principle of authority is denied, there are duplicated the divergencies and differences that would characterize the condition of affairs on shipboard if the captain would put aside the sun as a guide and set up his own convenience as the standard.

In accord with this spirit of obedience, when the letter of the Holy Father was published the Paulist Fathers immediately sent the following expression of their adherence to the teaching of the Holy Father:*

As soon as we had read the letter of your Holiness regarding the errors to which the name of "Americanism" is given, and addressed to his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, as this letter was given in English in the New York daily papers, we immediately, fully, and willingly embraced the doctrine laid down in this Pontifical document; and we signified this without delay by telegraph to your Holiness. And for the letter we cordially thank your Holiness, because, in the discharge of your office of supreme Doctor and infallible Teacher, you lead us in the way of truth and keep far from us the darkness of error; and in the same spirit Father Hecker, if he were still living, would with filial veneration have received the Pontifical decree.

But the reading of the letter of your Holiness gave us no little comfort, because therein it is stated that the errors reprobated by the Holy See are rather to be ascribed to the interpretations of the opinions of Father Hecker than to those opinions themselves. But if there be anything, either in the doctrine or the "Life" of this Father, which is ordered by the wise judgment of your Holiness to be corrected, we willingly acquiesce in the

* The Latin text of this letter may be found at the end of this number under the caption "Editorial Notes."

sentence of the Holy See, both because the Roman Church is the pillar and ground of the truth, and because it is commanded as follows in the Rule of our Institute: "Let a prompt and cheerful religious submission to the Holy Church, and to every lawfully constituted authority in it, and to all the ordinances established by its authority, be a principal and evident characteristic of our society and of all its associates. First of all, let this obedience be shown to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to all the decrees and instructions of the Holy See, whether relating to doctrine or to discipline." This manner of obedience is deeply imprinted in our hearts, so that we have never thought of departing from the integrity and strictness of Catholic doctrine. But if, according to the judgment of your Holiness, we have either had this tendency, or have appeared to have it, or by our way of acting have given any favor in any way to such a tendency, we gratefully receive the paternal correction of your Holiness.

The Constitutions of our Institute strictly require us to aim at perfect orthodoxy, and to have for our standard not only the definitions of the Church, but also its instructions, and the writings of approved authors concerning the spiritual life, and to promote the devotions which the Church fosters and recommends. And in these Constitutions the following declaration is to be found: "To all, including the priests, it is prescribed to use spiritual direction, according to the principles laid down by approved writers." In these and in all matters we declare that we shall follow the instructions laid down in the letter of your Holiness, and we likewise profess full obedience and faithful adherence to your Holiness and to the Holy Roman See.

The principle of authority in religious matters, instead of being a hindrance to the growth of real religious life, is a most decided help. The *Outlook* does not seem to appreciate this fact. It looks on an unerring church or an infallible pope as an oppressive incubus which kills all spontaneous growth beneath it, shutting out all direct communication with God himself. It would seem to think that under such a system the spiritual life must of a necessity be etiolated and jejune. But the facts are, fortunately, not in accord with such imaginings. Catholic hagiology is full of the life-stories of men and women who have attained the heights of heroic sanctity while living

under this system. It is quite certain that one may go up and down the avenues of New York City and meet devout, prayerful Catholic souls who, though clad in hood or tattered garments, are as prayerful as the fathers of the Thebaid, and are as instant in season and out of season in resisting the demands of the inferior nature, and all because their hearts have been touched by the divine love. Authority in religion is not an overhanging cloud to shut out the sun, but is rather like the railroad track to guide and to facilitate the progress of the train. The engineer as he starts from the depot knows every inch of his way, the rails will keep him from wandering across fields and being wrecked in the ditches, and instead of hindering him from reaching his destiny only the more readily help him to attain his end. It is easily conceivable that a people who have no worrying cares about their doctrinal beliefs can far more readily turn their attention to the fixing up of their lives from an ethical point of view. While, on the other hand, they to whom the question of "what must I believe" is like an open sore, will very soon find that their moral life will get into the same unhealthy condition.

The *Outlook* seems to have some curious notions about objective truth. It would appear that "spiritual truth" is only a mental impression. It has no permanent or pervading existence outside one's own comprehension of it. The writer says: "No dogma can possibly state spiritual truth in a permanent form." The prevailing idea of "spiritual truth," like any other truth, is that it is permanent—yesterday, to-day, and for ever unalterably the same. Truth, like God, is unchangeable. The Ten Commandments—and what more comprehensive "spiritual truths" are there than these?—are just as true to-day as they were when uttered on Mount Sinai, and will be just as true at the crack of doom. Dogma is only an expression of a divine fact, as the Commandment is the expression of a moral fact. These divine facts were revealed at sundry times and in divers ways, placed in the deposit of truth to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared by the one whom the God of truth has constituted as the guardian of the deposit.

The world will never be converted to the truth by *minimizing* its meaning or explaining away and softening down its plenary signification to suit the hard heart and dull ears of a worldly generation. There is such a thing as an attractive presentation of truth, but instead of lessening its value such a presentation only heightens its importance.

Father Hecker frequently gave expression to these statements. There is no one who wooed divine truth with such a lover's devotion as he, and there was no one who was prouder of its attributes, so ever ready to speak of them in any assemblage, and almost frantic in his desire to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He would have counted it treachery, and himself a traitor, to have explained away or to have apologized for one iota of the truth. One of the best statements against *minimizing* was written by Father Hewit in an article entitled "Pure vs. Diluted Catholicism," published in 1895.* In fact, the whole non-Catholic mission movement, from the day of its inception to the present moment, has constantly held in its front the statement "that we shall never lead our erring brethren to a knowledge of the truth by making light of the differences which exist between them and ourselves, or by mitigating the doctrine that out of the Church there is no salvation. Almighty God having instituted a way of salvation, has instituted no other."

But while there is in the Catholic system this "infallible, unchangeable dogma," this continuing "in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense, and one and the same judgment" (Const. de fide, chap iv., Conc. Vatican), it does not necessitate an "immobile unalterable life." For the spiritual life is undoubtedly a growth through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. "He that believeth in Me, as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Now this he said of the Spirit which they should receive who believed in him". (St. John vii. 38, 39). This same Spirit is the one who originates the good desire as well as the one who bestows the grace to carry it to completion. He is the one who has regenerated us by instituting a new relationship between the soul and God whereby we are enabled to cry, Abba, Father. He plants the seeds of a Christian life in the regenerated soil of our hearts and by the abundant showers of his grace he germinates that seed. He fosters it in its growth until truly we can say that "I live, not I but Christ liveth in me." "The charity of God is poured out in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us" (Rom. v. 5). Herein is established that wonderful union between the soul and God, far more close than that between friend and friend, so close that very often the soul is called the spouse of God.

As in a city there are the external ramparts which protect

* *American Catholic Quarterly*, July, 1895.

the city in its outer defences and guard the people from being carried away into the darkness of slavery, so also there is the internal civic life whereby the laws are kept and the refinements of civilization are cultivated, libraries established, and art galleries fostered. In just the same way in the city of the soul: while there are the external barriers of defined truth, the dogmatic teachings which preserve the soul from straying away into the slavery of falsehood and error, there is also the inner life begun and carried to the "full stature of Christ" by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.*

To most Catholics who live godly lives the existence of the outer ramparts is rarely felt. They have a consciousness that they are safely protected within a fortified city of truth, and with a sense of security they are enabled to cultivate the higher life, to cleanse, to adorn, and to decorate the temple of their souls in which the Spirit of God dwelleth.

In this city of the soul the Holy Ghost rules both as civil governor to promote the higher life of the citizen as well as military commander to guard the outer ramparts of the commonwealth. While he inspires each one to action, he also dwells in the church to guard the deposit of truth. It may happen at times that one seems to be inspired to do what the external authority forbids. In which case such private inspiration is to be forsaken, for only to the external authority has the gift of infallibility been imparted. No one expresses the synthesis of this double action of the Holy Ghost better than Father Hecker in the following passage:

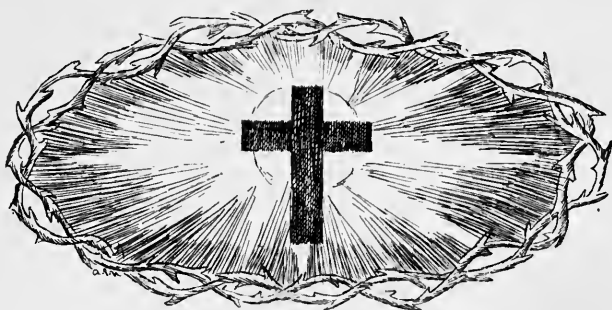
"The Holy Spirit, which, through the authority of the church, teaches divine truth, is the same Spirit which prompts the soul to receive the divine truths which he teaches. The measure of our love for the Holy Spirit is the measure of our obedience to the authority of the church; and the measure of our obedience to the authority of the church is the measure of our love for the Holy Spirit. Hence the sentence of St. Augustine: '*Quantum quisque amat ecclesiam Dei, tantum habet Spiritum sanctum.*' In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the divine teacher or criterion, the authority of the church. For it must be borne in mind that to the church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter, and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her

* These relations of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul, as well as in the one true Church, are most clearly and beautifully expressed in the Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father on "The Office of and Devotion to the Holy Ghost."

Divine Founder, that 'the gates of hell should never prevail against her.' No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. 'The church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth.' The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the church. . . . The criterion or test that the soul is guided by the Holy Spirit is its ready obedience to the authority of the church" (*Church and the Age*, page 34).

This statement indicates as well what an obedient and submissive child of the church Isaac Thomas Hecker was, and were he alive to-day he would be the very first to signify his adherence to the teachings of the Holy Father as announced in the late letter to Cardinal Gibbons.

We have every reason to be grateful to the Holy Father for the luminous exposition of Catholic truth as well as for the condemnation of the many errors which have been paraded under the garb of "Americanism." It has always been of the genius of error to snatch the robes of respectability and wrap itself about with the mantle of truth. But the Holy Father as watchman on the tower of Israel has seen through the disguise, and with a masterly hand has snatched away the false mask and revealed the errors in all their nakedness.

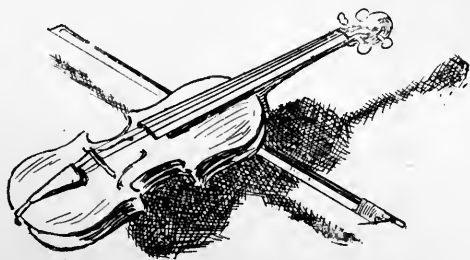


AN EASTER SYMPHONY.

The air is stirred with tuneful sounds and sweet
With joyous murmurings. Ev'ry glad, free thing
That breaks the sod or lifts a rapturous wing
Essays its note of praise. Yet incomplete
The song: as though orchestral fairies meet,
With timid fingers trying string on string,
Or striving each his little part to sing,
Yet waiting for the master's rallying beat.

Arise, O man, and lead the eager choir!
Look past the Spring-sun's liberating rays;
Thou only see'st the Risen Lord beyond.
Sound "Alleluia's" keynote on thy lyre,
Then shall a symphony of finest praise
Link all earth's music in harmonious bond.

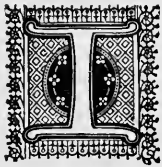
M. A. BLANCHET.





“RAMONA’S” HOME.

BY M. B. JORDAN.



IN this age of railroads and newspapers, of electricity and vitascopes, with all of the burdens of civilization pressing in upon us, California with its eventful past, its dreamy atmosphere, and quaint old architecture seems a veritable Eldorado, the entrance, as it were, to those long looked-for “Castles in Spain.” The admixture of foreign blood has left, so to speak, a dash of color, of romance, on the most remote homes and unattractive landscapes. In the out-of-door life, the soft flowing speech, and the freedom from prudential wisdom one traces everywhere the results of climate and alien instincts. To a student of language the fact that to-day, in even the common speech, one hears a gully called a barranca; a water-jar, an olla (oy-yah); a street, a calle; a house or home, casa or residencia, shows the history in a nutshell of Russian, Spanish, English, and Mexican supremacy.



From San Francisco south, one can almost trace the epochs through which California has struggled from those early days of romance and passion when, as Bancroft says: “California was the elf-child of the Union, not yet regularly baptized into the family of States—a child which felt the isolation of its foreign blood, the pride of her dreamy ancestry, and the self-assurance of unbounded native resources”; those times when the fourteen Franciscan missions were the centres of life, spiritual, mental, and physical, down to the present when those missions stand, partly in ruins, desecrated, robbed of their lands, their money, and their prerogatives.

In no part of California is to be found a more typical example of Spanish influence than the Camulos Ranch, which,

situated on the oldest grant of mission land forty miles back from the sea, is the scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. In the early part of this century the Camulos Ranch covered the area that is claimed for it in the story. Its lands, which consisted of gifts from the church and commandants, stretched from the San Fernando Mountains down to Santa Barbara, touching the sea at Buena Ventura, giving the old señora in the story her bit of sea-shore.



The old mission built in 1780 still stands in Santa Barbara, where the wedding of the first Moreno is described as taking place. This mission is of mixed Spanish-Moorish architecture, somewhat more pretentious than the others. One can still see the beautiful gardens with their famous Old Mission grapevines, the olive and orange orchards, the severely plain interior of the chapel, the irregular steps winding up to the bell tower, the shady, pillared corridor off which the priests' rooms opened, and the school for Indian children, all serving to give the picture a most un-American setting. Back of the mission on the mountain side a broad white scar may be plainly seen—a scar made there over a century ago by the timbers which were dragged down from the forests beyond by Indians to build this little chapel. In this day of strife and strikes over hours and wages this



furrowed mountain side is a powerful reminder of the compelling force that the Franciscans exerted over those lazy, lawless bands of Indians.

Following in the footsteps of Father Junipero Serra, a party of us, wishing to visit "Ramona's" home, took the path leading along the coast from Santa Barbara to Buena Ventura. From Ventura we followed the dry river bed of the winding Sespe, back through the beautiful valley, sometimes yellow with jungles of wild mustard, sometimes sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms, by the grazing lands of the Sespe,



which had been used as early as 1780 by the mission flocks; gradually rising until we found ourselves in the valley owned by the Del Valles, the proprietors for more than a century of the Camulos Ranch.

Never was treatment more realistic than the setting "H. H." gave her story, but surely realism was never more perfectly ideal than the way in which the old ranch, with its vineyards, its fragrant orchards, its old Spanish house of adobe brick, its cross-capped hills, and even its crowd of Indian and Mexican children, fitted into the plot of *Ramona*. Howells himself could scarcely have been more correctly minute in his descriptions of this quaint old home and its surroundings than was Helen Hunt Jackson.



Just as one would expect from the story, after the highway was left behind the low, open barns and sheep corrals came first in sight, then the back of the house, as you remember that the old señora in *Ramona* thanked the saints every day that her house expressed the scornful attitude she always longed to take toward the "usurping Americanos." Owing to its almost entire lack of windows, the exterior of the house was forbidding enough, until the front, or southern exposure, was reached, and there was the vine-covered porch with its irregular steps, its quaint Mexican water-jars, and its beautiful carved old benches from the desecrated mission of San Luis Rey:

The old adobe house was built in General Del Valle's time, after the plan of Spanish houses, in the form of a hollow square around an open court or quadrangle; the servants' quarters at one end, with the store-room, the living-rooms, the old priest's room all opening, as did the windows, upon an inner porch which extended entirely around the court. In this open space, perhaps one hundred feet by eighty, there were beautiful roses and fragrant Cape jasmine growing around splashing fountains. Among the orange and pomegranate-trees south of the house was the tile-roofed chapel with its chime of bells, the centre one brought



from Spain ; there was the grape-arbör, and, as if to make the illusion or the realism more perfect, as we sat there reading the opening chapters of *Ramona*, down the porch came an aged but queenly looking woman, whom one would have sworn was the Señora Moreno herself. After we had talked with her of the history of this interesting place, we felt that "H. H." had not only given a wonder-



fully accurate picture of the surroundings of her heroine, but had caught and put in her characterization of the señora some-



thing which made us feel too "that this señora before us had had a life that would have made a romance to grow hot and cold over—eighty years of the best of Old Spain and the wildest of New Spain, Bay of Biscay, City of Mexico, Pacific

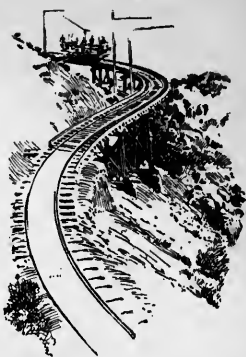
Ocean! The waves of all of them had tossed destinies for the señora, but the Holy Church had kept its protecting arms about her all these years."

She wore the scant black serge gown which, with its crucifix and beads, reminded one of a priest's robe. The madame must have been a woman of rare strength of character and culture, for at the time of the expulsion of the Franciscans she was, by special permit from the head of the church, given the power to perform the



three sacraments of baptism, marriage, and burial. With the courage of a man and the gentleness of a woman she had worked for years among her serving people, and accomplished what many a priest had sighed to do.

In her possession are some of the rarest relics of the early life of California: annals of the oldest missions, reports of the work of the blessed Father Junipero, records of the English and Russian supremacy, of Fremont, of Pico, of Castro, of the first newspaper, the first home manufacture, the railroad, the gold fever—indeed one might almost say that in her chapel at the Camulos Ranch the madame had not only the annals but the real life of California of the past.



Though there can be no doubt that the madame and her son were the originals for the portraits of Señora Moreno and Felipe, and that every touch in the descriptive part was true to the scene before us, yet it was with something of a pang that we learned that Ramona and Alessandro existed only in Helen Hunt's brain; indeed, that such sensitive refinement, such pathetic simplicity and faith, among the Indians had long since passed away. But in that ideal world of letters, where everything is possible, they lived and loved and suffered, and all day we followed them, living

over in imagination the uneventful life of the child Ramona. From her earliest memory she had been coldly repulsed by the unswerving justice of the señora, but she had always reached out toward love and beauty with all of the strength of her Spanish blood. In this isolated life, cut off from all friendship and sympathy, she had grown up a deeply religious child, full of

love for the church service and the beautiful flowers.

When Alessandro, the son of one of the converted and intelligent San Pablo Indians, first came to the ranch, Ramona was strongly attracted towards him, and when the señora cruelly disclosed to the girl what was



to the world a bar sinister across her name, that her mother had been an Indian, Ramona, with all of the force of heredity, blood, and instinct, turned to her people, glad that, as one of them, she could help the man she loved.

At the south-east corner of the house we were shown Ramona's window, before which she sang her sunrise hymn and under whose casement Alessandro watched and waited when she was in need of him. There was the porch where Felipe passed his long convalescence listening to Alessandro's violin-playing. There,



too, were the sheep-shearing booths and the orchard walks where Ramona first met Alessandro; the chapel, the mustard thickets, and back of all the mountain where race instinct taught them to flee from the señora's wrath. The



story of their flight from one refuge to another, the worthlessness of their land titles, are but a pathetic version, set down in every history, of those troublous times when land commissioners played fast-and-loose with promise and grant made alike by church and state.

All day the story of Ramona seemed most visibly before us, for under the willows at the end of the arbor the most desultory sort of washing was going on in a brook, the apparatus consisting of a paddle and the stones over which the water trickled. The Indian men and boys were picking up almonds, while

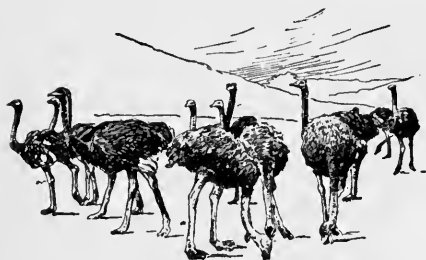


the women and children shucked them under the trees; here also their dinner was served to them. Thus the whole domestic economy took place out of doors, accompanied by a great deal of singing and not very vigorous motions.

The Camulos Ranch has shrunk sadly from its dimensions in its prosperous days, when it reached from the San Fernando Mountains to the sea; but there, on all the neighboring hills, the crosses still stand, outlining the boundaries of what has been one of the strongest influences in the life of California—the Franciscan idea of patriarchal government.

The last effective touch was given to this day spent in so foreign an atmosphere when, as the sun's last rays touched the crosses on the eastern hills, the bells began to chime and, led by a youthful acolyte, a procession headed by the madame, who was followed by her family and

all her serving people, wound through the garden to the chapel, solemnly chanting their sunset hymn. And as we went out into the world of progress with the sound of that intoned evening service in our ears, we were content that Ramona and Alessandro should have been ideals, since the real life we had seen that day had so much of romance about it.



LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

BY EDITH GRAINGER CHARLTON.



HERE, that un ain't wuth nuthin'."

Jacob Stern pushed the small woolly animal out of the way with his foot. It certainly did not look worth much, that wee lamb only two days old, as it lay on a bunch of straw gasping its little life away. It was very small, very thin, and very ugly. It seemed all legs. If its eyes had been either open or shut it might have excited more pity, but there was something almost repulsive in the half-closed orbs that had the death-film over them.

"Yes, it'll be as dead as a door-nail in half an hour, I tell ye," the man continued, as he gave his attention to other more likely lambs of his flock. But Sarah Stern watched the dying creature with a growing pity in her eyes. She had stood near her husband when he kicked it, and a pain shot through her heart when the big, coarse boot touched the helpless thing. A moment longer she watched, then stooping down she gathered the ugly, shivering lamb into her checked apron and started for the house.

There was nothing to suggest tenderness or pity in the retreating figure of Sarah Stern. Her back was stiff and straight. Determination and repression were written on those broad, flat shoulders and in that springless walk. There was nothing to awaken a thought of pity in the awkward figure in its short, scant skirt, flapping the tops of the heavy shoes, as it took a near cut to the house across the corner of the ploughed field. Her face, when she turned an instant to see if she were followed, was scarcely more attractive. It was wrinkled, yellow, and dried, and resembled a leaf which had withered in the unfolding. The eyes were cold, the lips firmly pressed together, and the iron-gray hair was wiry and lifeless. It would never occur to any one to ask Sarah Stern for sympathy, but just now, when she opened one corner of the blue and white apron and looked again at the motionless thing she carried, there was a strange expression on her face. New and strange as it was, it did not look out of place on those homely features.

"I believe he's gettin' harder every day," she muttered, as she hurried along. "Laws, I guess we've both bin gettin' harder and colder sence—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but the heavy sigh and the one word "Mamie" that quivered through the thin lips told there was much not said in that unfinished sentence.

"You'll live, little lamb; you'll live just for the sake of them old days." The woman was crooning over the lamb now as it lay on a ragged shawl under the kitchen stove. Sarah Stern, who had never been known to say a caressing word in twenty years, was lifting that morsel of life with the tenderness she might have bestowed on an infant. She coaxed a few drops of warm milk between the lamb's nerveless lips, covered it snugly with the shawl, and then sat down beside it to await results.

When Jacob came into the house an hour later the lamb had recovered sufficiently to open its eyes, and its breathing was more regular. Sarah's face wore a brighter expression than it had for years. Jacob saw it and wondered.

"Queer creatures women be," he muttered. "There, she's looking more pleased over that mis'able lamb than I ever sed her look at me sence—"; and Jacob stopped abruptly when he reached the point in his sentence where his wife had faltered an hour before.

Like other men, when Jacob Stern was puzzled he was apt to be unreasonable. He strode over to the stove, lifted the shawl none too gently and looked at the lamb.

"'Tain't no use coddlin' that thing. I told you it wunt wuth nuthin', and it ain't. Ye'll see it'll die and ye'll hev ye're trouble fur nuthin'."

"If I want to waste my time over a sick lamb it ain't none of your affairs," was the gruff answer that Jacob received for his prying.

Between the preparations for dinner Sarah found many opportunities to visit the corner behind the stove and watch the struggle between life and death that was going on there. Sometimes her eyes were bright and sometimes troubled, when she went back to the potato-paring or table-setting; it all depended on the progress nature was making in its fight with death. At dinner the man and woman were silent. They were never talkative, but there were frequently remarks to exchange about the condition of the weather or the crops; to-day there was none. But twice they looked at each other and caught a look in the other's eyes that made the shadow of some remem-

bered thought flit over their faces. Each was conscious of it and each wanted to hide it from the other. Cold and apathetic as these two were, there was an undercurrent in their lives that was being stirred to-day. Sarah showed it by being more cold and reserved than ever. Jacob showed it by being more than usually irritable. The lamb seemed to be the cause of his ill-nature. It was able now to bleat feebly at intervals, and there was an occasional wriggling under the shawl that betokened greater activity shortly.

"You surely don't expect to keep that creature around the house if it should live a day or two. 'Twon't last more 'n that I know," Jacob said, while he changed his old house-coat for an older one that he wore about the barn.

"I haven't said yet what I was a-going to do, and I guess you hev your hands full with them other lambs at the barn without troubling about this one"; and Sarah caught up the remains of the roast pork and went down cellar to escape further questioning. When she came back Jacob had gone and the kitchen was quiet.

"He don't seem to have any more heart than a stone. He can't seem to think about anything that isn't big and strong and will bring in money. Money! money!—that's all we either seem to live fur now. O Mamie! it might hev bin different if you'd hev stayed with us." The voice that was irritable at first sank to a wail of grief, the gray head dropped on the table, and Sarah Stern wept bitterly. Great sobs that shook her from head to foot sounded through the quiet kitchen and the stillness was oppressive with that terrible sorrow. Sarah did not cry often. Tears did not come readily to her eyes, her grief would have been lighter if they had. Deep sorrows, like deep waters, are not easily stirred; when either is moved there is a change in consequence.

The clock struck the half-hour since Jacob left the house. The dinner-table was still covered with the remains of the last meal. The fire had gone out and the lamb under the stove was very quiet. The woman's head was still bowed on her arm. Her sobs had ceased and she sat there motionless. In the silence of that hour Sarah Stern saw a pleasant vision.

It was twilight in the summer-time. The evening meal had been finished an hour ago, and Sarah sat by the open window, through which the sweet-scented honeysuckle nodded, and hemmed a child's white frock. Jacob's broad back could be seen

in the distance leaning over the gate he had just closed on his herd of cows. The sleek creatures were wading knee-deep through the dewy grass looking for the juiciest bite in that luscious field of clover. They were not hungry, and soon they laid down one by one among the rank grass and were satisfied. In the pool over by the woods the frogs were croaking and an occasional June-bug flew against Jacob's hat in its flight towards the light. The air was heavy with the perfume of clover and wild flowers. Nature was in her most delightful mood and man and beast were content. The stillness in the house was broken by a childish voice saying, as a little figure stepped over the door-stone :

"Mamma, I want to sleep with my pet lamb; he's all alone to-night."

"What 'll mamma do if Mamie sleeps in Billy's pen? She'll be all alone then."

"Oh! you've got papa, and poor Billy hasn't anybody to keep him company. Let me sleep with him just for to-night, mamma?"

Sarah put down her sewing and took the little one in her arms. She was a sturdy little miss, her big hazel eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, were troubled now when she thought of her playmate spending the night alone. The mother pushed back the mass of yellow curls and looked in the baby face that already had a woman's tenderness dawning in it.

"Will Mamie leave mamma and sleep out-doors with Billy? She'll be very cold I'm afraid."

"'Tisn't a bit cold to-night, mamma; and besides I'll lay close beside Billy, and his wool is very warm you know. Do let me go, mamma."

What was the use of arguing? The child's heart was set upon it, coaxing would not convince her, so better let her find out for herself the foolishness of her plan.

"Get your night-gown and pillow, then, and mamma will undress her little girl."

The child needed no second bidding and in a moment was back on her mother's lap trying to hurry the undressing process. All the time the mother talked about how dark Billy's pen would be after awhile, how there was no soft bed in it, and no one would be near to hear her if she called. But the little girl was firm, and taking her pillow she started for the garden. The mother followed, for the first time thinking it might be difficult to make the maiden change her mind.

It was very quiet in the lamb's pen. The twilight had deepened into night and only a few stars looked down from a dark sky. Billy was lying in the corner, quite oblivious to the concern of his little mistress for his comfort. She peeped through the bars at the lamb curled up on the grass, then she looked up into her mother's face. There was a short mental struggle ending in a sigh of perplexity, then two arms were reached up to the mother's neck and a quivering voice said:

"It is dark, isn't it, mamma? and Billy doesn't seem to care's much as you do; so I guess Mamie'll sleep with you and papa."

An hour later Sarah was telling it all to Jacob as they stood by the bedside and watched their sleeping child. The mother laughed for the fulness of her love and the father stooped to kiss the sunny curls on the pillow, then kissed his wife as she stood beside him.

The scene changed, and time turned back a few more years in its record. Now Jacob and Sarah Stern were standing hand-in-hand in the kitchen of their home. It was a plainly furnished room, but there seemed to be a halo over the common deal table, the painted chairs, and the bare floor. The man and woman had been married a few days before and had come for the first time into their new home—the place dearer than all the world to them, the centre of their ambitions and their hopes.

"We'll gather the sunbeams together, love, and we'll go hand-in-hand through the shadows," Jacob said tenderly as he drew his wife close to him.

"Yes, Jacob, we are all the world to one another and life cannot be very hard," Sarah answered.

Another shifting of memory's pictures and now a thick, dark curtain seemed to obscure the light. Jacob and Sarah were standing on either side of a small casket, looking down with dry, strained eyes on a dead baby's face wreathed in sunny curls. The happy, loving, laughing Mamie, the most precious part of that home, had been taken out of it, and the father and mother refused to be comforted. The blow had been so swift, so cruel; a few days of acute suffering that no human aid could ease, then the hazel eyes closed under the long lashes and the sunshine went out of that home and never since returned to it. From that day there was a change in Jacob Stern and his wife. Instead of sorrow bringing them closer together, it rested as a barrier between them. The little

child had been the idol which each worshipped, and now that it was broken each seemed to blame the other for the loss. They grew indifferent, then cold and hard, and farther apart as each year passed. They tried to forget their grief in gaining wealth, so they clutched their possessions with a selfish, greedy grasp.

Slowly the years passed in silent review before Sarah's vision as she sat with bowed head in the quiet kitchen. She recognized them all, no incident was forgotten. Gradually the consciousness came that there had been a mistake, that life had been hard because it had not been travelled together, because she and Jacob had not gone hand-in-hand through the shadows. With the conviction came the longing to hear again the tenderness of her husband's voice as he spoke to her in those early days. The longing became more intense until the woman's body quivered beneath it. Just then the lamb under the stove began to bleat and Sarah arose; the vision had vanished.

Mechanically she gave the creature a few spoonfuls of milk, stirred the fire into a blaze, drew the kettle of dish-water over the flames and gathered up the dinner dishes. Her face was pale and set, but down in the depths of her eyes there was a gleam that had not been there for twenty years. Carefully she performed her afternoon tasks, then took her sewing-basket and sat down near the stove to patch one of Jacob's faded shirts. There was no sign of emotion in her face or actions, nothing but that new gleam in her eye. Evening came and she set the table for supper. She laid it with unusual care and apparently unthinkingly brought out the dishes she had used in her early married life. Almost unconsciously she prepared the same things for supper as she did on the night she and Jacob took their first meal together. There was the same kind of cake, a plate of hot biscuits, and she emptied a can of plums into the same glass dish that had held the same kind of fruit on that night. Sarah Stern was a careful, methodical woman; there was little outward change in her home in all those years. When supper was ready she went to her bedroom and drew a piece of faded blue ribbon out of the bureau drawer. She tied it round her neck, then smiled grimly at the delicate color against her sallow face; it was the same ribbon she had worn when a bride.

"What's the use of it all? 'Tain't likely he'll notice anything; he don't care fur sich things now," she half sobbed as she looked again in a bit of broken mirror and then went out to put the tea to steep.

Strange what destinies shape our lives! Strange how the thoughts in one mind are those uppermost in another's! Jacob Stern saw many of the same pictures that afternoon that his wife had seen. They came to him as he tended the sheep and looked after the rest of his stock. Every time he went to the sheep-fold the figure of a little girl with golden curls seemed to walk near him, and each time he passed into the cow-shed a woman's pleading eyes seemed to follow him and a woman's voice seemed to say, "We'll go through life together, Jacob."

"It's all nonsense," the man said as he brought in the straw to bed the cows, "but I wonder if she'd notice if I tried to act a bit as we did that night"; then he laughed to himself as he thought of gruff, ugly old Jacob Stern making love to his wife.

They drew their chairs silently to the supper-table. Neither had spoken since Jacob came into the house, but Sarah noticed that her husband had gone to the stove to look at the lamb when he thought she was not looking. Jacob saw the faded ribbon round his wife's neck and there was a queer clutching at his heart, but he made no remark on his observations. The meal was almost finished, though neither had eaten much. Jacob had broken one of the hot biscuits, then pushed it from him, and a moment later he choked on a mouthful of plums. Sarah made scarcely a pretence at eating. In a moment Jacob would push back his chair and go out to the barn again; she could almost hear her heart while she waited for him to go. Just then the lamb gave a feeble bleat, and the man and woman, looking up at the same instant, saw that new, strange gleam in each other's eyes.

"Sarah!"

"Jacob!"

It was all they said, but time rolled back twenty years in that instant and love that had been dead all that time was alive again. As they stood with their arms about each other and their faded, wrinkled faces pressed close together Jacob said:

"We went through the shadows apart, dear, but we may still find a few sunbeams at the last."

And Sarah answered: "Yes, Jacob, we'll be all the world to one another and life will lose its hardness."

Again the lamb under the stove gave a feeble cry.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF BROWNSON'S CONVERSION.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. GILDEA, D.D.



IN the well-known work *Catholic Belief* a list is given of some of the more eminent converts to the Catholic Church in America. The list includes statesmen, judges, generals, authors of note, famous men of science, and distinguished ecclesiastics; but one name towers like a mountain peak above the rest—the name of Orestes A. Brownson, who is stated, by the author of *Catholic Belief*, to have been called by the famous English statesman, lawyer, and man of letters, Lord Brougham, the “master mind of America.” We have never met with this statement elsewhere, though an allusion to it may perhaps be found in a letter addressed to Brownson, in 1841, by R. Barnwell Rhett, a well-known South Carolina congressman of that time. In his *Review* Brownson had criticised favorably a speech delivered by Mr. Rhett on a matter of importance which was then much engaging public attention. In a letter of thanks, printed in the very interesting volume entitled *Brownson's Early Life*, which Mr. H. F. Brownson, the son of the eminent writer, has recently published, Mr. Rhett wrote: “If I needed encouragement to sustain me in the advocacy of the great truths which lie at the basis of our free institutions, and which I have endeavored to elucidate in this speech, it would be the strong voice of cheering and approbation from him whom the first mind in England has pronounced to be the greatest genius in America.” But, whether the statement ascribed to him was actually made by Lord Brougham or not, there can be no doubt that Orestes A. Brownson was one of the most eminent thinkers and writers that America has ever produced. The conversion of a man like Brownson was no mere passing incident. It was a turning point in the history of the church in America.

MANY MENTAL PHASES.

Brownson's mind passed through many phases before it found rest in the Catholic Church. His boyhood and youth were passed amongst Congregationalists. At the age of nineteen he became a Presbyterian. A few months later he declared him-

self a Universalist; and in the year 1826, at a session of the New Hampshire Universalist Association, was "set apart to the work of the ministry by solemn public ordination." In 1830 he seceded from the Universalists, and early in the following year was preaching in Ithaca, "as an independent minister, not connected with any sect or denomination." In the summer of the following year he became a Unitarian minister, and such he remained till a short time before his reception into the Catholic Church. It might perhaps be inferred from these many changes that Brownson's earlier religious views were wanting in earnestness and sincerity. Such an inference would be, however, entirely false. Religion was always with Brownson the most serious factor in his life. He had a solid reason for every step that he took, as we shall proceed to show.

HIS STUDIOUS YOUTH.

Brownson's boyhood was a studious one. He had no master to instruct him—the family circumstances did not permit of this—but he had learned to read, and if he did not possess books of his own, he could at least borrow those of others, and the books thus obtained, to use his own expression, he "devoured." He has left a list of the books he read before he reached his fourteenth year. We find no "children's books" amongst them. They are all of a solid, serious cast: historical works, classical works of English literature, even philosophical works, like Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*—a most astonishing list for a self-taught boy. But of all the books read by him at this time none, as he himself tells us, was read with "a more intense interest" than the Bible. What is this Book? he often asked himself. The Word of God? Clearly, in a certain sense, it must be that. The word of God is found in all truth. The word of God is especially found in the higher and sublimer truths. And what truths so high and sublime as those that are found in the Bible? What book or collection of books can set before us so high a standard of morality or so perfect a system of doctrine? But is the Bible, in very truth, the Word of God? Were they who wrote it inspired by God, moved to write by the impulse of God, guided as they wrote by the hand of God, freed from the risk of error by the watchful care of God? This was the question that Brownson set to himself. It is a question that he cannot answer. The honest farmer folk with whom he spent his boyhood were, as Mr. H. F. Brownson informs us, "not very religious in their practice, though strict in their morals." This we take to mean that

though they led decent, sober, God-fearing lives, they attended neither church nor chapel. They can bring no light to dissipate his darkness. There is no one to solve the doubt, and the doubt remains.

FIRST SERIOUS DOUBTS.

In the year 1822 we find Brownson engaged as a journeyman in James Comstock's printing-office, at Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York. His doubts are with him still. Indeed, they have increased with the lapse of time. This state of uncertainty is intolerable to him, for his nature is profoundly religious. But how can the uncertainty be removed? He has no power to remove it. He has done his best, and his best has failed. Are his doubts, then, insoluble? Must they dog his steps through the whole course of his life? Surely, if the Bible be the Word of God, there must be somewhere the means of proving it so. God cannot have left his Word without an adequate warrant and protection. Reason can give no certainty on the matter. Then the decision must rest with ecclesiastical authority. He must place himself, then, under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority. And thus, in the year 1822, and at the age of nineteen, Brownson, who till now had belonged to no religious denomination, became a member of the Presbyterian Church, "prepared," says Mr. H. F. Brownson, "to yield to ecclesiastical authority with the blind obedience of a Jesuit."

Brownson, then, has decided that private judgment cannot avail to establish the divine origin of the Bible. He seeks the proof in ecclesiastical authority. But he is not long in discovering that Presbyterianism lacked the authority he sought. "How do you know the Bible to be the Word of God?" he asked his Presbyterian pastors. "It is perfectly clear," they replied, "that it is the Word of God. No reasonable man can doubt that it is. We have been always taught to consider it so." "In short," replied Brownson, "you individually, or, if you will, collectively, but with no greater authority than belongs to you as a mass of individuals, believe the Bible to be the Word of God. And that is all that you can say. I call that private judgment, be it ever so multiplied. I demand something higher than that, if I am to believe. I demand the voice of one that speaks in the name and with the authority of God. I fail to find that voice with you. You admit yourselves that it is not with you. Henceforward, your way lies in one direction, mine lies in another." And thus Brownson, after a few months of membership, severed his connection with the Presbyterians.

PATH THROUGH UNIVERSALISM.

Though he had abandoned Presbyterianism, Brownson had, as yet, no wish to finally break with Christianity. If he could not convince himself that Christianity was true, he had not yet convinced himself that Christianity was false. Was there any religious denomination, calling itself Christian, of which, in his present state of mind, he might without hypocrisy become a member? Such a system seemed to offer itself in Universalism. All that Universalism required of its adherents was that they should uphold the doctrine of universal salvation. They might unite to this doctrine a belief in the divine origin of the Bible, and in the divine personality of Christ; or they might reject these latter beliefs. In either case they were good Universalists. The *tessera* of the sect was the doctrine of universal salvation. So Brownson became a Universalist, and was ordained to the ministry in that sect. But Universalism did not long retain him. Doubt yielded to scepticism. He convinced himself that the Bible was not the word of God. The *raison d'être* of his connection with Universalism had thus ceased, and Brownson seceded from the sect.

In 1831 Brownson came before the world as an Independent preacher. Supernaturalism in every form he had now discarded. He believed in God and in the moral law. But the basis of his belief was not revelation but reason. Where reason could carry him, thither he was prepared to go, but no farther. He was an advocate of a merely natural religion, a devout-minded rationalist.

HE BECAME A UNITARIAN.

In the following year, 1831, we find Brownson once more connected with a sect, the Unitarian. There was no reason why Brownson, in his then state of mind, should not become a Unitarian. Unitarians, like himself, accepted a merely natural religion. On the other hand, there was good reason why he should become one. He had taken up preaching, not as a respectable means of earning a livelihood, but as a means of doing good to others. It was clear to him that, as a recognized representative of an influential religious organization, his power for good would be greater by far than if he spoke in his own name merely. Influenced by this consideration, Brownson accepted a pastoral charge amongst the Unitarians.

Brownson was now very far from the church. But the fault was not his. He had never sinned against the light. He had not first held the truth and then rejected it. He had never

known the truth. As little was there fault in his logic. His reason had told him that, if the Bible were the Word of God, God could not have left it without an authentic custodian and interpreter. He had sought this custodian in Presbyterianism, but had failed to find it there. Indeed, the Presbyterians had expressly informed him that it was not to be found amongst them. They repudiated any claim to infallible authority. They made private judgment their sole and sufficient basis. And as it was with Presbyterianism, so it was with every form of Protestantism. Without exception they rested on fallible private judgment. Brownson was quite right in inferring that, if the Scriptures were, in very truth, the Word of God, they must, of necessity, have their divinely appointed custodian and interpreter. His error lay in his assumption that this divinely appointed custodian was to be found in Protestantism or nowhere. The ideal of the office and work of the true Church, which Brownson, even as a youth, had so accurately formed for himself, finds its reality in the Catholic Church. But the Catholic Church was, as yet, unknown to Brownson.

HE GRASPS THE CHURCH IDEA.

As a Unitarian Brownson stood in the very foremost rank. His eminent talents as a preacher and lecturer, his singleness of purpose, his tremendous force of character were gladly and universally acknowledged. He exchanged pulpits with the most prominent Unitarian divines in America. A sermon that he preached for Dr. W. H. Channing in New York, in the year 1837, led to his acquaintance with the three brothers, John, George, and Isaac Hecker, who were amongst his audience on this occasion. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a friendship, and the friendship lasted through life.

Brownson had, as we have seen, convinced himself that, given that the Scriptures are the Word of God, there must exist a divinely instituted church, whose office is to infallibly guard and interpret them. But he had equally convinced himself that, given the existence of a divinely instituted church, her task and duty must also be to watch over the interests of the poor. On this latter task and obligation Brownson laid great stress, in the first number of the *Boston Reformer*, which appeared, under his editorship, in July, 1836, not indeed as a characteristic of the true church, for Brownson had long come to the conclusion that there was no divinely instituted church, but as the office and work of any religious society which could, with any confidence, claim a hearing of the public. The Boston

Pilot, reviewing this article in its issue of the following day, exhorted Brownson to study the history of the Catholic Church, and assured him that he would find in that church all that he vainly sought outside it. A few years later Brownson did set himself to the study of the history of the Catholic Church, at least of that portion of her history which has been most misrepresented and maligned, with momentous results to himself and to the future history of the church in America.

THE HISTORIC CHURCH.

Brownson, who was an orator of a very high order, was in much request as a lecturer. In the winter of 1842-43 he delivered a course of lectures on the Middle Ages. He had prepared his lectures, as his custom invariably was, with the utmost diligence and care. He had read widely and reflected deeply. He learned, as he read, not without surprise, that the Catholic Church, in the middle ages, had been acquitting itself of that duty which he had called upon the religious societies of his own day to perform. He saw her lovingly caring for the poor, and withstanding kings and nobles in the interests of the oppressed and friendless. And as he saw the church so he described her in his lectures. His lectures were, in truth, a panegyric of the church. He spoke in terms of strong reprobation of the ungenerous prejudices of Protestants. These prejudices were, the lecturer affirmed, the outcome of ignorance or malice. They were especially to be deplored in the case of those Protestants who accepted a supernatural Christianity. What is Protestantism, as a supernatural religion, but a mere reminiscence of Catholicism? To the Catholic Church Protestants of this class owe the preservation of the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and the liturgical works which had supplied the basis for their own books of piety and devotion. Even those Protestants who, like the lecturer himself, were unable to accept a supernatural Christianity, owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church. If they did not admit the divinity of the Scriptures, they insisted, at least, on the dignity of man. Now, what human institution had laid so much stress on the dignity of man, as such, as the Catholic Church in the middle ages? The reign of absolutism dated from the revolt of Luther. Till that revolt kings and governments had been forced to confess that there existed a power superior to their own; and that power was enrolled in the service of humanity. To Luther's revolt is due the present sad condition of the lower orders of society. "The rejection of the authority of

the Catholic Church left men free to follow their own natural selfishness, and left all social matters to be regulated according to the dictates not of Christian charity but of the self-interests of governments and individuals."

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN HIS IDEAL CHURCH AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Brownson's sympathies were now fully given to the Catholic Church, as it existed in the middle ages. But he believed that the church had fallen from her high estate and no longer stood forward as the champion of humanity. This impression was a false one, and Brownson had no desire to persist in it. It was due not to malice but to ignorance. He would gladly have seen it removed. And it speedily was removed. Brownson's course on the middle ages was followed shortly afterwards by courses delivered on the same subject by Bishop Hughes, of New York, in Baltimore and Philadelphia. The views set forth by the bishop on political economy were precisely similar to Brownson's own, and were read by Brownson with equal surprise and pleasure. "He had long ago decided," writes Mr. H. F. Brownson, "that the Catholic Church had outlived its mission, and here was that church, in the person of one of her most influential prelates, proclaiming the doctrine which he thought most needed at the present time with the vigor of a living and thinking friend of the people. This not only gave him a favorable impression of the bishop, but greatly increased his growing sympathy with that church."

It was now clear to Brownson that the Catholic Church possessed the second characteristic of his ideal church. It was the church which cared for the poor. Might it not, he asked himself, possess the first characteristic too? Might not the Scriptures be, after all, the word of God, and the Catholic Church their divinely appointed infallible custodian? The Catholic Church claimed that this was the case. Might not possibly her claim be true? In any case the question deserved attention, and attention it should receive. Brownson accordingly commenced a thorough investigation into the supernatural claims of the Catholic Church. His mind became full of the subject. He loved to discuss it with his friends. He was once engaged on the topic with John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan, when, as we learn from Mr. H. F. Brownson, the party was joined by Daniel Webster. "We were talking about the Catholic Church," said Buchanan, "and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to

heaven." "Have you just found that out?" said Webster. "Why, I've known that for years."

DIFFICULTIES DISAPPEAR WITH CONVERSION.

Brownson's difficulties rapidly disappeared as he continued his investigations, and his progress towards the church was visible to all his friends. Some of them wrote to him in tones of mild remonstrance, like Franklin B. Pierce. Others, like his intimate friend, Isaac Hecker, who was later to render such splendid services to the church, advanced along with him. But whether they approved of his progress or not, he still retained their friendship and respect. By the spring of 1844 Brownson had approached so near to the church that he felt obliged to retire from the Unitarian ministry. In the May following he called upon Dr. Fenwick, the Bishop of Boston, to seek his advice. Anxious though the bishop must have been to secure a convert whose conversion must make an immense impression upon the religious world of America, he contented himself with saying to Brownson: "It is best not to be hasty. The question is serious, and you will do well to inquire further and longer." A week later Brownson called again; and a fortnight later still he called once more, this time to declare that his mind was fully made up and that he was determined to become a Catholic. The task of preparation and instruction was entrusted to Bishop Fenwick's coadjutor, Bishop Fitzpatrick. The latter was every whit as adverse to anything that savored of a hasty reception as Bishop Fenwick himself, and it was not till Brownson had gone through a preparation extending over more than four months that he consented to receive his abjuration and admit him into the church.

The soul which had craved for truth had now at length found it. The wanderer on many seas was now in the haven of rest. Sacrifices many were called for; sacrifices common to every one that becomes a Catholic, and sacrifices peculiar to Brownson's position in the community. But the sacrifices were gladly made. They were scarcely so much as reckoned. "He thought," says Mr. H. F. Brownson, "not of sacrifice but of gain." The gain was indeed great to Brownson; but it was great too to the church of his adoption. During the thirty-two years of life that still remained to Brownson the splendid gifts of the "master mind of America" were spent in the service of the Catholic faith.



*"And I have heard Thy white-robed angel say:
'He whom ye seek is risen. He is not here!'"*

SURREXIT CHRISTUS SPES MEA.

Jesus, my risen Lord, to Thee I pray:

Show me Thy wounds. Thy voice, oh! let me hear.

Drive from my fainting heart all doubt and fear;

For I have sought Thee at the dawn of day,

And I have heard Thy white-robed angel say:

“He whom ye seek is risen. He is not here!”

Lord Jesus, wilt Thou not to me appear,

And walk a little with me by the way?

Even though I knew Thee not, I still would feel

The sweetness of Thy presence in my heart;

In joy and wonder I would bid Thee stay,

Nor at the eventide from me depart;

So, would Thy love at length to me reveal

Who with me walked a little by the way.

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.



A HAVANA HOLY WEEK.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

IT was in the spring of the closing year of the great Civil War. Out from the City of Mobile a brave little blockader had dashed past the Northern guns at Fort Morgan, and swept over the Gulf to the shadow of Morro Castle. How well it comes back to me—dark, frowning Morro and the vista of the beautiful City of Havana. I was a very young blockader—a Mobilian being borne back to the old land of Erin from whence my fathers came. Some time I may tell you more of that trip, that wonderful “running the blockade,” that stands out so clearly in the visions of the past. I can hear the waters of Mobile Bay, I can hear the whispers of the watches, I can see the lights of Fort Morgan. I can even see the dark, gliding fleet that waited for just such daring craft as ours. I can see and hear and live it all over again, through the years and years that have passed. But to-day I want to tell you of a girl’s war visit to Havana in Holy Week.

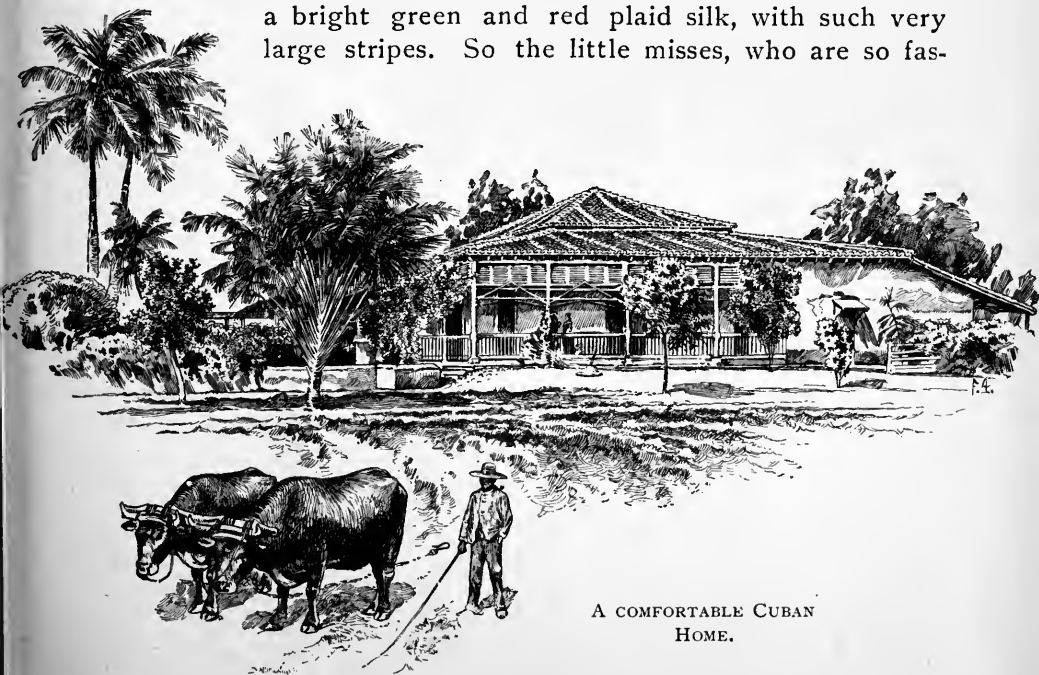
Our vessel swung into the wharf; and I was so excited at the thought of being in Havana, so interested in the strange sights, the strange faces, the strange language, that I was

almost speechless. And then—ah, then, I was to see my father! the dear father whom I had not seen for so many, many months.

While I was looking in every direction at once, trying to see everything at the same time, a tall, bearded man held me close to his heart, and I could only say over and over again:

“O papa! O papa! How glad I am!”

Being something of a heroine, I suppose I am entitled to some sort of a description, as all real nice authors give you a pen-picture of their heroes and heroines. But I was only a small, pale child, with big blue eyes and flaxen braids. My costume, however, I am sure is worth describing; for in those war days the mammas had to be very skilful to get anything at all for their little children to wear. In Mobile we had been tightly blockaded, and we had depended so long on the Northern States for so many things that it was funny to see what the ladies could contrive to do. Now, my hat—how I remember that hat!—was home-made of plaited palmetto. It was not very well bleached and was quite heavy. Then the shape—it was just like a door-mat with a sunken centre, where the crown should have been. My dress, a revised and condensed costume of one of my elders, was quite gorgeous—a bright green and red plaid silk, with such very large stripes. So the little misses, who are so fas-



A COMFORTABLE CUBAN
HOME.



DARK, FROWNING MORRO.

tidious about their dresses in these days, can just picture little Eily Hinton, after she had run the blockade, and stood on the wharf in Havana in the year of grace, 1864.

I was too young to feel the depression of war clothing very deeply, but the ladies of our party were unwilling to enter Havana in their absurd palmetto hats. So the mate of the vessel had gone ashore and bought some very pretty French bonnets for these ladies.

"Now, Miss Eily," he said, handing me the bandbox, "just hold this a spell, till I see after the luggage."

So I took the box and stood on the wharf, watching my father as he went back and forth up the gang-plank. The Cubans gathered around me, for it was not usual to see ladies and children come in on a blockader. They called me "Nina," "Chiquita," and "Poor little American," but they never criticised my queer costume.

"Come, Elenita," called out my father, from the end of the gang-plank, giving me the pretty Spanish version of my name.

I started with that fateful bandbox to make the ascent to the deck. Such a hurrying, jostling crowd for one poor, small girl to get through by herself, to say nothing of that bandbox. I struggled on up the gang-plank, my flaxen braids swinging out after me, my huge palmetto hat flapping in the breeze. I grasped the cord of that bandbox desperately, when lo! some evil spirit sent a sailor down the incline. He tried to avoid bumping me, and the bandbox received the shock. The bottom promptly fell out. The wind caught up the contents, and three elegant French bonnets went sailing down Havana Bay, like three gorgeous aquatic plants. I immediately lifted my

voice and wept. A crowd gathered around me. The Cubans grew excited, and all talked at once. Several long fishing-poles were put out, and presently the three bonnets were drawn in, limp, wet, and ruined.

I think a deluge of reproach would have been poured upon me, but my father drew me into his arms. "Never mind the bonnets, girls. I thought my own little Eily, my 'Elenita Chiquita,' as these folks will call her, had gone overboard. It is all an accident, and she is frightened enough already. Here come the volantes. Come along, Eily. I want you to have your first volante drive."

So we climbed into the queer carriages used in Havana, a high buggy as it were, drawn by a horse at some distance from the vehicle, and upon whose back sat the driver or postilion. The ladies whose bonnets I had drowned had thrown black lace shawls over their heads, and leaning back in the volantes, looked quite like picture ladies.

"Eily, my pet," said my father, surveying my head-gear, "where on earth did you get such a hat? It looks like it



PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR IS THE CHIEF INDUSTRY OF CUBA.

could better carry you than you can carry it. It is an umbrella as well as a hat."

We drove through the narrow streets and stopped at our hotel. Into an arched driveway, at the side of the house, the horses entered. "O papa!" I cried out, "just see! We are going right into the house, horses and all. Oh, look! there's the parlor!"

We drove through the long marble hall and stopped at the parlor door. It seemed so queer to go rattling along right through the house.

With an immense flourish of his whip, the postilion dismounted and helped us to alight. Then he remounted and drove out of the end of the hall, through a courtyard, to the stables.

We had luncheon, and then I went into the large, marble-tiled parlor and looked out of the high, iron-barred windows into the street. Such a commotion on the street! Such hurrying and talking! A tall, dark Cuban was gloomily dusting the parlor. My father came in and joined me at the window.

"Gregorio," he said to the servant in Spanish, "here is my little daughter, the Señorita Elenita." Gregorio made a profound bow, saluting me with the dust-brush. "Now, Eily," continued papa, "you must teach Gregorio to speak English, because he is very anxious to learn; and he will teach you some Spanish." This contract was translated to Gregorio, and he seemed delighted.

The crowd on the street grew larger. "What is the matter, papa?" I asked. "Where are all those people going? It is just like Mardi Gras in Mobile."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, Eily. This is the day they hang Judas Iscariot. This is 'Spy Wednesday.' I expect you have

lost sight of Holy Week in the excitement of running the blockade. Well, on to-day, Spy Wednesday, in Havana, they hang Judas ; and this evening, on the plaza, they will hang and burn him. I must surely take you to see that. We will hurry up and get you some sort of a dress, and certainly a new hat." Papa looked at my war-time costume and laughed very heartily.

In a little while the lady who kept the hotel, and who had come from New Orleans, sent her daughter out ; and she bought me a new outfit. It was very stylish, I suppose, and all according to the prevailing fashion, but I cannot help smiling when I recall that costume. The predominant feature that constantly asserted itself was a pair of enormous hoop-skirts ; for



A STREET IN HAVANA.

the smallest Cuban children wore these. My dress, of bright blue silk, was voluminous and greatly beruffled. My good, honest Confederate brogans of red, untanned leather were exchanged for a pair of high-heeled slippers, whose laces were strapped around my white, open-work stockings. My panta-

lets were deeply embroidered and touched my ankles. My wide hat of French leghorn was tied down with yards and yards of blue ribbon and loaded down with white feathers. As I was a small, thin child, one may make the absurd picture for one's self. I was a sort of miniature balloon. I could not manage those dreadful hoop-skirts. I knocked down chairs and tables in my difficult progress. In those days I learned to envy the graceful little Cuban girls, who would spring into a chair, and have no explosions or collisions with the enormous hoop-skirts, which were worn down to the tenderest age.

I wish I could delay to tell you of that Havana dinner, in the large, cool marble hall; but we were in a hurry to witness the execution of the traitor Judas.

Down on the plaza an immense crowd was gathered. It was



ON A FESTIVAL DAY.

nearly dark; but in the clear twilight we could see, hung aloft, the absurd figure or effigy of Judas. There was no attempt to follow the costume of Iscariot's own time. His effigy was attired in a very ragged postilion costume, with a pair of very long cavalry boots. A straw hat and gay necktie finished the attire. Imagine one of the Apostles in cavalry boots and spurs, with a straw hat!

"Now, Eily," said papa, "they are going to swing him up."

Slowly the uncouth figure was lifted to the top of the scaffold, while the crowd jeered and cursed the traitor.

"Judas is full of gunpowder and fire-crackers," my father told me. "His clothes, too, are saturated with oil; so presently you will see a great sight, Eily, when they burn him."

"Burn him! Fire him!" shouted the crowd. Torches were brought out, but none of them could reach the figure. At last, a soldier on horseback rode under the scaffold. He carried a long pole with a lighted candle at the end.

"Bravo! Bravo, caballero!" sang out the excited crowd. The smoking candle touched poor Judas, and then such an explosion! The whole effigy was a mass of flames. The gunpowder and the fire-crackers were exploding in all directions. Pieces of burning cotton fell over the crowd, who yelled, cheered, and sang until the effigy burned out.

"Come, Elenita," said my father, "you have seen the last of old Judas Iscariot."

The next morning, Holy Thursday, we were out early to see the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as it wound its way around the city. Those who have only seen this solemn service in non-Catholic countries can form no real idea of its grandeur in a Catholic city. Every official, every religious and social organization, joined in the ranks of devout followers of the hidden God. How my child's soul exulted at the majesty and magnificence of that pageant!

The streets were thronged. Windows and galleries, and the flat roofs of the houses, which are promenade gardens in Havana, were filled. Children gayly dressed, ladies with their graceful black mantillas over their heads, looked from the verandas down into the crowded streets.

We had secured a good place to look at the procession on the veranda of a friend in Calle Obispo.

"You will never see such another sight in your life, Eily," my father told me, as we gazed down in wonder at the mass of people. We were near a corner, and there was a movement in the crowd.

"Here they come," whispered my father. We caught the soft strains of the military band, subdued to solemn music. Gleaming tapers sprang up. Every man and boy lifted his hat and sank upon one knee. The ladies drew their veils closer and devoutly knelt. I was awed by the solemn silence, the great hush broken only by the beautiful notes of the band. How I wish I could bring to your mind the beauty of that pageant as it glows in my memory to-day, the vision that delighted my childish eyes and heart!



"LADIES LOOKED FROM VERANDAS DOWN
INTO THE CROWDED STREETS."

Soldiers, civilians, religious orders, all in handsome regalia, marched past in rank upon rank. Near the venerable archbishop, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, were hundreds of white clad children strewing flowers of great beauty and fragrance. We knelt until the procession had passed far out of sight. The scent of tropical flowers, the spice of incense, the echo of exquisite music, the vision of worshipping faces, lingered far after, even as, in my mind, that Holy Week in Havana lingers, sweet, solemn, bright, and fragrant. Even more impressive, because more sombre, was the service of Good Friday. The procession was a beautiful repetition of the day before. "Eily," said my father, as we went up to kiss the cross, "put this in the plate." He handed me a piece of gold. I saw upon the plate a large pile of gold coins, and after we left the cathedral papa said :

"A Spaniard never gives anything but gold to the church on Good Friday. They say that Christ was sold for silver,



PRIMITIVE METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION.

and to-day even the poorest will put a small gold coin in the plate."

How the bells of Havana rang out the "Regina Cœli" on Holy Saturday! All the ships in the harbor were decorated Easter morning, all the bells and whistles helped to ring in the great feast. At the cathedral a tall, magnificently dressed soldier stood in the centre aisle, just in front of the main altar. A small mulatto girl followed me, carrying a light cane



THE VISTA OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF HAVANA.

chair and a rug. When we reached the cathedral my father motioned to the little attendant, and she placed the chair on the floor, spreading out the rug in front of it. Then she knelt down behind me. There are no pews in the Cuban churches ; but rows and rows of little chairs and rugs. My father dropped upon one knee, following the example of the Cuban gentlemen.

The drum major of the captain-general's band, for such was the gorgeous individual in the handsome red uniform trimmed with gold lace, paced up and down the central aisle, sometimes touching with his long gilt baton a man standing up, and making him kneel down. I was sure that this splendid creature must at least be a king, and they laughed merrily at the dinner-table when I expressed my belief in his royal character. A detachment of soldiers also stood in the aisle, and the military band joined with the organ and the choir. At the Elevation the soldiers knelt as one man, and their clanging swords rang impressively on the marble floor.

When we sat down to dinner that Easter Sunday, Gregorio, with many bows and flourishes, placed a small box at my plate.

"An Easter present for the Chiquita," he said. I opened the box. There was a whole nestful of lovely little candy eggs.

Gregorio reappeared with a long, slender tumbler. I tasted the beverage it contained. It was very nice.

"That is cocoa-nut milk and a little wine," papa told me. "If you were a man, Gregorio would put brandy in your cocoa-nut milk."

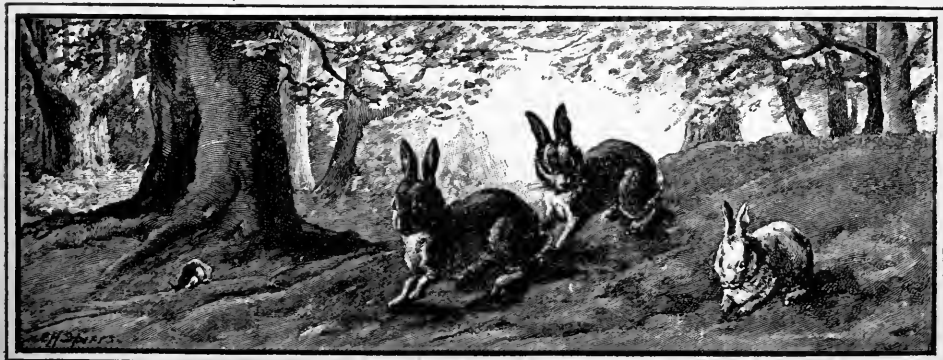
After dinner I was watching the waiters, tall, gloomy Gregorio and merry little Emanuelo, as they worked around the dining-room. The landlady was reprimanding Gregorio rather sharply. He lifted up his head, answering her defiantly. My father laughed aloud, and after awhile the landlady joined in the laugh.

"Why, Eily, you just should have heard your friend Gregorio."

"What did he say, papa?"

"Madame was scolding him, and he told her he was afraid of no woman on earth, only God and Isabella Segunda. That is his queen, the Queen of Spain. Come now, Eily, let's get ready for the concert in the captain-general's garden. They have such beautiful music there on Sundays; and as this is Easter, it will be better than usual."

A tired, happy child fell asleep on her little cot in the hotel that night. She dreamed of all the wonderful sights she had seen. Even to this day there is nothing more impressive or beautiful in her memory than that Holy Week in Havana.



RESURRECTION AND THE ANCIENT WORLD.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY.



A declaration made by the Apostles met with a less gracious welcome from both the Jewish and the Gentile world than their announcement that Jesus had risen from the dead, and that His Resurrection was the pledge of ours.

Among the Jews two powerful parties directed and controlled thought; to both the message of Easter was hateful, but to each for its own reasons. There were the *Pharisees*: the narrowly orthodox and intensely patriotic body whose leaders held firm influence over the masses of their countrymen. This sect and its adherents did believe in a future life and a corporal resurrection; but to make Him, who through their intrigue had been gibbeted, the foundation-stone of the doctrine; to maintain that He was the "first-fruits of them that sleep" (I. Cor. xv. 20), this was nothing less than blasphemy, and merited as a punishment, death! Therefore, when Stephen in the peroration of his masterly defence exclaimed: "Behold I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," at once his trial proceedings lost all semblance of order; the fanatical listeners became a lawless mob: "they, crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him; and casting him forth without the city walls, they stoned him"; and he, first of numberless martyrs yet to be, falling on his knees, "cried with a loud voice: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 55, 56, 57, 59).

If the Pharisees thus opposed the Apostolic doctrine of resurrection, with even greater reason was it rejected by that other Jewish party, the *Sadducees*, a sect, though second in point of number, first indeed in nobility, wealth, learning, and social prestige. The high-priesthood and other priestly emoluments of value, as well as political alliances—always of service to ambitious churchmen—were theirs by right of long and legalized possession. In the Acts of the Apostles the cardinal articles of Sadducean faith are thus summed up: "The Sadducees say that there is

no resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit" (Acts xxiii. 8).^{*} Evidently this society was left no choice but to oppose the statement that Jesus had risen from the dead, and, consequently, that we would rise also. And the Sadducees were true to their principles: thus, when Peter and John, at that gate of the Temple known as "Beautiful," cured miraculously a cripple, and thence took occasion to preach Jesus Arisen, saying among other things: "Ye men of Israel hear, . . . Jesus . . . the author of life you killed, whom God had raised from the dead, whereof we are the witnesses" (Acts iii. 12, 15), there came upon them the Sadducean Temple officers, chronicles the faithful history, "being grieved that they taught the people, and preached in Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands upon them, and put them in hold until the next day" (iv. 1-3). Again, on a later occasion, . . . "the high-priest rising up, and all they that were with him (which is the heresy of the Sadducees) were filled with envy. And they laid hands on the Apostles and put them in the common prison" (v. 17, 18). Truly, the record of the Apostolic preaching of resurrection among the Jews is a record of opposition.

On the part of the heathen world, to opposition was added contempt, and this in the East as well as in the West.

In the East: there religion and morality had been for long pervaded by a tendency of thought which finally crystallized and has become known to us as Gnosticism, a system that probably found entrance into Judaism by way of the Essenes, and may also be held accountable for some of the earliest and most pernicious corruptions of Christian belief and practice. In regard to this system it suffices for our present purpose to know that it conceived of matter as the principle and source of evil: matter of its very nature was malignant. Now, our bodies are composed of matter, and are therefore evil things, finally to be got rid of. And so to Gnostics, or to those leavened by Gnostic views, the Christian doctrine of resurrection, involving as it did in their mind the perpetuation and triumph of evil, since *the body* would be glorified, was wholly repulsive. By them, then, the message promulgated by the Apostles was sure to be despised; or, if individuals of this bias found themselves drawn to the new religion, their new belief was apt to be altered to suit their previous Gnostic conceptions. Hence

^{*} Cf. also Matt. xxii. 23-28, where Sadducees undertake to joke upon the subject of resurrection, at our Lord's expense.

we need not be surprised to find, in a letter of St. Paul to Timothy, mention of one Hymenæus and a certain Philetus, pseudo-Christian teachers, who maintained "that the resurrection was already past" (II. Tim. ii. 18), and managed to refine away the Scriptural expressions, in spite of their literalness, into allegories and metaphors. The Gnostic East certainly did not want "the great doctrine of the resurrection of the body, though in pushing aside that glorious hope men touched with their impious hand the corner-stone of all Christian belief—the resurrection of the body of the Redeemer."

In the West the reception of Resurrection was not a whit more cordial than in the East. Different incidents illustrate the truth of the remark. There was St. Paul's experience at Athens: "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics disputed with him, and some said: What is it that this word-sower would say? But others: He seemeth to be a setter-forth of new gods; because he preached to them Jesus and the resurrection. And taking him they brought him to the Areopagus, saying: May we know what this new doctrine is thou speakest of? . . . And when they had heard of the resurrection of the dead some indeed mocked; others only said: We will hear thee again concerning this matter" (Acts xvii. 18, 19, 32), a more polite but equally effective method of expressing dismissal and contempt. "So Paul went out from among them"; and we hear of him no more at Athens. Equally illustrative of the unsympathetic audience the Western world gave to the tenet, is the fact that after the acceptance of the Christian faith, resurrection remained for some converts, and these in number, an anxious problem. The Christian community at Thessalonica was gravely disturbed lest its members who died before the last and all victorious Return of Christ would have no part in the world to come (I. Thess. iv. 11, *f*); and to crown all, in the church at Corinth some Christians seem to have gone to the extreme of denying the resurrection *in toto*—either of Christ, or of ourselves, body or soul. That this error was a menace to the community is evidenced by the lengthy, logical, and passionate passage which St. Paul devotes to the subject. In the fifteenth chapter of that epistle, which we know as his First Epistle to the Corinthians, he calls to their minds the unimpeachable testimony of Christ's appearances after death; testimony the greater part of which those to whom he wrote could verify for themselves, since most of the witnesses were still alive. . . . "I delivered unto you first of all," he

writes, "that which I also received; how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. And that he was seen by Cephas, and after that by the eleven; then was he seen by more than five hundred brethren at once; of whom many remain until this present day, and some are fallen asleep; after that he was seen by James, then by all the Apostles; and last of all he was seen also by me . . ." (I. Cor. xv. 3-8). After this clear declaration of Christ's Resurrection, a declaration strengthened by various arguments and analogies, he connects that fact with the dogma of the resurrection of ourselves, and, finally, closes his splendid period by the thrilling words: "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy victory! O Grave, where is thy sting?" (I. Cor. xv. 52-55).

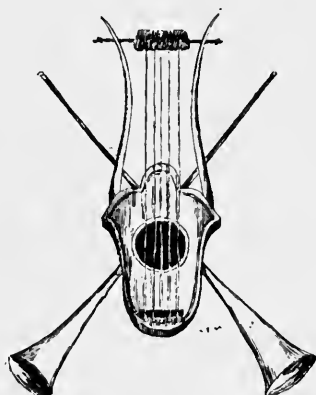
If any truth of Christianity has run the gauntlet of opposition and abuse that truth, above all others, is this of the resurrection:

1. The Apostles themselves had not expected it; and when it occurred they refused their credence until to further dissent would be to deny the reliableness of their own senses and judgment: "Jesus had to speak with them, be handled by them, eat with them, perform miracles for them, instruct and train them"—in a word, be for them after Easter all that he had been before Good Friday, ere they would allow themselves to admit that he was really back among them again in the flesh.

2. These men, so hard to convince themselves, had, in turn, to persuade a world whose dominant classes were prejudiced against the *possibility* and had reason to deny the *fact* of resurrection. The world had the Present, and its pleasures were tangible; the Future—what was it more than a surmise, maybe, as unreal as a dream! Even when converted many chafed under the restrictions the doctrine necessarily imposed, and sought, at the cost of heresy and disorder, to loosen these moral consequences.

Yet, notwithstanding the unwillingness of Apostles, the scepticism of the world, and the lukewarmness of neo-Christians, Resurrection, fact and dogma, did vindicate for itself a place in the deposit of Revealed Truth, and such a place that it has become the hope of the ages.

From the endurance and survival of this one dogma, may not we, who have religious truth, draw a lesson of comfort for all dogmas? Truth is truth and it will stand wear and tear. Philosophers or scientists may think that they have undermined the foundations of faith, and built up a system of doubt, or agnosticism, or negation. Whither they have brought themselves their own hearts and the great heart of the race will refuse to abide. Mankind never has been able to get on without God; and, as a result of the last nineteen hundred years, never can get on *now* without Christianity. "A thousand times more living to-day," Ernest Renan, sceptical to his own scepticism, confesses of Jesus, "a thousand times more loved since thy death than during thy passage on earth, thou wilt become the cornerstone of humanity to such a point that to blot thy name out of the world would be in truest truth to shake its foundations." Resurrexit sicut dixit!



RESURRECTION.

BY F. X. E.



NE April eve my sister-love
Went wandering with a homing dove
To rest beyond the stars above,
And all the house was still—

As still as April evenings are
Whilst Life is fading with its star,
And hearts their glory find afar
Within His cenacle.

FATHER FITZGERALD.*

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



FATHER FITZGERALD! long live his name,
His hero deed and his soldier fame!

Not least is he, in brave renown,
With the men who captured Caney town—

Not least, tho' his steps were on mercy bent
As he marched with his gallant regiment—

Marched and fought, thro' the deadly loss,
As a valiant Captain of the Cross!

Down thro' the brush, with stroke on stroke,
The Twenty-second regulars broke—

* Chaplain of the Twenty-second Infantry (Regular).

NOTE.—At the reception given by the Aid Society to the Seventy-first Regiment New York Volunteers, Major Frank Keck, who led the boys in the charge on San Juan, was asked to tell of some notable exhibition of personal courage on the battle-field. The brave soldier, universally loved and respected by his men, said :

"On July 2, while the fighting was going on, I sent word to our chaplain to come to the front to officiate at the burial of comrades who had been killed in action. For some unexplained reason he failed to respond. A Catholic priest, the chaplain of one of the regiments of regulars in Lawton's division, volunteered his services, which were promptly and gratefully accepted. As he was reading the service over the body a Spanish bullet struck his left hand, in which the book was held, shattering it horribly. Without a change of voice the book was dropped into the right hand and the services continued without a moment's halt. The mutilated and bleeding hand dropped to his side. Having finished the burial services, he asked if he could be of any further service. My answer was a detail to get him to the field hospital as quickly as possible and my sincere, heartfelt thanks."

In answer to a question as to the name of this chaplain and the regiment to which he belonged, Major Keck replied : "I do not know either, but I think he was the chaplain of the Sixth or Sixteenth. A more heroic deed was never witnessed on a battle-field."

ON BOARD U. S. A. TRANSPORT "GRANT,"
En route to Manila, February 6, 1899.

CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE :

Your favor of December 1 was duly received. I have taken some trouble to ascertain the name of the gentleman to whom you refer. I have made diligent inquiries among the men of the command, and as near as I can find out it refers to Chaplain Fitzgerald, who was on duty during the campaign in front of Santiago with the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry.

Very respectfully,

H. W. LAWTON,
Major-General U. S. Vols.

Out on the sunken road they sped
With the starry flag well on ahead :

For they knew there was work enough that day
Where the forts of Caney blocked the way.

But little they thought would come so soon
The "Mauser's" whizz and the schrapnel's croon !

Sudden around, like a wintry gale,
Fell a hissing shower of leaden hail.

It seemed to fall from the skies and the breeze—
It seemed to spring from the earth and trees :

It leaped out here and it leaped out there,
Its message of blood ran everywhere !

But onward, with never a halt or rest,
The dauntless Twenty-second pressed ;

And, there, where the bullets whistled and flew
Father Fitzgerald was marching too—

Marching and working there in the van
As a soldier priest and a soldier man !

Out of the zone of fire he bore
Many a comrade, wounded sore—

From the foremost line of the fierce attack
To the mango-tree he bore them back !

Unto their wounds he gave a balm,
And unto their souls a holy calm :

To the ears that were closing for ever there
He breathed a word of comfort and prayer :

Over the brow, blood-wet from the strife,
He poured the blessed waters of life ;

The soldier saw, thro' the crimson mist,
The light of the Holy Eucharist,

And the shades of death were swept away
In the joy of the dawn of the Coming Day!

Thus, thro' the thick of the fight, he worked,
Nor ever an errand of mercy shirked.

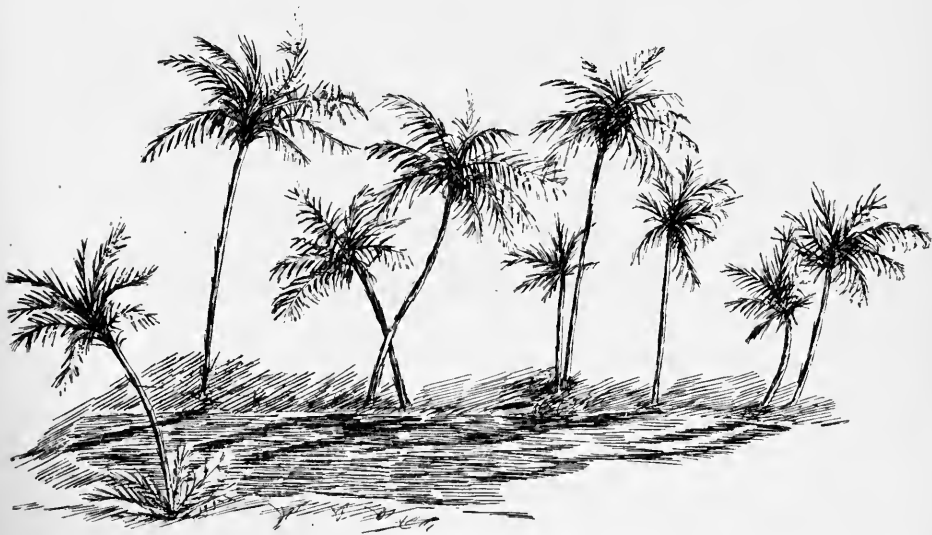
His canvas jacket, tattered and worn,
By many a "Mauser" shot was torn:

But on he forged where the good flag went
With the men of the fighting regiment—

On, till the bugle charge was heard,
Till gallant Lawton gave the word—

Till the banner of Spain came, riddled, down
From the forts in front of Caney town!

Cheers for their valor and tears for our loss—
And our hearts to the Captain of the Cross



A MONTAUK INCIDENT.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.



SURE your riverence could help me!"

I turned to look at the speaker, a plain, honest Irishwoman of middle age, with a stout, shapeless figure and broad, simple, snub-featured countenance that one immediately associates with washtubs and mops and brooms.

"What can I do for you, my child?" I asked. I was pressed for time, as many of my sick soldier boys were critically ill; the heat was intense, and the confusion still reigning at the newly organized hospital camp made it difficult for me to accomplish my visits as rapidly as I would wish.

She curtsied—"If you could find my boy for me, father," she said. "We saw by the paper that he was sick here, and I came up from the city to be with him; but they won't let me go round to look for him."

"What company is he in?" I inquired.

"Sure I don't know who his friends are here," she answered stupidly.

"What regiment is he in?" I explained as patiently as I could. "What company of what regiment?"

"Sure, I don't know his regiment, father, but his name is Larry Byrne."

"But his name is not enough; you must know the name of his regiment and the number of his company or you will never find him in a military camp," I exclaimed. Stupidity is always very irritating to me. I find it easier to love a sinner than a stupid person.

"I have never heard it, father, or else I don't remember it; but what difference does it make? Everybody knows Larry Byrne, and wasn't his name in the paper this very morning? That is how I came to know he was here at all. Just ask for Larry Byrne, father darlint, and sure they will all be telling you where he is!"

Poor soul! She had little notion of red tape, little idea of the utter hopelessness of finding plain, unvarnished, unnumbered Larry Byrne in that vast hospital camp. I questioned her further and found that she had already lost two boys on the battle-fields about Santiago, and that this was her youngest and her only support.

"I didn't want to have him go to the war," she explained, "but he was crazy to enlist. He had been loafing for a month, and he thought it would give him a little more money, so I let him go, though it's little good the money 'll do him now, poor lad! The two big boys died down there in Cuby, where I couldn't be with them; but when I heard my little lad was here and ill I had to come. I have never been outside the city before, father, and I couldn't have found my way at all but for this little girl here. Annie is right smart about finding her way."

I noticed then for the first time a pale, slender young girl, of fifteen or sixteen years, standing modestly near her. She looked tired and dispirited.

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"Since eleven o'clock, your riverence."

It was now two o'clock—the hottest hour of a hot, sultry day. They had not found him yet, and it was not likely they would ever find him, for they had no pass or permit of any kind, and could only hang around the outskirts of the camp appealing to such persons as appeared kindly disposed to help them.

"I will do the best I can for you, though it is little enough," I said, very doubtful of success. "I have many imperative sick-calls to make, so I cannot stop to search for him myself, but I will try to interest others to look him up."

"We will wait here, your riverence. God be with you and bring you to my boy!"

"Look for Larry Needle in Camp Haystack!" laughed the first official to whom I addressed myself. I saw plainly enough that there was little encouragement to be had, but as I passed from one hospital tent to another I persevered in questioning officers and nurses. All shook their heads doubtfully.

"There might be a dozen Larry Byrnes here, but we could only find them by the number of their company," they explained courteously, though I already knew this well enough. I turned somewhat sharply to reprimand a young volunteer loafing near who seemed inclined to joke at the expense of Larry Byrne's mother.

"Boss," he said, sobering down, "I guess you haven't been here long. We've seen mothers' sons dying hereabouts so often that we've forgotten how to care. You'll be indifferent yourself after a few days."

It was true that I had not been there long. I was temporarily filling the place of a volunteer chaplain, and this was only my third day at Montauk Point. I was sick at heart and torn with compassion at the scenes around me till I was almost un-

nerved for my duties. Hitherto I had frequently visited hospital wards and witnessed operations, and attended the injured in accidents—such duties came to me often enough in the exercise of my vocation, and I had always borne myself with calmness and self-possession. But the sight of these suffering, homesick soldier boys was too much for me. The long, hot, weary afternoon brought many distressing cases to administer to; there were confessions to hear, dying messages to record, lonely hearts to soothe, tired, fever-consumed eyes to close, disheartened sufferers to sustain and cheer. It was fully six o'clock before my rounds were over and I could return to the spot where I had left Larry Byrne's mother. I hoped she might not be there, that by some happy stroke of luck he might have been found. But she was still waiting, standing patiently, her lips moving mechanically as the beads of her rosary slipped through her fingers.

"No news?" I asked, though I well knew what the answer must be.

She shook her head sadly: "No, father, no one has found him for us yet."

"My poor child, you must come with me and have something to eat. You will be faint, standing there since early morning, and it may be some hours yet before we find him."

"I couldn't eat, father dear. It will be time enough to eat after we have found him. But Annie had better have a bite, poor little girl! She never was very strong."

The girl shook her head and I saw there was no use in urging her. She looked paler and more discouraged than ever, but I have seen that gentle, quiet sort before. They are stubborn as mules when they have a fixed idea in their heads. I knew that she would not eat nor drink nor rest, but neither would she faint. She would simply endure to the end.

I was hungry and hot and tired myself, but how could I think of food or refreshment before these suffering hearts? I turned once more towards the camp.

"This time I will not come back till I find him for you, if he is here at all," I promised Larry Byrne's mother.

"I'll keep on praying, father, and you'll find him sure."

For nearly two hours I searched the camp, high and low. I addressed surgeons, officials, and nurses, many kind and considerate in the extreme, a few ungracious and abrupt. I could hardly blame them for a little impatience. To ask for Larry Byrne without number of regiment or name of company was like hunting in New York City without address of street or

district. Still it did not warrant the storm of abuse hurled at me from one young fellow, a new-fledged lieutenant of volunteers. He drew himself up in the consciousness of his new dignity and let loose a volley of expletives that I had never heard equalled in the slums of Chicago, where it has been my lot to labor for many years past. Oath upon oath rolled off from his tongue with appalling volubility. I waited quietly for him to finish.

"Well," I said at last, "do you feel better, more like a soldier, more exalted, more worthy of your rank, a better American, a finer officer? Do you feel that the country is honored and the army ennobled by your words? Do you think that those of us who have had to listen to you will respect your wisdom and courage and dignity any more for this tirade? If you have any such idea, you will find that you have fallen just one hundred per cent. in the estimation of all who have heard you belittle yourself."

Just then a young fellow came up and touched me respectfully on the arm. He was weak and convalescing, evidently.

"Parson," he said awkwardly, "there's a chap a-dying in our tent and I guess he belongs to your faith. Would you mind coming to see him a minute?"

"What is his name?" I asked, starting at once.

"Larry Byrne."

I quickened my steps. It was true that there might be a dozen Larry Byrnes in the camp; it was not an uncommon name, and I must not feel too sure that I was being led to the one I sought. As I entered the tent I perceived a fever-stricken lad of eighteen or thereabouts lying in the further corner. There were others in the tent, but this one bore the unmistakable stamp of death in his drawn, wasted countenance, his thin lips and gleaming teeth, the ashen hue of brow and cheek, the wild eyes burning like coals of fire. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, but perfectly conscious. I knelt by his side.

"I knew God wouldn't let me die without seeing a priest," he gasped in hoarse whispers. "I've 'got too good a mother for Him to let any of her boys die out of His grace. I had two brothers, wild boys at home that gave her a lot of trouble, but in camp they said their prayers regular night and morning, and when they were dying, at San Juan, I found them with two Spanish priests attending them who had come out from the city to anoint the dying on the battle-field. I knew God would take as good care of me as of them, for mother loved me best."

I heard his confession and prepared him for death. He seemed ready to go, for he was too ill to struggle and death appeared to him as a friend, as it does to most of us in our last hour. When I saw that his conscience was at ease, and had done all that I could do for him, I said:

"Would you like to see your mother?"

"Wouldn't I?" he exclaimed. "Poor mother! She has had a hard life. The boys were wild, and father drank and abused her. She will feel bad to lose me. But she could never get here, poor mother! She never was out of the city in her life."

"But she is here," I said quietly. "I have just seen her."

He looked incredulous. "It can't be mother," he said, sighing. "It's some other Byrne. There's plenty of the name. She never could find her way any too well in the city; we always had to look after her. It's some other poor fellow's mother."

"We shall see," I said. "I will bring her here and we shall see."

I threaded my way among tents and wagons and packing boxes, past groups of men and animals, to the spot where I had left Mrs. Byrne. The sun had set, but the air was breathless and close. The ocean breeze had failed us in our need that day. The homely, patient figure still stood there in the twilight, the lips moving and the beads of the rosary slipping through her fingers. She started forward at sight of me, too weary for eagerness or smiles, but with a patient gladness lighting up the plain face.

"I knew you couldn't help but find him, father," was her greeting.

"It may be a mistake," I said cautiously, "but come with me." I turned to re-enter the camp, when an officer blocked my way. There is something about these young officers of volunteers that arouses all my combativeness, though, with the latent sympathy between priest and soldier, I will obey a regular to the dotting of an "i." I tried to push by him.

"No entrance," he said curtly.

"And why not?" I asked.

"No civilians allowed in camp at this hour."

"By whose orders?" I asked again.

He drew himself up haughtily. "By mine!" he thundered.

Then I did what I should have done in the first place, if I had not lost my temper. I put my hand in my breast-pocket and pulled out my permit, signed by the commanding officer, and countersigned by the Secretary of War, giving me entrance

to the camp at all times and places. The officer sullenly withdrew and I passed in. Mrs. Byrne was about to follow me.

"You have no permit for the woman," he said, holding her back. She stood patiently still.

"She goes with me," I said. "Her son is dying and I am taking her to see him. There is not a moment to lose."

"You may go where you please," he replied, "but you must get a separate permit for her. Women are not allowed to enter after dark."

I knew that he was in the right and that there was nothing to be gained by arguing or pleading. She must take up her weary waiting once more.

"God help you, poor soul!" I said. "Keep up your courage, and trust in God."

"I will, father," she replied. "Sure, He has never failed me yet, glory be to His holy will."

The tears rushed to my eyes as I turned away. Ah! how often it is the poor who teach us the gospel, and we, who are sent to preach it to them, may sit at their feet and learn.

I went directly to headquarters, for there is no use applying to subordinates, who often have not the power to help even if they have the will. The commanding officer was the busiest man in the camp, but his time and attention were at every one's service and I had no fear of the result. Nevertheless I must await my turn, and it was striking nine o'clock before I once more rejoined the patient, waiting figures in the moonlight.

We hurried along in silence. Sad scenes passed before us, heart-breaking sounds met our ears, but we passed rapidly by, absorbed in the fear of being too late. I opened the flap of the tent. It was dimly lighted, but peering into the farther corner I could see the pinched, waxen face, and the fever-scorched eyes glaring in the darkness like balls of fire. He still lived and was conscious. I drew the mother forward. "Is it he?" I asked.

There was silence as she groped her way towards the cot; then a wild cry rang out, a sound hardly human in its agony. It was as the cry of some hunted, wounded animal. But in an instant she recovered herself and drew nearer the cot. The nurse moved thoughtfully toward the door, and I turned my face away. Such a reunion was too sacred for witnesses. But I could hear the mother approach the cot, I felt her bending over the poor living skeleton, and my ears caught the first words she addressed to her dying boy, the last left to her of three.

"Larry dear, have you made your peace with God?"

I went down on my knees then. O woman, great is thy faith! and surely the Master is not far from thee, who shall declare thy praise before all the Court of Heaven.

The ghost of a smile crept over the lad's livid features. "Yes, mother," he murmured; "and now I know that it is really you and not a dream, for that would be the first question you would ask me."

"Praise be to God!" she cried, "but He is good to us, Larry boy, to let us be together again."

He raised his thin, wasted claw of a hand and laid it over her broad red one, stroking it fondly and saying from time to time, "Poor mother! Poor mother!" He tried to tell her something in broken whispers. I guessed from her subdued exclamations that he spoke of his brothers.

The young girl had crept to the other side of the cot and knelt there sobbing quietly. At last he turned his eyes from his mother and looked at her, and for a moment their fever-light was subdued to softness.

"It's little Annie," he whispered. "She must have brought you, mother, for you could never have got here alone. Annie was always good to you, mother; she will be good to you when I'm gone."

At last the great change came. It was ten o'clock when Larry Byrne's mother turned hastily and beckoned me to the bedside, and together we said the prayers for the passing soul. Then she tenderly closed the quenched eyes and crossed the emaciated hands.

The young girl had thrown herself face downwards on the floor, sobbing convulsively, but the mother stood like a statue by the bedside. I tried to murmur a few words of comfort and hope. She turned towards me, her homely face transfigured by a smile of infinite faith and patient trust. No sob escaped her, though the tears poured down her broad cheeks.

"Yes, it's God that knows best, father dear," she said. "I ain't asking any questions, for He has known best all along. He took them two wild boys where they were scared into saying their prayers reg'lar, and His mercy followed them way to Cuby and sent two foreign priests to anoint them. And now that He sees fit to take my Larry away too, glory be to His holy will! The three boys will be waiting for their old mother up in heaven, and in God's mercy I sha'n't be long in going to them, for me poor heart is broke, me heart is broke, me heart is broke!"

SYMPATHY.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.



E pity and feel for creatures sharing in some way our sentient and intellectual nature. To some extent we make their sufferings and other states of consciousness our own, because we can imagine how we ourselves should feel if we were in their state. Hence pity is a kind of sadness, for sadness is caused by evil of any kind being present to and affecting us. This too explains how pity consoles sufferers. They perceive their affliction is shared by another and that lightens their own burden, as really as one carrying or drawing a load is relieved by some one lending a helping hand.

At first sight it would seem that it would be better for ourselves to keep out of the way of sufferers. Pity for them makes us sad, and sadness is a passion to be avoided and resisted. "Drive away sadness far from thee. For sadness hath killed many, and there is no profit in it" (Ecclus. xxx. 24-25). But this means excessive, unreasonable, selfish sadness. Like all passions if not brought under due control, it is utterly ruinous. Passions are not bad in themselves. They are essential components of sentient creatures. In man they are the raw material of virtue and of vice. If allowed to have their own way, they lead to every misery; if brought under the control of reason, they minister to all that is good and great in human character. Natural inclination to commiserate others is a most lovable quality; but, being in us of the nature of emotion or passion, it must be trained, developed, perfected by reason, and, above all, by the light of faith and the help of grace.

Sympathy is more commonly and conspicuously excited by sorrow than by joy; but unselfish sharing in the gladness of others is a beautiful manifestation of it too. "Rejoice with them that rejoice, weep with them that weep" (Rom. xii. 15). We alleviate sorrow by our sympathy, and we increase gladness and joy. Gladness is caused by the presence and possession of good, as sadness by evil. When another in joy sees us glad because of his well-being, he instinctively recognizes that in our friendliness his own joy has reason for increase, for a friend is, as such, an *alter ego*. Sympathetic manifestation of good will consequently adds new and increased joy.

Selfishness is the cause of the absence of both kinds of sympathy. Selfishness is seeking our own comfort and well-being at the expense of others, either by taking from them or refusing to give what in any way they may have a reasonable claim on, whether it be a claim of justice or merely a claim on our kindness. We refuse or avoid commiseration in order not to become miserable ourselves; we will not rejoice with others, because pride and envy make us feel others' success as constituting them superior to ourselves. Pride is, above all, a longing for superiority. Envy looks upon the good of others as an evil to one's self, and instead of joy at another's prosperity sadness is caused. We feel our own inferiority when we see others prosperous or joyous from what we have nothing to do with, or it may be from things that we ourselves are clearly wanting in. It would be well worth our while to cultivate sympathy, if only to avoid falling into envy, a passion that becomes continual torture when much indulged.

"*Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni*
Majus tormentum" (Hor., ep. ii. lib. i. 58).

I lately came across a quotation from Alexander Dumas which bears upon the above: "*La Rochefoucauld a dit: 'nous avons tous assez de force en nous pour supporter le malheur des autres.' Il aurait pu ajouter: 'Mais nous n'en avons pas toujours autant pour supporter leur bonheur.'*" "*La Rochefoucauld has said: 'We all have fortitude enough to bear the misfortune of others.' He might have added: 'but we have not always as much to endure their good fortune.'*"

There never was a greater mistake than to think and act on the principle that sympathy for others in sorrow and joy interferes with our own content and happiness. Experience proves quite the contrary. As long as we are wrapt up in ourselves our own troubles occupy our imagination, which exaggerates them greatly and causes great depression. If we get away from ourselves and occupy our thoughts with the sorrows and troubles of others and try to relieve them, great good for ourselves ensues. We no longer brood over and distort exaggeratedly our own worries, and that in itself is a considerable source of relief. Besides, using our sympathetic passions in the right way gratifies them, soothes our conscience, makes us feel we are doing as we ought, gives us a sense of usefulness and worth; moreover there is added the satisfaction experienced from the appreciation and gratitude of those we help and con-

sole, and the esteem in general gained from being recognized as doing our part in that social organism of which we are necessarily members. One who is known to be selfish is instinctively detested, because he is always on the lookout to secure his own advantage at the expense of others. An unselfish person is instinctively liked, because he willingly lets others have all that they have any claim to, and even goes out of his way to be obliging and helpful. Man is a social animal. Selfishness is the enemy of society, unselfishness its greatest friend.

It is not always easy to be pleased because others succeed and are glad; it is often hard. But what has been done can be done, and we can train ourselves to sympathize in this most unselfish and beautiful way. If we make the effort a few times, we shall see the thing can be done, just like overcoming irritability or any other disorderly passion; and then the habit of doing right in this direction begins to be formed, and soon we are masters of the situation. We are creatures of habits good and evil, and habit becomes second nature, as it is said. There is so much satisfaction in rejoicing with others that we are well rewarded, even if we did not look higher; but of course we shall have higher motives and higher helps; for all that, we must make use, too, of every natural help, for grace in every way makes use of natural powers and circumstances.

A great aid to becoming sympathetic is to aim at trying to understand other people's way of looking at things. If we cultivated this habit, we should rapidly develop the sympathetic faculty. It is not stupid and ignorant people only that never think there is any way of viewing a question besides their own. I heard it said of an able and good man in high position that he could not conceive how any honest man could disagree with him. As a matter of fact, perfectly honest and intelligent people disagree irreconcilably on all manner of subjects; such is the force of surroundings, inherited tendencies, prejudices, intellectual and moral limitations. Trying to put ourselves in others' places and states of mind is a wonderful assistance in getting over bitterness towards opponents, and thus being able to deal justly and without anger and vindictiveness. When people are an annoyance to us, great or small, our imaginations get so possessed by our own trouble that we think of our opponents solely as a cause of suffering to ourselves, forgetting that they, too, have plenty to trouble them and to be pitied for. It is quite true that they are very often un-

reasonable, as we are ourselves, and it is necessary to oppose them; but we shall best succeed in bringing them to reason, or setting things right, if we are sympathetic, if we try to look fairly at their side of the question.

Well-regulated sympathy practically manifested is the best cure for misery and sadness. It brings a special blessing at such times to be kind to others. But at all times, under all circumstances, for attaining and preserving peaceful cheerfulness there is nothing like sympathy, kindness, mercy towards the sick, the poor, or the afflicted in any way. It is a natural reward. But it is also a reward of grace and in the supernatural order. Our Lord has promised peace and consolation to those who are rightly sympathetic. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Mercy means more than what there is any claim to—far more. Our Lord means that God will pour blessings on the merciful which will be the most soothing cure of all their miseries, and that to a great extent even in this life. If you want to be mirthful, be merciful.

THE FIRST EASTER.

BY MARION ARNOLD.



'ER the Judean hills the dawn is creeping,
 Bringing the day with its griefs again;
 On her lowly couch is Mary sleeping,
 O'er-wrought by the Passion's awful pain.
 Often she breathes His name in dreaming
 Sorrowful dreams of her bitter loss
 On Calvary's Mount,—the mother seeming
 To stand again 'neath the mournful Cross.

But list! a strain as of angels singing
 Soft and sweet through the morning air,
 An echo of heaven-born music bringing
 To the lonely couch of the sleeper there.
 The strain takes on a joyful wording,
 And the mother stirs in her troubled dreams:
 But what are the angels' songs recording
 As the light o'er the Judean hill-sides streams?

“Regina Cœli, lætare!” thrilling,
And “Alleluia” in chorus strong:
In the light that all the world is filling
The mother wakes with the angels’ song.
And there in the midst of the brightness beaming
She sees her Son, and she hears His voice:
“Mother!” Ah, this cannot be dreaming,
For the angels are bidding her soul rejoice.

But come away! It were rash presuming
To tell of that meeting with mortal tongue;
With the light of heaven our souls illuming,
We shall hear the story by angels sung.
O Heart of Christ! on some Easter morning
We shall learn the strength of Thy love divine;
We shall sound the depths of that tender warning:
“My child, let thy heart be always Mine.”



A HEAVENLY ADVENTURE.

BY COMTE DE V. DE L'ISLE ADAM.

"Go to the sea, and cast in a hook : and that fish which shall first come up, take ; and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a stater ; take that, and give."—*Matt. xvii. 26.*



OW that that seraphic child, Sister Euphrasia, has fled into the Realms of Light, why should we still call *earthly* the "miracle" by which she was so enraptured? Indeed, this noble saint (but just fallen asleep in the Lord at the age of eight-and-twenty, superior of a Provençal order of Little Sisters of the Poor, founded by herself) would not have been scandalized to learn the *natural* cause of her sudden vocation. Her way of seeing things was too truly humble for her to have been troubled thereat, even for a single instant. All the same, it is as well that I kept silence until the present time.

About a kilometre from Avignon stood, in 1860, not far from the verdant lands above the Rhone, an isolated hut of sordid aspect, lighted by a single window with iron-shod shutters, and situated in full view of a protecting police-barrack, on the outskirts of the suburbs, hard by the main road. Here an old Israelite, called Father Moses, had long dwelt. He was not a wicked Jew, notwithstanding his lifeless face, osprey's brow, and bald head, which was modelled and tightly bound round by a close-fitting cap, of which the stuff, and eke the hue, must for ever remain indeterminate. Still fresh and vigorous, he was quite capable of following closely, in a few forced marches, on the heels of Assuerus. But he never went out, and only received visitors with extreme caution. At night, a complete system of snares and wolf-traps protected him behind his ill-fastened door. Helpful, especially towards his co-religionists, invariably charitable towards every one, he dealt exclusively with the sick, to whom alone he lent, preferring to hoard his riches.

For this practical and God-fearing man the sceptical ideas of the age in nowise altered the primitive faith, and Moses prayed as well between two usurious transactions as between two gifts of alms. Not being devoid of heart, *he was particular to repay the least service rendered to him.*

As he looked forth with pale gray eyes at his surroundings, he was perchance aware of the cool, fresh country that lay extended beneath his windows. A distant object, however, placed on a slight eminence, commanding the river-side meadows to the edge of the stream, spoilt his horizon for him. This *Thing*—he turned from the sight of it with a sort of annoyance (an annoyance not inconceivable in his case), with an insurmountable aversion!

It was a very old Calvary, tolerated, as an archæological curiosity, by the then city magistrates. Twenty-one steps must be climbed before arriving at the great central cross, which supports a Gothic figure of Christ, nearly obliterated by the work of time. It stands between the two smaller crosses of the thieves, Diphā and Gesmas.

One night Father Moses, his feet on a stool, his spectacles on his nose, and his cap against the lamp, was leaning over a small table, covered with diamonds, gold, pearls, and precious documents. This table stood in front of the window which opened on to the night. The Jew was engaged in auditing his accounts in a dusty ledger.

He had remained up very late. All the faculties of his being had become absorbed in his labors, so that his ears, deaf to the idle sounds of nature, had remained for hours inattentive to certain distant cries, numerous, wide-spread, terrifying, which, all the evening, had gone on piercing the silence and the gloom.

A great, clear moon was sailing down the wide abyss of blue, and now no more sounds were heard. "Three millions!" cried Father Moses, placing a last figure to the total.

But the joy of the old man, exulting in the depths of his heart and filled with a sense of the realization of his ideal, ended in a shudder. For—there was no room for doubt—something icy suddenly gripped his feet! He pushed away his footstool, and jumped up quickly.

Horror! A lapping flood, by which the chamber was invaded, was bathing his thin legs! The house was creaking. His eyes, straying outside the window, dilated as they perceived the immense extent of the waters that covered the lowlands and farms. Here was the inundation!—the sudden overflow, terrible and increasing, of the Rhone.

"God of Abraham!" he stammered.

Without losing an instant, notwithstanding his panic, he cast off his clothes all but his patched trousers, flung off his

shoes, and crammed the more precious objects from his table—diamonds and securities—pell-mell into a little leathern bag (which he hung round his neck), reflecting that, by and by, beneath the ruins of his hovel, he would be able to recover his buried gold. Flac-flac, he strode across the room, that he might seize from the top of an old chest a bundle of bank-notes already saturated and sticking together. Then he mounted on his window-sill, and pronouncing three times the Hebrew word *Kodosch*, which signifies “Holy,” he flung himself, knowing himself for a good swimmer, upon the mercy of his God.

His hut sank behind him, noiselessly, beneath the waters. In the distance no boat! Whither should he fly? He turned towards Avignon, but the waters seemed to add to the distance, and it was—now far, far from him! Where could he rest? where find a footing? Ah! the only spark of light, there, upon the height, was that Calvary, whose steps were already disappearing beneath the boiling waves and eddies of the furious waters.

“Seek shelter from that Image? No, never!” The old Jew was in earnest in his beliefs, and although the danger was pressing, although modern ideas, and the compromises which they inspire, were far from being unknown to this gloomy fugitive, this seeker after an Ark, it was repugnant to him to owe, were it only earthly salvation—to *what was there*. His outline, at that moment, reflected from the waters which mirrored the stars, might well give rise to a dream of the Deluge.

He swam at hazard. Suddenly, a forbidding yet ingenious thought crossed his mind. “I forgot,” said he to himself, panting (and the water ran from the two points of his beard)—“I forgot that, after all, there is up there the unlucky impenitent Thief. By my faith, I see no hindrance to seeking refuge beside the excellent Gesmas, while I await my deliverance.”

He then steered, all scruples appeased, with energetic strokes, across the rolling arches of the flood, in the clear moonshine, towards the Three Crosses. After a quarter of an hour they appeared to him, colossal, a hundred yards from his congealed and rigid limbs. They stood without visible support on the wide waters. As he gazed, breathing hard and seeking to discover, to the left, the gibbet of his choice, behold the two side crosses, more frail than the central, creaked, weighed down by the current of the Rhone, and the worm-eaten wood yielded. With a sort of terrified, dark curtsy, both fell back silently into the foam.

Moses did not advance. Wild and haggard before the spectacle, he all but sank, and spat forth two mouthfuls of water. Behold! now the Supreme Sign, the great Cross alone, *Spes unica*, was outlined upon the depths of firmamental space. It held forth its pale One, thorn-crowned, nailed, with extended arms and closed eyes.

The old man, suffocated, almost fainting, with nothing left but the instinct of drowning creatures, decided, in desperation, to swim towards the Sublime Emblem, the gold he must save trebling his last efforts, and justifying the act in his eyes, dimmed by the approach of the death-agony. He arrived at the foot of the Cross. Oh! it was with a bad grace (to his honor be it said) and with his head averted as much as possible that he resigned himself—he, the man, barely escaping death by drowning—to seize and clasp his arms round the tree of the Abyss; that tree which crushes all human reasonings beneath it, dividing Infinity into four, clearly-marked roads. The poor rich man gained a footing. The water welled up, raising his body to half the height of the Figure. Around him the flood, wide-spread and silent! . . . Ah! there a sail! a boat!

He cried out. They tacked. They had seen him.

At that very moment a movement of the water (some river dam breaking in the darkness) lifted him, with a great upheaval, to the Wound in the side. This was so terrible and so sudden that he had barely time to clasp, body to body and face to face, the image of the Expiator, and then to hang suspended, his head thrown back, his bushy eyebrows contracted over his piercing and sidelong glances, whilst the points of his beard moved to and fro in the water.

The old Israelite, clinging to and astride of Him-who-pardons, and unable to release his hold, gazed sideways at his "Saviour."

"Hold fast! We are coming," cried voices drawing near, and sounding distinctly.

"Well!" growled Father Moses, whose horrified muscles seemed about to betray him—"well! here is a service rendered by One . . . from whom I certainly expected nothing. Not wishing to owe anything to any one, it is only just that I should repay Him . . . as I would repay a living man. Let me give—well, what I would give . . . to a man."

And whilst the boat approached, Moses, in his characteristic zeal to cry quits, rummaged in his pocket and drew thence

a piece of gold, which he pressed gravely and to the best of his ability in between the fingers of the right hand, which were folded over the nail.

"Quits!" he murmured, letting himself fall, almost fainting, into the arms of the boatmen. The very legitimate fear of losing his leathern bag kept him self-possessed till the landing at Avignon. The warmed bed of an inn comforted him there. In this town, a month later, he established himself, having recovered his gold from beneath the wreck of his old home; and in this town he passed away in his hundredth year.

Now, in the December of the year which followed this singular incident, a young, orphaned, country girl, Euphrasia by name, very poor and with a charming face, attracted the attention of certain rich citizens of Vaucluse. Disconcerted by her inexplicable rebuffs, they resolved, in her own interests, to snare her by famine. She was soon turned off (at their instigation) from the work-room where she gained the daily pittance which kept her in bread and good humor, in exchange for but eleven hours of labor (the work-room belonging to one of the most respectable families of the town).

The same day she found herself turned out also from the poor room where, morning and night, she gave thanks to God. To be quite just, the landlord, who had children to provide for, had no right, and could not, seriously and conscientiously, expose himself to the loss of the six good francs per month brought in by that little hole in his garret.

"However honest she may be," said he, "it is not with sentiment that one pays one's taxes; and, besides, perhaps it is for *her own good*," added he with a wink, "that I must seem harsh."

Thus it happened that, in the winter twilight, when the tolling of the Angelus was borne on the wind, this trembling and unfortunate girl wandered along the snowy streets, and, not knowing whither to turn, bent her steps towards the Calvary.

Led, very probably, by angels, whose wings bore her up the white steps, she sank at the foot of the great cross, her body falling against the time-worn wood, as she murmured the simple words: "My God, send me a little help, or I shall die." And (*here is something to make one think!*) behold, from the right hand of the ancient figure of Christ, towards which the suppliant's eyes were raised, a piece of gold fell on the maiden's dress; and this surprise, together with the sweet and never disturbing consciousness of a miracle, revived her.

It was an old piece of money, bearing the stamp of Louis XVI., the yellow gold of which shone on the black robe of the favored girl. Something from God, no doubt, falling at the same time into the virgin soul of this child of heaven, strengthened her courage. She took the gold without being even astonished; rose, kissed the sacred feet, smiling, and fled towards the town. Having handed the six francs (which had caused the difficulty) to her reasonable landlord, she awaited the dawn upstairs, in her icy little bed; eating her dry bread during the night, ecstasy in her heart, heaven in her eyes, and singleness of purpose in her soul. The very next day, filled with living force and insight, she began her holy work, in spite of rebuffs, of closed doors, of evil-speaking, threats, and mockery.

And the work of the Lord was well planned, was stable.

To-day the young saint has just taken flight into her kingdom, victorious over the sneering foulness of earth, radiant because of the "miracle," which *created* her faith, in union with Him who "permits all things to come to pass."



A PRACTICAL VIEW OF CUBA.

BY JAMES M. MCGINLEY.



WITH a thermometer marking an average temperature of seventy-six for the month of February, and while blizzards and zero weather prevail in New York, it is not difficult to realize the inducements which the City of Havana will continue to offer to modern tourists; particularly so when the new provisional government shall have completed its work of applying the broom and whitewash brush to public buildings and thoroughfares. Even now the number of visitors from the States is so large that accommodations are insufficient. People of all shades and conditions are discernible here; the tourist pure and simple, who is a much-travelled and well-informed person; the camera fiend, who inflicts his presence and toy machine upon everything from the high altar in the cathedral to the hut of the reconcentrado, and in whose eyes nothing is sacred. The American business man has also aimed at and is looking for "opportunities." The young man "out of a job" is to be found, who, being unable to "strike" anything at home, has turned his face to this newly-opened field. He is, perhaps, faring somewhat better than the business hustler with great schemes for rapidly making money in view, for many of these young men have succeeded in obtaining employment, if not at high wages at least at such an income as will afford them good living opportunities.

PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.

Rates of living are higher here than in Northern cities of the same size. Restaurant charges for good, clean food are excessive, and no doubt due to the recent influx of Americans. As soon as the latter locate in any particular district prices immediately take on a remarkable growth. Beyond question, the Spaniard, or Cuban, is more alert in making a profit from the American than the latter was at first led to suppose. Aside from these "fancy" prices, the charges for rents, food, and both the necessities and the luxuries of life are about the same as they are in the States.

The "American hustler," so called, is entirely out of place here. Assertiveness, cynicism, and impetuosity are not qualifications which lead to the open road of enterprise in these Spanish-American countries. Good temper, patience, and deliberation, with an adoption of the native customs to a great extent, bring about better results. Combine these conditions with a good knowledge of the Spanish language, work hard, keep one's credit good, and as an American citizen one can reap a harvest in certain lines, but only in certain lines. The rapid and sky-rocket pace at which many Americans have made fortunes during the past decade has blinded them to many vital and fundamental principles still held by foreign merchants. One will be impressed here with the simplicity and economy with which great businesses are conducted in inexpensive buildings and with but little advertising. The employer is not distinguishable from the employee in general work and activity. In most cases, while living well, he does not indulge in the luxury of a summer palace or the expensive pleasures of club life, but locates his living apartments in or near the same building with his business.

THE SPANIARD KEEN-EYED AND ALERT.

A north-country Spaniard is a keen and able merchant, and a competitor whom all must respect in the business field. It is told that recently a delegation of American Hebrews came to the island in search of money-making enterprises, but discovering that none of their race had so far ever succeeded in maintaining a foothold, they departed on the next outgoing steamer, remarking that if a Jew had not yet made money there the conditions must be hard indeed. So much for the economic conditions. As yet the tariff regulations are against the United States. It is expected, though, that the amended schedule of 1898, now in operation, will be taken up shortly for revision and important changes will be made in it. At present foods and provisions from the United States are the main articles favored by its application. In many instances the rate of tariff is absolutely prohibitory to Americans, and where it is not, the uniformity or "open-door" policy of duties enables French, German, and English merchants to undersell American goods. A careful examination of the markets will show large European importations of foreign textiles, fancy goods, hardware, machinery, etc. When the schedules are definitely determined, it may be possible to note an increase of American manufactures; but admitting this to be certain, it is

probable that, with but few exceptions, American goods will only sell here because of some particular novelty or finish and not because of their low prices. A discriminating tariff in favor of the United States is not consistent with our humanitarian and open-door policy in the late war. Americans will not succeed so well as shop-keepers and merchants as they will by introducing distinctively American institutions.

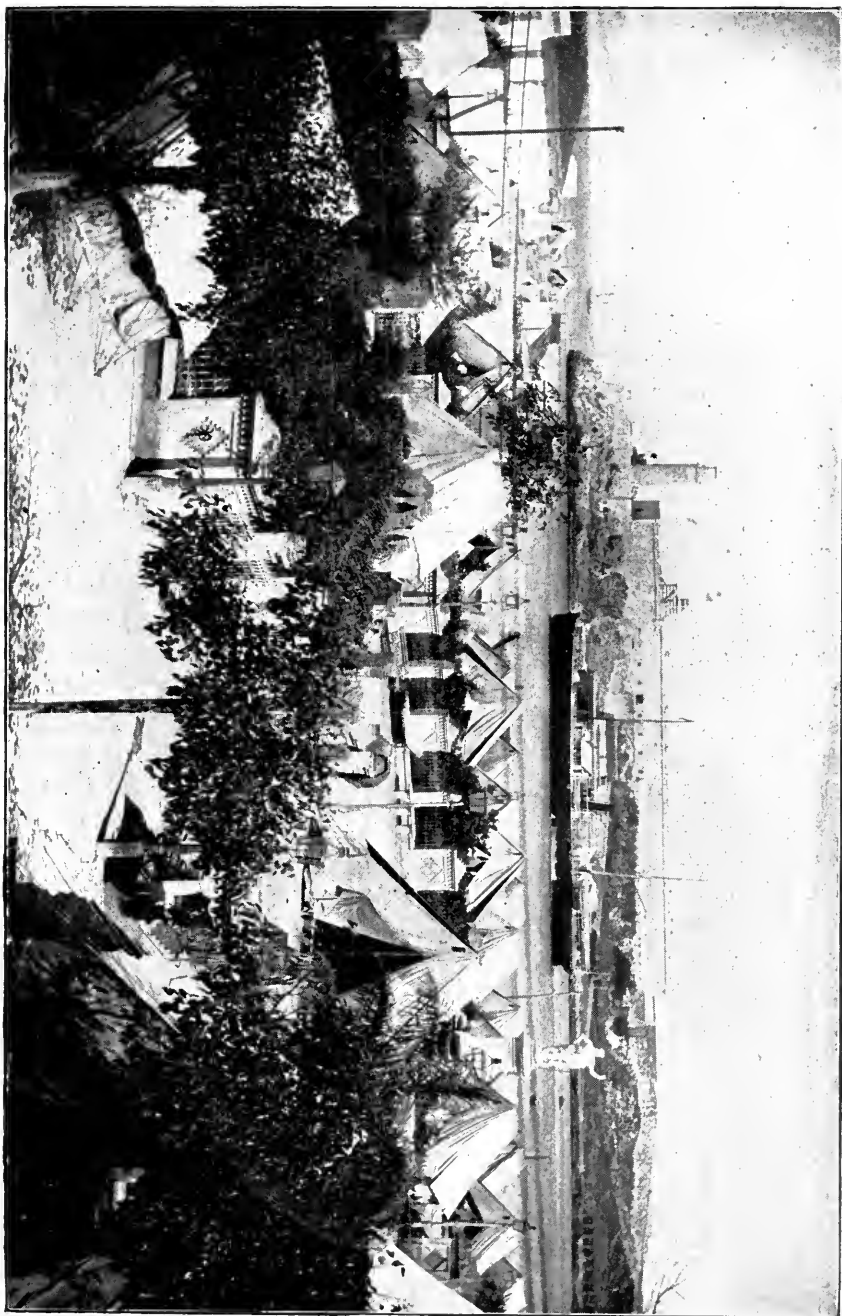
Real estate transactions present many complications to a stranger. Ownership by corporate bodies is not based upon English or American methods. Large parcels of property may be owned by three or more individuals, but their interests are separate and distinct, and hence the difficulty of definitely closing a transaction, with conflicting claims, within a reasonable time. Briefly, it may be said that if a purchaser is enabled to secure the deeds of any property, it is the best guarantee of ownership. Tracing back the possession of it is frequently attended with so many inaccuracies of record as to be unreliable.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The work of the provisional government, under General Brooke, is proceeding rapidly. Major-General Ludlow is already established in his official headquarters as municipal governor of Havana, with a goodly number of assistants. As far as practicable, his administration will not conflict in any way with city local authority, which is controlled by Prefect La Costa as Mayor of Havana. It is the policy of the Brooke and Ludlow administration to fill all offices with Cubans as rapidly as they show ability to assume charge. Americans will be secondary consideration in all government appointments, and with the mustering out of many United States troops, by next April the display of American authority here will become softened. Port Collector Colonel Bliss is following the lines laid down by the administration in making appointments for the custom house. Many of the candidates are Cuban soldiers or patriots, who preface their letters of application with a reminder of the abuse they received from the Spanish government. In one of these letters of application the writer stated that "his possessions had been systematically confiscated, robbed and plundered from him during the last ten years by the Spanish government."

HOUSE-CLEANING IN PROGRESS.

But each day attests the energy of the new administration in the care of the cities. At every turn street-cleaners are working towards yet unexplored accumulations. All public



LOOKING OUT INTO HAVANA HARBOR.—CAMP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

buildings are being painted, scrubbed, and whitewashed as fast as time will permit; and if the same operation could be applied to many of the churches, schools, and dwellings it would be an untold blessing. A recent move of Major Cooke, who is in charge of the sanitary inspection, has been the appointment of plumbing inspectors to make reports concerning the utility and hygienic condition of the plumbing service in stone dwelling houses, a great and immediate necessity. Before the entrance of the United States troops it was no uncommon sight to witness a flock of vultures feeding upon the carcass of some dead animal in the city streets; in fact this spectacle occasionally offends the tourist even yet. Abuses of this character, together with revolting exhibitions of deformities and diseases by professional beggars in many of the prominent squares and thoroughfares, are to be remedied as quickly as the machinery of the administration can be made to do its work.

Should the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals desire new fields of operation, it will certainly find an extensive one in Cuba. Horses and mules are overloaded and abused; and as grass feed is the chief fodder for beasts of burden, they have little strength in comparison with our temperate, acclimated animals. It is a common sight to witness splendid teams of oxen yoked together in such a manner that free use of the head and shoulders is utterly impossible. Their heads are forced down into a heavy yoke which is placed directly back of the horns and on top of the head. From this yoke an iron chain passes down along the animal's nose and through his nostrils back again to its starting point. To see these patient beasts toiling in the hot sun all day with this cruel harness upon them is painful to any human being, and we hope before long steps will be taken to introduce more humanitarian methods here.

THE CHURCH IN CUBA.

The church and its standing in Cuba is at the present of universal interest. As to the much-discussed religious apathy of the people—at least the male portion—towards the religion of their country, it is safe to say that it is due more to personal disposition than to the lack of apostolic zeal on the part of the church. The latter is best represented by the well-conducted establishment of the Jesuits and by the fathers of the Church of Mercedes, which is one of the most beautiful and artistic church edifices in the country. These churches, with their colleges, are

a credit to Catholicity in Cuba, and the modelling of their methods by other churches and communities, particularly in standards of activity, order, and cleanliness, would advance the influence of Catholic work so mightily that the so-called contemplated "mission" of Protestantism would have no further effect than that of stimulating the active workers of the Catholic Church to greater deeds of glory for their religion. "Missions by Protestants" will probably act as a healthful stimulant and motive power for the church to begin a new era of life in Cuba. We have only to consider its marvellous growth in the United States and England, as well as in Mexico, during the last quarter of a century as proof of this. In the latter country, although always strongly entrenched, and its policy guided at one time by the clerical party in combination with the government, yet under the latter-day administration the position and influence of the church is greater than ever before. Protestant missionaries are forced to admit this through the failure of their own efforts.

HOPEFUL SIGNS FOR THE FUTURE.

The Spanish descendant is a Catholic normally and practically and the old faith of his fathers is in his blood as strong as his love for country, but it needs awakening. While Spain yielded a revenue to the church of \$1,800,000 annually, it was to be expected that her policy would be to support the government and that her suggestions as to important appointments would receive consideration. This state of politics may explain some things which appear strange alike to Catholics and Protestants.

The funerealism as well as sad, heavy atmosphere surrounding many of the old Spanish churches and religious houses adapted itself to the moods and tastes of the people. The ornate display of statues, gaudy paintings, and votive offerings, while not appealing to an American Catholic, had yet a purpose in symbolizing the feelings of a people infused with Latin, Indian, and Negro blood, and of reaching sentiments which never could be realized by simple hymn and prayer.

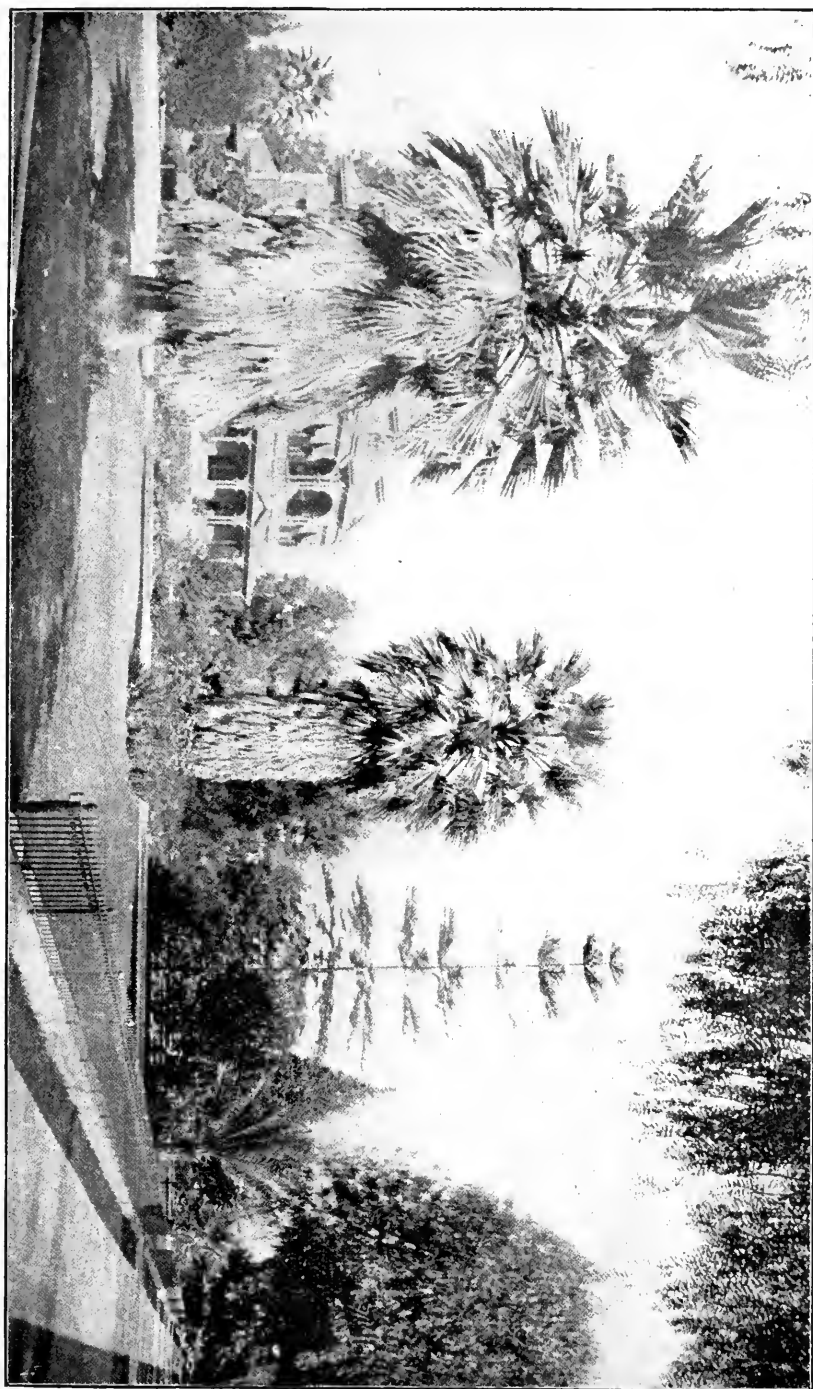
With the light and progress of the future, ever conducing to its advantage, the church will gain added encouragement, strength, and respect, and be an arbitrator in many perplexities which will arise. No institution has so much work ahead of it and such splendid promise of success as has the church in Cuba when that land is under the guidance of the Republic.

Monseigneur Chapelle is already there and at work; Father

Sherman was reported at the Jesuits' on the 1st of March; Father Jones, of the Augustinians, preached his first sermon in English to American tourists and Catholics in Havana three weeks ago at the old chapel adjoining the property of the Augustinians, who were expelled by the Spaniards some fifty years ago because of their Cuban tendencies. Father Jones expects to draw all American Catholics to his chapel for services because of the instruction given in English. Already the hand of the active American can be seen in the application he has made of broom and paint-pot, and in his well-defined ideas of modern art in the adornment and improvement of his chapel. Father Jones would impress one as a man of wide experience and thought, who will rapidly gain the co-operation of all Americans by his ability for work and his solicitous regard for the sick and dying soldiers in Havana hospital. His attendance to their spiritual comfort and needs is ever in demand, and this responsibility, in addition to his duties as a priest in charge of the American Havana colony, leaves him no time at his disposal. Of all men he is one of the most needed, and moreover the most respected by the Americans in Havana.

HEALTH CONDITIONS OF THE CLIMATE.

A burning question presented to Americans contemplating a visit to the new possessions is that of the health conditions and the liability to diseases germane to the country and climate. A few safe and positive rules carefully observed will do much to relieve anxiety on this point; and from the experiences of army and navy physicians, together with the native doctors, the following seem to have proved the most trustworthy: The best season in Cuba and Puerto Rico is from October to April, known as the dry period. Outside of this term the rainy season is continual and, with but few exceptions, rain falls every day in heavy thunder-storms. The sun will burst forth suddenly after these showers and create by its intense heat a vapor-laden atmosphere in which the malarial germ is a menace to those who are not acclimated, if they neglect certain wise precautions. It cannot be truly said that the heat is very severe, for an average of temperature taken during the last ten years shows this result: in January, 70° Fahr.; March, 73°; June, 80°. One should drink pure water or water which has been clarified by filtering, eschewing the free use of intoxicants. Fresh bananas are not recommended too highly, but limes and pine-apples and the milk of green cocoa-nuts are said to be excellent. Long exposure to the night atmosphere should



"THE SPANISH STILL REPRESENT LARGE INTERESTS AND UNQUESTIONABLE INTEGRITY AS MERCHANTS."—page 70.

be prudently avoided, together with the wearing of damp clothing and shoes. The basements and stone courts, with their inviting shadows on a hot day, may only lure to destruction. The higher one locates his apartments in these houses, the further does he travel from the microbe.

Yellow fever is common enough in unclean localities to cause apprehension of contagion among foreigners even in healthy places. In the army free use is made of quinine and citrate of magnesia as a preventive against it. In a word, with a strict adherence to the time-proven axiom and the practical application of the "pound of prevention," an American may live in Havana the year round and suffer no impairment of his health. A flesh wound, received by accident or otherwise, should have an application of an antiseptic as quickly as possible in order to prevent the possibility of a disorder known as "tetanus," which is a peculiar form of blood-poisoning common among the natives of the island.

It is to be regretted that many of the untimely deaths among our brave troops were due to a disregard or ignorance of some of these precautions. The governor, Major-General Ludlow, has found it necessary to issue public orders to every saloon-keeper prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to the army under penalty of seizure and imprisonment. Outside of the army the mass of the people may be divided into Spanish, Cuban, and Negro classes. The first comprise the leading merchants, bankers, and property-owners of the city. Although the Spaniards have been abused in all styles for the American people by our yellow sheets and prejudiced magazines, yet from personal contact, and from the experience of our entire army and navy engaged in Cuba, the impression which he has produced is a very favorable one. Our troops without exception accord the Spanish unstinted praise for many courtesies and attentions, while the tourists will find that, as a class, they still represent large interests and unquestionable integrity as merchants. In proof of this, it is a fact that during the whole of the late war not one merchant of Havana suffered failure.

The Spaniard of Cuba is well disposed towards the policy of the United States upon the island, and as a class will be found ready to adopt any course which will aid prosperity and peace and accomplish the best results for the good of all.

CHARITY AS IT WAS AND IS.

BY H. M. BEADLE.



THE word charity has several meanings, but I shall treat of it only in the sense of aiding the poor. In the middle ages—that is, in Catholic times—the state did not assume the duty of individuals by caring for the poor, yet the poor were never so well cared for as during that time. It is well, it seems to me, to inquire how the poor were cared for before the state took upon itself the duty of relieving them.

It was devotion to Christian principles—that is to say, the principles taught by the Catholic Church of God—that caused individuals in the middle ages to relieve the necessities of the poor. These principles could not have been so effective had not the people of that day fully accepted them, and carried them out in their relations to others. Every Christian in the middle ages believed that God, being the Creator of all things, was the owner of all things, and that man's ownership of property was subordinate to God's; and that man in possessing wealth acted as the steward of God; that man had a right to the proceeds of his labor and wealth only by the law of God, which gave him out of his income what was necessary for himself and his family; all beyond this to be used, according to divine law, for the poor, for religion, and for the state, and that God would hold each individual to a strict account if he made an unjust or evil use of the wealth which he had put in his hands. This may be seen in the old books of instruction as well as in the old prayer-books, under the head of preparation for confession. This truth is still held, but I have not been able to learn why these instructions are not printed in modern English prayer-books and books of instruction.

CHARITY A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

In the *Confession Book*, prepared by Johannes Wolf in German, and printed in 1473, it is said of the aged poor: "They are as fathers and mothers on account of their age, and represent Jesus." Then, as the penitent prepares for confession, he is made to ask himself: "Have I ridiculed the poor? Have I respected them? Have I visited them and given them to eat

and to drink? Have I treated them rudely or made them stand at my door?" And then the writer says: "Christians should consider their superfluities as belonging to the poor. Examine yourself on this point, and, if guilty, accuse yourself somewhat as follows; 'I have loved riches, which belong to the poor, so much that I neglected to give alms.'"

In the *Key of Paradise*, printed in Philadelphia, and approved by Bishop Kenrick, of that city, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, in the preparation for confession, it is asked, Have we sinned against ourselves "By avarice?—in being backward in giving alms according to our ability, in squandering away in gaming, or in vain or foolish expenses, the substance that Providence has given for the relief of the poor and the distressed; in not only refusing them alms which we can afford, but in refusing it with bitterness, reproaches, imperious or ill-natured language, or with an insulting air; in being too much attached to the goods of this life, when it must be ever remembered that what is really superfluous to us belongs of right to the poor; that where there is much, much should be given, and where there is only a little, even some of that little should be given; for 'God loves a cheerful giver.'"

LEO XIII. ON THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

This is a modern as well as an ancient teaching. Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII., is quoted by Father Gasquet, the great Benedictine author, as follows: "The chiefest and most excellent rule for the right use of money rests on the principle that it is one thing to have the right to the possession of money and another to have the right to use money as one pleases. If the question be asked: How must one's possessions be used? the church answers in the words of the holy doctor (St. Thomas Aquinas): 'Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need. When necessity has been supplied, and one's own position fairly considered, it is a duty to give to the indigent out of that which is over. It is a duty, not of justice (except in extreme cases), but of Christian charity, . . . (and) to sum up what has been said: Whoever has received from the divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and, at the same time, that he may employ them, as the minister of God's providence, for the benefit of others.'"

PIUS IX. ON CHARITY.

The poor were also relieved in the middle ages because the church taught that it was the duty of Christians to love their neighbors as themselves, following the precept of our Lord. In this day we cannot fully understand how that precept was followed by all classes of people in the middle ages, for few fully comprehend what they do not see. Pius IX., of holy memory, in addressing members of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, in Rome, December 6, 1854, gave expression to the principle that animated the people of the middle ages, paraphrasing our Saviour's words: "Love each other and love your brethren, not for the personal qualities or the natural gifts with which God has endowed some of them, but love them solely because every one of your brethren, even if he were the least among the last of men, is still My image." They loved each other because they saw in each other the image of their Saviour, and relieved their necessities because he had told them to. There was still another reason why the people of the middle ages relieved the poor, and that was because of the doctrine of good works. They believed with St. James, that faith without works was dead, and that by relieving the poor, the sick, and the prisoner, they were obeying their Divine Master, and, through his merits, laying up treasures in heaven. And among the many good works they did, relieving the poor was the first.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF THE MONASTERIES.

The people of the middle ages founded monasteries that they might relieve the poor and teach religion at the same time. They believed they were thus providing a sure relief for the poor for all time. It was the rule, especially in England, to give one-third of the tithes to the relief of the poor. There were also foundations in almost every parish which yielded a revenue for the relief of the poor. Of Germany Martin Luther wrote: "Our fathers and forefathers, kings, princes, nobles, and others, gave generously, lovingly, and overflowing to churches, parishes, institutions, and hospitals," and the great German historian, Janssen, supplements Luther's statement thus: "The voluntary offerings for good works were so constant and abundant that there was never any need anywhere, in town or country, for government or public donations, for the levying of poor-rates or school-rates, or for house-to-

house collections." Every noble or wealthy family gave relief to the poor every day. The guilds supported their own poor and often gave relief to others. There were no poor-houses or hospitals conducted by the state, but the poor and the sick were taken care of in both, though the far greater number of the indigent poor were cared for in their own homes or in the homes of others. The poor were not shut up from their neighbors and friends as has become necessary nowadays, because the people, not seeing in them the image of their Saviour, turn them over to the care of the state. Often the alms for the poor were in excess of their needs, and the excess was appropriated to other pious uses. The Black Death destroyed one-third of the people of Europe, and Rev. Augustus Jessops, who has studied the conditions of the people of the middle ages for many years, seems to be of the opinion that this terrible plague, if it prevailed to a like extent in our day, would disintegrate society to a greater degree than it did five hundred years ago.

LUTHER THE RECIPIENT OF CATHOLIC CHARITY.

The children of the poor, especially in Germany, were educated by the charity of the people. Martin Luther's parents were poor until he was about twenty years of age. His father, who was a peasant, could read and write German, and Luther could read and write when he was six years old, and so could many of his playmates. The whole of the expense of Luther's education, until he went to the University of Erfurt, was the gift of charitable people, all of whom were Catholics. Many other of the great men of Germany got their education at that time in the same way. The man that overthrew the church in the greater part of Germany was trained in Catholic schools, his expenses for ten years or more being paid by Catholics, because of the ideas of Christian charity which prevailed in that age which so many ill-instructed people call "dark."

In almost every city and large village, and, it may be said, in every parish, there were provisions by foundations of monasteries, guilds, or other associations, or by the parish itself, for relieving the poor and teaching their children. In the course of time the revenues of many of these became important. These foundations were all connected with the church to a greater or less extent, and when in Germany and England the Reformation prevailed, the greater part of these revenues were taken by the princes of Germany and the crown of England. Jans-

sen and Audin show how these were taken in Germany; and Cobbett, Gasquet, and Jessops show how it was done in England. In taking the lands and revenues belonging to these foundations the poor were despoiled far more than the church. Not only were the lands of the poor, and what may be called their annuities, taken, but no revenues were left for their maintenance, except the direct charities of those whose earnings had been impaired by the high prices caused by the debasement of money.

DESPOLIATION OF THE MONASTERIES.

I know it has been told for three hundred years that the church and the monasteries had been rightfully despoiled, because they had accumulated what properly belonged to the state. This monstrous lie might be allowed to pass with a simple denial, but it must be observed that if this property rightfully belonged to the state, the proceeds of those confiscations should have gone into the coffers of the state. But they did not; they went into the hands of kings, princes, nobles, adventurers, and other equally disreputable people, men and women. None of them went to relieve the poor or to educate their children. Even the foundations which were made for the education of poor children were stolen from them and appropriated by the rich, as Professor Thorold Rogers truthfully states. The property and revenues of the guilds, which were the property of working people, were confiscated in England, and though the revenues of the poor were pointed out to the officials in England, all was taken under the pretence that it belonged to the church. The revenues of hospitals were taken the same as those of the monasteries and guilds. Gasquet has shown that the culmination of the Reformation in England was the robbery of the poor by the rich, and Janssen shows that practically the same state of affairs prevailed in Germany.

THE REFORMATION AND THE WAGE-EARNERS.

With the success of the Reformation in Germany and England came a rise in prices, which made the working people, once so prosperous, very poor. There was a slight rise in wages, but it bore no proportion to the rise in prices. Those who had become seized with the wealth of the churches, monasteries, hospitals, guilds, and foundations for the relief of the poor, were able to dictate both prices and wages, and the latter have not to this day overtaken the former, though great advance-

ment has been made in this century by the working people in both hours and wages, probably at the cost of interrupting the continuity of labor.

The increased prices and comparatively low wages added greatly to the numbers of the extremely poor. There was no means to relieve these; those who would have relieved them were unable, and those who inherited what had been stolen from them, and who should have relieved them, would not. After passing many laws and temporizing with the matter many years, the English parliament, under Elizabeth, passed a law providing that the extremely poor should be sent to state poor-houses, and that some out-door relief might be given to those who were able to earn part of their living. The distress had so grown under Reformation ideas that there was no other way to relieve the poor, the people no longer seeing in each poor person the image of our Lord.

In this country we have inherited from England many of the laws and principles of the Reformation, and we have poor-houses and out-door relief for the poor provided and given by the state, for we do not see, any more than the people of England under Elizabeth saw, the image of our Saviour in the persons of the poor. We do not see any reason why we should be called upon, as individuals, to support or relieve the poor. Let the state look to it; the responsibility is upon the state, not upon us. To assert that men are not absolute owners of the property they possess, being only stewards of God while in possession of it, will be considered by many as agrarianism, for they have no idea of God's being concerned in the things of this world, and they cannot conceive that even God should have anything to say as to what they shall do with their own. What a terrible awakening some of them may have when their lives shall close and eternity open before them! Before the last breath of life shall leave their bodies, may they experience that mercy that is impossible to man but possible to God!

THE COLDNESS OF STATE CHARITY.

These days are something like those that ushered in the mis-called Reformation. The poor are pressing for relief, but the state is giving as little as possible. It is not going abroad like a good man, bountiful to relieve the poor, but to find excuses for not relieving them. The importunate and self-asserting poor, whose self-respect went long ago, get their full share, if not more than their share; but those "who are ashamed to ask,"

as St. Thomas of Villanova expresses it, who but God knows how they suffer? No reason, or words, or cries will cause the state to open its charity to them. To them it is a living stock or stone, blind and deaf and conscienceless. When self-respect is lost it will relieve, but not till then.

The multitude are but little better than the state. They have human hearts that may be moved at times by cries of distress, but they give by impulse, or refer the applicant to the authorities. When they neither see nor hear of human suffering, they take for granted that it does not exist, and do not look for it. They are too busy to discuss principles which apply to human society, and after the first impulse of pity has expended itself, they cease to care about their poorer fellow-creatures until something arouses their sympathies again.

But they ought to appeal with hope to Christians—Catholics and Protestants. These must see that they are but stewards of God for the wealth they possess; they must see in the poor the image of their crucified Lord; they must know that in relieving the poor they are relieving their Lord, and that to attain the reward of Christians in heaven, they must feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, help the sick and the unfortunate, especially those in prison. How poor and naked will we be if, when called to judgment, we cannot show we have been faithful stewards of God in using the means he has put into our hands, or if we have been unable to discern in the poor the image of our Lord and Saviour!



IN TOLAFAA LAND.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

(Illustrated by kodak views taken by one of the officers of the "Vandalia.")

TOLAFAA!" (Love to you) is the salutation as one steps upon the shores of those fair isles of the Pacific, midway between Hawaii and New Zealand, and so pervading is the spirit of charity among these gentle and generous islanders that the greeting carries with it no end-of-the-century insincerity, but bears the stamp of truth.

Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila, three large islands and five small ones, three thousand square miles in all—this is Samoa. Yet how small an idea do the bare statistics convey of the beauties of these ocean gems.

They were discovered by Roggewein, a Dutch navigator, in 1722, but Bougainville visited them in 1768 and named them the "Isles of the Navigators," from the extraordinary skill which the natives displayed in the management of their bark canoes.

In 1830 English missionaries went to settle in the islands and found the natives gentle, peaceable creatures. As a race they came from the Malay archipelago and they are a light brown in color, with rich olive tints, the women perfectly formed and graceful, the men sinewy and strong.

The hair is straight and black, but red hair is much admired and Samoan beauties often bleach and dye their locks by means of coral lime, which is also used to stiffen the ringlets so that they will stand straight out from the head. Flower-wreaths are very fashionable, and the *élite* of the isles deck themselves gaily, and many of these women are very beautiful. They have a natural and unconscious grace, and swaying from a grape-vine or seated in the gnarled trunk of a mighty palmetto they present a pleasing picture of untamed femininity, charming and often lovely.

Living upon cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, banana, and *taro*, the Samoan diet is simple and healthful for so warm a climate. The cocoa-nut milk makes a cooling drink, the meat is eaten, and although the mighty groves of trees grow wild in the

islands, the natives prize the fruit so greatly that one of the unwritten laws of the land is that new trees shall be planted each year.

Roasted bread-fruit—golden discs cut from among the dark green serrated leaves—and the *taro*, growing in patches with its shiny, heart-shaped leaves, are delicacies to the Samoan palate, but luxury of luxuries is *kava*. This beverage is made from the root of the pepper-tree, and its curious concoction is well described by Henry Whitaker in his interesting sketch of Samoa:

“A wooden bowl, a cocoa-nut cup, and a strainer are the implements used in making the brew,” he says. “That personage of the chief importance in Samoa, ‘the Maid of the Village,’ is invariably called upon to brew the beverage, which ceremony, with her attendants, she conducts with becoming dignity. After carefully washing out her mouth in the presence of all assembled, she seats herself upon the matted floor with



“A SMALL IDEA DO BARE STATISTICS CONVEY OF THE BEAUTY OF THESE ISLANDS.”

the bowl in front of her and, with resigned manner and pre-occupied countenance, begins to masticate the bits of root handed her by the attendants. Piece after piece is chewed until the mouth is full and the cheeks bulging out, when the mass is ejected into the palm of the hand and with a graceful swing deposited in the bowl.

"This operation is repeated until a proper quantity of the



"THE NATIVES DISPLAY EXTRAORDINARY SKILL IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR BARK CANOES."

root is secured. Then the hands are washed scrupulously clean and an attendant, having poured the required amount of water into the bowl, the maid proceeds with the compounding. With a rolling and twisting movement of the hands she mixes all the undissolved portions of the root in the *fou* (strainer), which, after wringing, is shaken out and the straining repeated until the brew is finished.

"A vigorous clapping of hands announces that it is ready to be served, whereupon the highest chief, in a loud voice, exclaims, 'Ah, here is *kava*! Let it be served.' One of the attendants produces the cup and presents it at the bowl to be filled by the maid. This she does by plunging the strainer in the liquid, afterwards squeezing it over the cup.

She will then face about and, with the cup held delicately by the outer rim and level with her dimpled chin, with her

arm raised, stand in the most charming attitude of expectation awaiting the crier's instructions as to whom to take the cup."

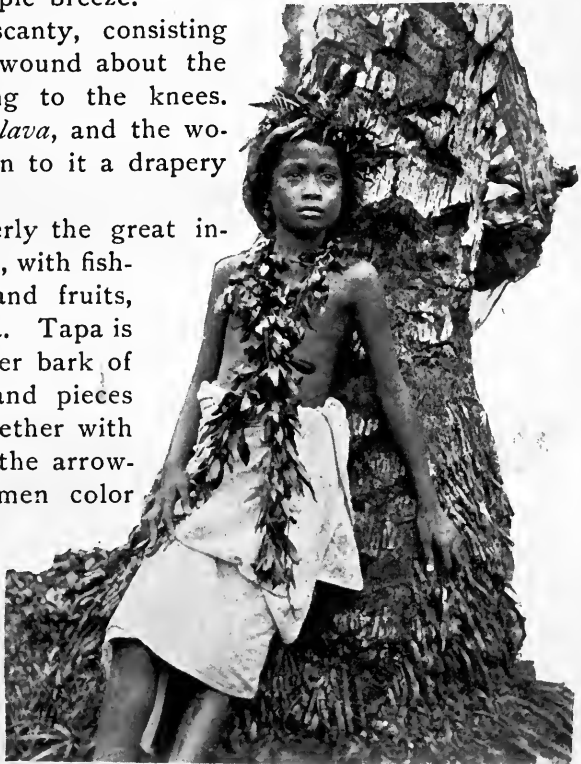
People are always served according to rank in Samoa, the greatest chief first, and as each is served he either returns the cup to the maid with thanks or—and this is considered a great feat—with thumb and finger he spins it along the floor mat, causing it to stop exactly before the bowl.

A woman may make *kava* and serve the men, but she may not taste it except upon great occasions.

Dancing is one of the favorite pastimes of this fun-loving people, and the national dance is the *Siva*, made up—as are so many of the beautiful Spanish dances—more of graceful posturing and gestures than of set figures or revolutions. The maidens dance and sing, gliding into a score of easy postures, waving their polished, bronze-like arms, with flower garlands and palm-branches twined about their full, dark, column-like throats. Very lovely they look against a background of cool green *taro* and huge palmetto and banana trees waving in the soft, languorous tropic breeze.

Costumes are scanty, consisting of *tapa*, or cloth, wound about the loins and extending to the knees. This is called *lava-lava*, and the women wear in addition to it a drapery over the shoulder.

Tapa was formerly the great industry of the island, with fishing, planting *taro* and fruits, and collecting copra. *Tapa* is made from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree and pieces of it are stuck together with paste made from the arrow-root. The old women color and fashion the cloth, and Samoan styles are by no means so difficult to follow as in more (so-called) "civilized" countries, for certain colors and figures



A NATURAL AND UNCONSCIOUS GRACE.

are assigned to the chief's family and commoners are not permitted to wear them.

A dainty bit of scenery is a Samoan house entwined with vines amidst the soft luxuriance of a tropic landscape. Some one likens it to a huge bee-hive set on posts. The rafters, made of the bread-fruit tree, slope down to the ground, and they are crossed with ribs lashed together with *sennit*. The roof is heavily thatched with sugar-cane leaves, the open sides of the hut hung with cocoa-nut leaf plaited mats which are all let down at night, and the floors are of bright sea-pebbles and covered with home-made straw mats. There is but one room where all the family live, the cooking being done in an out-house, and at night curtains of *tapa* are let down from the roof to form chambers. The beds are made of mats and folded *tapa*, with an excruciating pillow of a bamboo rod set upon legs.

From a business point of view there is little opportunity for rivalry or jealousy among the islanders, for by tribal inheritance they are Communists pure and simple. They borrow or take from each other with bland serenity. "Stingy" is an insulting word and never applied except to offend, and as a man's earnings all belong to his tribe, he follows the Biblical saying about the mean between "poverty and riches." Of very old lineage are the royal Samoans, for King Malietoa Laupepa was in the



STRANGERS IN THE LAND.



A SAMOAN CHIEF.

twenty-first generation of kings, and recognized as such by Germany, England, and the United States. He was an excellent king, educated in the mission school, wise and laboring for the good of his people, but the revolution of 1888 lost him his throne, the rebels being supported by foreign officials.

The missions in the islands are for the most part Catholic, the church at Apia being the oldest on the islands. At the schools the natives are educated, many of them as missionaries to their own people, and a large number of the native women have entered the convents as Sisters of Charity.

The early religion of the islanders was a curious one. At birth each Samoan was dedicated to an imaginary god, who marked out for him his destiny or fate. The god was incarnate visibly, in a tree, a flower, or some other object, and was always greatly revered. The Samoan believes in the soul, saying that it takes a journey when a person sleeps and that awakening means the return of the *Anganga*. Their mythology

is vast and interesting, and the tales are handed down from father to son by word of mouth.

Truth, politeness, and gentleness are the favorite virtues for womankind; the men are enjoined to be courageous, truthful, and strong, while hospitality is urged upon all. Each village contains a *Tale-tale*, or guest-house, where strangers are entertained at the public expense for weeks at a time, the whole village sending the strangers contributions of fruit, fish, and delicacies. When the *Tuscarora* was sent to convey Colonel Steinberger to Samoa, in 1875, the captain of the vessel received at one time presents of four hundred and fifty chickens, seventeen pigs, and a ton of yams and potatoes.

Exquisite beyond description is the scenery of this tropic island.

“The sky is blue and gold and pearl-besprent;
High blazes color, roses, poppy, pink;
The air is incense; it is joy to live.”

Here is a group of banana trees, palms, and cocoa-nuts; there cool and limpid streams flowing ever to the sea; further inland, when the glowing beams of the vigorous sun cause the traveller to seek the woodland shade—



THE LAVA-LAVA COSTUME.

"The shadow of the palms is still, but stiller the tall lilies' flame
(Emblems of Venus and Lilith), and blazes the sun like a boss—
A boss on the Archangel's shield hung in the blue of the sky,
For the Lady of Noon has arisen and scattered her poppies
abroad.



A SAMOAN SETTLEMENT.

The flower narcissus is bending, drooping, yet loath to die,
But the lilies are scarlet, defiant; they, stately, with one accord
Face the fierce gaze of the sun-god, knowing no pain nor
shame,
While fauns in the groves are moaning, mourning a nameless
loss."

It is all nature, lovely, human, speaking of nearness to God
the Creator perhaps more than more civilized scenes, and it is
difficult to comprehend how the passions of man could rend to
atoms the peaceful beauty of the scene. Yet sorrowful has
been the lot of the Samoans in the last quarter of a century.

The United States asked for a coaling station in the isles,
and in 1872 the lovely, land-locked harbor of Pago-Pago, south

of Tutuila, was granted to our government for this purpose. But the group had long been a bone of contention to Germany and England, although treaty rights provided that the three nations should have equal privileges, and in 1888 it became evident that Germany desired to violate the treaty and possess herself of greater commercial opportunities than were granted to others.

Interference in the affairs of islands seems to be a specialty of the German Empire, and Americans in Samoa regarded it in about the same light as Admiral Dewey appears to have looked upon it in the Philippines. When the rebel Tamasese was upheld by a German war vessel and King Malietoa deported to the Solomon Isles, it seemed time for the United States government to interfere, tyranny in any form being something Americans will not permit.

In a scuffle with native troops a German officer had been killed and the commander of the warship then in the harbor announced that he intended to bombard Apia in revenge for the death of his countryman, although that individual had been justly punished for interference entirely unwarranted and against neutrality laws.

Our consul protested but to no avail, and he hastened to the United States ship *Adams*, stationed in the harbor, and asked the commander to intervene. The captain seems to have been of the customary type of American seaman, brave, ready, discreet, for his trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound in reply. He immediately steamed the *Adams* between the German ship and the town, sending word to the rival captain, "You may bombard Apia whenever you wish, but it shall be through my ship and over my body, sir, and I shall not be responsible for the consequences!" It is needless to add that the bombardment of Apia by the Germans was indefinitely postponed, thanks to the courage and discretion of a brave American.

The Navy Department ordered the *Vandalia*, *Nipsic*, and the flag-ship *Trenton*, under the command of Rear Admiral Kimberly, to make for Samoan waters, and the fleet reached there in March, 1889. Besides these war vessels there were in the harbor three German men-of-war and one British, and there was a lull in the storm of war upon the shore.

The harbor was an impressive sight. Within its horse-shoe curves were seven mighty warships, besides many merchant vessels, large and small.

The Samoan warriors gazed in wonder at the strange vessels.



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS."

Very different were their own preparations for a sea battle. The native canoe, long, slender, graceful as a bird on the wing, fairly skims the water, and manipulated by the skilful paddlers it is a beautiful sight; but the large canoes are made of small *peces* welded together with *sennit* and they hold fifty or sixty people. In war-time the chiefs lash two of these together, thatch a roof over the small decks situated in the middle of the boats, and accommodate two hundred warriors, using sails of cocoa-nut leaves, while the rowers, with heart-shaped paddles, sit facing each other.

When the great hurricane in which so many lives were lost came upon the foreign vessels, the simple islanders said, "The great God was displeased at such warlike demonstrations and he decided to settle the conflict before it began."

Often has the story of the Samoan disaster been told. Words could not describe the terrific grandeur of the scene when the mighty ocean and mightier winds of heaven rose up in wrath and played havoc with the works of man as though sporting with childish toys. Tossed up and down, thrashed hither and yon, the great ships were as bubbles upon the waves of the sea.

The German *Eber* was the first to go down, only four of her crew being saved, and the *Adler* was lifted bodily into the air and dashed down upon a coral reef.

The *Nipsic* was beached by her commander to save her from a worse fate, and her crew was saved by the natives, who bravely risked life and limb to carry out a life-line, dashing through the boiling surf to help the sailors to the shore.

The danger was not only from the winds and waves but, in so small a harbor, that the ships would collide with each other. Many of the captains endeavored to run their vessels out of the harbor into the open sea, but some of the engines were so injured that nothing remained but to accept their fate as calmly as possible.

The *Vandalia* was beached, and her captain and forty-three of the crew were drowned while the greatest heroism was displayed by both officers and men.

In the hope of bringing the *Trenton* around so that it might escape a reef, since no sail could be set in such a storm, it was determined to endeavor to form a human sail, and all hands were ordered into the rigging. For a moment the crew hesitated. Then a young cadet named Jackson, the merest boy, ran forward crying, "Follow me, boys!" and he climbed to the topmost point of the mast-head, followed by the crew to a man. The experiment was successful and the *Trenton* was saved by the brave boy who was not afraid to lead.

Generous as well as brave were our gallant sailors. As the British ship *Calliope* swept past the *Trenton*, in the hope of making the open sea, the American sailors, in sight of almost certain death, gave their British comrades a hearty cheer, and so sped them on to safety. The English captain said that cheer saved his ship, for his men had become utterly demoralized, and the nobility and unselfishness of the *Trenton's* crew spurred their faint hearts to renewed efforts, and the *Calliope* was saved.

The noble seamen of the *Trenton* had their reward, for they not only survived but were able to rescue their comrades of the *Vandalia*.

A curious story is told of an incident which occurred upon the unfortunate *Vandalia* before the *Trenton* collided with her.

The surgeon of the ship, Dr. Henry P. Harvey, of Mississippi, one of the ablest and bravest men of our navy, had been going from man to man trying to save the sick or injured. He had exhausted all the stock of life-preservers and had but his own left when he found a seaman who had a severely fractured leg.

"I'm on my last pins now, doctor," said the man cheerfully. "There's nothin' but water to walk on, and I ain't got no legs to walk. It's Davy Jones' fur me."

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Harvey with a brusque kindness peculiar to him. He took off his life-preserver, put it on the

man and tied him in a wash-tub, the only pretence of a boat left, and set him afloat. The man floated off toward shore, but the doctor was, at the moment of launching him, struck in the head with a boom, receiving injuries from which he never recovered, dying a year later, as truly laying "down his life for his friend" as many for whom the world sounds a trumpet of fame.

Six months after the hurricane, which took place on March 14, 1889, Dr. Harvey was in the hospital in San Francisco when a lame sailor hobbled up to him, asking, "Doctor, dear, could you identify me? You saved me from Davy Jones's locker, but I'll never ship again with this bad leg. I can't get my pension 'cause all my mates was drowned off Apia, worse luck to 'em, an' there's never a man to tell I'm tellin' the truth!"

The doctor asked him the circumstances, and said that he remembered the sailor's face but could not be sure of his name or as to which ship he had served upon, statistics very necessary under the circumstances.

The sailor gave all the details of the doctor's saving him from the *Vandalia*, speaking of his broken leg, the way he was given the life-preserver and strapped into the tub, and he said:

"Bein' a doctor, sir, it'll be your business to be savin' lives, an' you'll not be thinkin' so much about it"—he was an Irishman, with a truly Hibernian unconscious wit—"but I've got but wan life, an' I'm not forgettin' the man that saved it. If you'll swear to me, sir, you'll save me another wan with a pension, for I haven't a penny to bless myself with."

Dr. Harvey identified the man and was able to see him comfortably ensconced in a sailor's home, making one less victim of the terrible hurricane which brought sadness into many American homes.

The death of King Malietoa in August and the attitude of the Germans in the Pacific, as well as the magnificent deeds of Admiral Dewey, bring again to notice the southern isles of the sea, and one cannot help but wonder what changes the "whirligig of time" will accomplish in the destinies of the "Isles of the Navigators," sunny, peaceful, lovely Talafaa Land.

Mataafa, the present claimant of the throne, is a devout Catholic. The people almost unanimously want him for their ruler. He is a man of commanding presence and great administrative powers. Monseigneur Broyer, the Marist bishop and Vicar-Apostolic, who spent more than twenty years in Samoa, speaks with unaffected admiration of him:

"This descendant of those savages, who no longer ago than the last century murdered the distinguished navigator La Peyrouse,

was brought up in the Protestant religion. About thirty years ago he was received into the church, and it was no lukewarm conversion. With devout and ardent faith he practises the Christian virtues. Every day he makes the Stations of the Cross and says the Rosary, which he always carries wound around one hand. Each Sunday he receives Holy Communion. Great chief as he is, he learned the mason's trade that he might help to build the church with his own hands, and set the example to his labor-scorning subjects of Christian humility and to show them the true dignity of service paid to God. At the time of his conversion he had several wives; immediately he repudiated all but one, to whom he was remarried by a priest. Fifteen years ago she died, and since then he has remained true to her memory. Every day, when he is in Samoa, he goes to her grave and recites one decade of the Rosary. With this light thrown on his character one can no longer be surprised at his magnanimity in saving so many of his shipwrecked foes at the time of the great tornado. 'God is punishing these white men; let us be merciful,' he said to his men. In regard to recent happenings Monseigneur Broyer can only speak from hearsay, since he is now in France, but of the character of King Mataafa he is able to speak with authority, and he thinks that no happier fate could befall the Samoans than to live under the rule of Mataafa."



THE NATIONAL DANCE IS THE "SIVA," MADE UP OF GRACEFUL
POSTURING AND GESTURES.



THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS."

MISS JANE BARLOW.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

MY friendship with Miss Barlow is something of which I am very proud. This writer, so retiring, so modest, so simple, is not to be heard of in London drawing rooms. Even Dublin drawing-rooms know nothing of her. You will find her in her own village of Raheny, in an old-fashioned, cool, bright house, part of it a real thatched cottage, or in her walled garden with its beautiful stretch of turf, gay with flowers in their seasons. She will never be drawn very far from her own home, where she keeps an almost nun-like seclusion; but though her feet stay at home, her mind travels abroad. Again and again her breadth of view, her tolerance, her wide sympathy, have filled me with admiration.

When I saw her first she had been coaxed to a little party in a Dublin studio. She came in closely veiled, a shy, slender

figure in black, keeping close to the side of her benignant-faced mother. It was a trying ordeal for her to be there. Afterwards she said to me: "I felt inclined to turn back and run, run, run—never stop running till I got home again."

Since then she has lost something of her fear of her fellow-creatures, which is entirely a matter of personal shyness. Of anything *farouche* in this shyness there is not a trace. With those who are admitted to her friendship there are no visible barriers. Her letters are beautiful, so simple, so frank, so full of revelation of her mind and heart. Once when I wanted to write about her and asked her for some material, she supplied me abundantly. Her attitude was: "If you want to write about me, and if people care to hear about me, which is to me quite inexplicable, I must do all I can to help you." It impressed me so much, having had experience of people self-assertive and worldly, who yet professed a fierce abhorrence of the public gaze.

I first knew Miss Barlow's work about ten years before "Irish Idylls" made her famous. She was contributing prose and verse then to a review called *Hibernia*, which appeared in Dublin in the early eighties. Most of the verse had a strong classical influence. Miss Barlow has considerable scholarship, and at that time her poetry was just what you would expect from the daughter of a university don. I remember, however, one lovely poem on a late spring more lyrical than anything else of hers I can recall:

"Heavy-hearted doubters we,
 Now when April's core is cloven,
 Fade our Spring faiths all disproven;
 Still by woodland, lawn and lea
 Skies like chinkless iron barred,
 Boughs as black as rafters charred,
 Where long since we looked to see
 Veils of living emerald woven.

"For a weary while ago
 Round about our fields we heard
 Such a clear, prophetic word
 Breathed, where Southern winds did blow,
 And the sky grew all one plot.
 Daisy and forget-me-not
 Laughing to the vales below,
 'Let the primrose make a third.'"

That was in 1883, and I remember asking Mr. George Noble Plunkett, the editor, about the authorship, and then for the first time hearing Miss Barlow's name—a name to become so dear to me in time.

During the eighties Miss Barlow assiduously wrote, and burnt most of what she wrote. One of her "Bogland Studies," "Walled Out," appeared during these years, about 1886 I think, in the *Dublin University Review*, but Miss Barlow kept the secret of her identity carefully, even though the editor of the *Review* appended a note to several issues asking for the name of the contributor of a poem he rightly thought so remarkable.

"Bogland Studies" appeared in 1891, and gave us the first indication that there was a new writer amongst us. It was followed a year later by "Irish Idylls," written at the earnest persuasion of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who seems to have a special gift for finding out as yet unsuspected capabilities. "Irish Idylls" assured Miss Barlow's reputation; and she has added to it since by the even more beautiful "Strangers at Lisconnel." She has also published one or two volumes of short stories, and a longer book, *Kerrigan's Quality*; this last hardly reached the level of the short stories as a whole, but the early chapters were as fine as anything Miss Barlow has ever done, and in *Kerrigan* she has shown us that she can create a man.

As readers of discrimination will probably be interested in the evolution of a writer, I will let Miss Barlow speak for herself. Her mother, who died in 1894—an irreparable loss—seems to have been all that is most beautiful of womanly and motherly nature. She brought up her children to the utmost gentleness, and gentleness shines like a light from Miss Barlow's delicate face. She loved "all things both great and small," and Miss Barlow wrote to me once of her and her old home this lovely bit which I transcribe:

"It seemed as if she could not help trying to do some kindness to any live thing that came in her way. I have known her to make pets of such unlikely things as stray bats and water-esks. Bats really are attractive, they have such wise faces, and water-esks have a weird charm of their own; their orange markings are very pretty, and they have such beautiful bright eyes. We used to catch them when we were children in a ditch in one of my grandfather's fields. Once I remember she reared a large family of very tiny wild rabbits whose mother had been killed by a dog. When they were old enough she brought them out into the fields to let them go, as we

could not keep them in captivity; but they had grown so fond of her that they ran after her and wanted to follow her home. Those fields at Sibyl Hill would have amused you. They were full of old beasts, living and dead, for they always were given decent burial there when they died of old age. On the same principle the place was pervaded by ancient men, who were long past their work, and never were supposed to do any. Our old nurse sometimes said that when she saw their foot-kerns about the place, she thought it would be a charity if some one would tie them together with a rope and throw them into a ditch. I remember the saying because it always struck me as such a singularly eccentric form for charity to take."

In an earlier letter Miss Barlow says, in answer to my questions:


"My people say that I always knew how to read, and though I think this is hardly possible, I never remember being unable to do so. I dimly recollect learning to write when I was five or six, and one of the earliest things I remember is dictating to my aunt my first poem, which I enclose. I suppose it is an imitation of something I had been reading. I was about five years old at the time. My impression is that in those days I used to read all the time I was awake, except when I was sent out for a walk, which I detested. My favorite books were Kingsley's *Heroes* and Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. I also delighted much in two bound volumes of the earliest numbers of *The Cornhill*. One of them contained Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument," which I used to read over and over. I always covered up the picture of Pan, which I did not like, with both hands. I think it was that poem made me resolve to be a poet myself. I don't know why, for it takes rather a melancholy view of the poet's lot. Other poems that were much in my mind were, one of Barry Cornwall's, beginning 'The Summer Night is all star-bright,' and Tennyson's 'Brook,' 'Lady of Shalott,' and 'Mariana.' But more than those Longfellow's 'I Stood on the Bridge,' which our nursery-maid used to sing. I always identified the bridge with the wooden bridge at the Bull close by Clontarf, where we then lived, and I really believe it is in a considerable measure responsible for my pessimistic turn of mind. We left Clontarf for this house at Raheny when I was about eight years old. Very soon after that I began to write a novel (I read innumerable novels in those days, which is perhaps the reason why I can read hardly any now). I remember nothing about it except that the hero-

ine's name was Alice and that she lived in Rotten Row, which happened to be the only London name I knew. The work remained a very small fragment. I rather think that some derision expressed by my family on discovering the heroine's address brought it to an untimely end. After that I did not attempt any prose for a long time, but I wrote many 'poems,' which I periodically burnt with scorn and loathing.

"At last, somewhere towards the end of the seventies, I began to write short stories, and sometimes sent them to magazines; but I daresay they were very bad and nobody wanted them, and I always burnt them too. I often resolved not to try any more and to content myself with my books and music, but somehow I never could. Then in 1883 or 1884 Mr. Payn accepted a short story for *Cornhill*, and after that he occasionally took one, and I had a few in the *Whitehall Review* and *Times*. When I came back from Greece in 1889 I contributed a good many papers to the *Graphic*. That is all, I believe, that I did in my silent years, except what I contributed to *Hibernia* and the *Dublin University Review*. I wrote a metrical translation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, and translations, for private use, of parts of Kant, and I learned some Greek. I know enough to know how little of it I know."

It is not easy to believe that Miss Barlow's work is not written out of intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life, but such is the fact. "Irish Idylls" was written after a two months' stay in Connemara, the scenery of which is the scenery of the Idylls. But if you know anything of her great shyness you will know that she could never sit by cabin fires and coax the reticent peasants to unveil themselves as she seems to have done. Raheny village is close to her home, but I am sure its half-moon of cottages remains uninvaded for her. The old nurse of whom she speaks and the old servants of the house are probably the only peasants she ever knew intimately. From this old nurse she gathered many a delicious phrase. Hers is a striking example of the genius of insight and sympathy.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL IN NEW YORK STATE.

N the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York just published there is a recommendation that "The Education Bill" be pushed through both branches of the Legislature and enacted into a law as early as possible. To the public at large this is a very innocent recommendation, and very few even of professional educators gave it but a passing notice; but beneath this placid statement there lies a very large scheme of a very shrewd schemer to concentrate all the educational interests of the State into his office and control all their dependencies according to his pleasure.

The primogeniture of the bill is as follows: In 1889 a statute authorized a Commission of Statutory Revision, whose business would be to rearrange, revise, and codify all the laws of the State of New York under their proper heads, so that out of the existing confusion, which no mere layman and very few expert lawyers could penetrate, there might be evolved some order, classification, and harmony. So far such a commission was harmless, for it was only authorized to clean house. It could not create anything new; but in 1893 new and additional powers were given to this Commission whereby it was made the legal adviser of both houses of legislature as well as a standing committee of each. In this capacity it acquired reproductive powers. It has been known for some time that there has been some close relationship between this Commission and the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The character of this latter office has been thoroughly investigated, and is well known to the public at large. First of all, it seems to be possessed very largely by the latter-day idea of the omnipotence of education to cure all the ills that humanity is heir to. Education, in its estimation, is like the black bottle into which the druggist gathered all the sweepings of the prescription table. When one came with a disease that could not be diagnosed he gave him a dose from the bottle. He was pretty sure something therein would knock out the disease. In the minds of many of the educationists of the day when religion and philanthropy and charity organization so-

cieties and Keeley cures have done their utmost to solve the social problems and have failed, the only resource left is the modern fad of education. However, it is not proper that we should find fault with the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, if it believes in the efficacy of its public instruction, nor do we. But we have a right to complain if the Superintendent should use his office for partisan purposes by discriminating against a certain class of citizens. It is well known that Charles R. Skinner, the present incumbent of the office, has no love for any volunteer forces in the educational world, particularly if those forces are Catholic and manifest their energies through the system of parochial schools. He is closely in league with the men who hatched that infamous conspiracy against the freedom of educational facilities at the Constitutional Convention. In the old country a man of his stripe would be called an Orangeman—the country over he is known as a bigot. In New York State he is furbished up and known as a “protector of American institutions.” Since the Constitutional Convention he has been devoting a good deal of time and energy in taking from the back of the good sisters who have been teaching in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere the distinctively religious garb they wear. This is Charles R. Skinner. It is well that we label him and put him away for future reference.

But we were saying the fruit of the *mesalliance* between the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Commission on Statutory Revision is this Education Bill. From such parentage we are quite prepared to expect a misshapen, unprincipled, dangerous thing.

The bill comes up to our expectation in every regard. Its real danger is that if it becomes a law it will take from several State officials rights and privileges that are theirs, and place the whole authority of the children in matters of education in the hands of an official who we know has no sympathy with the most sacred relations we have, and who to-day stands with his hand against every Catholic in this State. The bill is a “grab-all” for Mr. Skinner’s office, and in order to succeed in its policy of sequestration it violates many of the fundamental principles of our commonwealth. By natural law to educate the child is a parental right and responsibility. If the State does it at all, it is done by implicit consent of the parents; it having been judged by them to be far more convenient that the State take on itself this responsibility because of better opportunities and more extended facilities. But while a parent

gives over his child to the State, it is only that the State may assist, and this assistance is accepted only in as far as the parent wishes, and just in the way the parent desires. A parent can never abdicate that inalienable right of educating his child. This new Education Bill, fathered by the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, brushes aside the natural law as well as the parental right just as easy as if they were some withered flowers that had done service for the preceding day.

The tendency of a good deal of legislation nowadays is towards the concentration of rights and powers in certain individuals, and it is a dangerous tendency. It often leads to acts of tyranny. In any case it savors more of autocratic Russia than it does of liberty-loving America. Especially is this the case when such individuals are responsible to no one. And more particularly is this tendency to be feared when it deals with matters which are to us of most vital importance—the education of our children.

Strange to say, too, this bill is not content with assuming all right over the secular education of the children of the State, but it invades the realm of religious instruction, and it provides that “the Bible may be read either as a part of school exercises or otherwise.” Such reading may be from any version, but must be without note or comment. We have nothing against the reading of the Bible, but we are decidedly against Protestantizing our public-school system, which is supported by the money of all the citizens, and particularly are we against the “Protestantization” of our children who by law are compelled to attend these public schools.

It may be said that the mere reading of the Bible is not a religious act. Whether that be so or not, it is not so much the reading of the Bible that we object to as it is the reader of the Bible and the way in which it is read. It is quite possible within the limit of this law to turn the public-school system into a huge proselytizing institution; especially is this the case when there is an anti-Catholic sitting in the chair of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and when he has in his hands the extended powers which this bill endows him with.

There are many other provisions of this new bill which are just as worthy of condemnation as the few we have merely hinted at. We have not gone into them more deeply because we desire rather to sound the note of alarm and awaken the

consciences of the Catholics of this State to the dangers that lurk beneath the placid exterior of this bill. Already has the Committee on Catholic Interests of the Catholic Club, a committee that has at a time previous to this done yeoman's service in guarding the civil interests of the Catholic people, started its work. It has retained Nelson G. Green, a lawyer of talent and prestige, to interest himself in the matter. Mr. Green, with a number of other gentlemen, appeared before the joint Committee on Education at a special hearing on February 8, 1899. At this hearing Mr. Green had not proceeded very far with his address when he was suddenly cut short by the ruling of the chair, though he earnestly protested that he was there representing the three million Catholics of the State and speaking in their name.

He subsequently obtained permission to submit the argument and brief in writing. The same has been printed and it is a masterly presentation of the rights of the Catholic people in the matter of education. All the way through his argument is characterized by the lofty tone of the dignified statesman as well as by the grasp of principles which belongs to the philosopher. Mr. Green comes into the arena as a new champion of Catholic rights. He is a convert to the church of some few years standing, and is a lawyer who has attained an enviable place in his profession.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TOWN IN MEXICO.

THE name of Tlaxcala will be known to many of our readers through the engrossing pages of Mr. Prescott's history—or romance—but it is not probable that many of them have any further acquaintance with it, for a careful examination of the register at the Hotel San Carlos in the town indicated a patronage of some twelve guests monthly, and before ours, no foreign names had graced its pages. What an excitement in the deserted little hostelry at the advent of five living visitors! An intelligent lad appeared promptly, sole occupant of the establishment, speedily brought light cots, sheets, and chairs from an inner repository, and with them equipped for our entertainment sundry of the void quadrangular cells which flanked the cobble-stoned court with its central well and monastic cloister. Our flaxen-haired children provided a gratuitous exhibition for the swarthy alumni of the neighboring college, who crowded the entrance gateway of the inn much as the denizens of a West Virginian mountain settlement might gape on a belated party of Sioux braves, should they stray by chance into their vicinity in Fenimore Cooperian glory of war paint and plumes.

The hotel, as is often the case in Mexico, is merely a *maison meublée*, providing a cellar wherein to repose, but making no provision for the inner man. Recourse was had to the hospitable dame, Petra—why have we no feminine equivalent for Peter in our speech?—who was fairly staggered at the prospect of victualling such a multitude—and they, too, foreigners. "Ah, señor, what do they eat—soup?" "Yes!" "And eggs?" "Yes!" "And meats?" "Oh, yes, just the same as other people. What are your charges for it all?" "What, for breakfast, dinner, and supper for five? Ah, goodness only knows—quien sabe?—what a lot of people!" And abandoning this abstruse problem in mental arithmetic she left its solution to our superior powers of computation.

But where is this isolated mountain fastness, leading its self-contained life remote from the din and turmoil of the outer world? Well, that's the marvel of it, that it is so easily accessible—about an hour by rail from Puebla to Santa Ana, whence



THE TEMPLE WAS BUILT IN 1521.

there is a tram-car service four times daily; and yet the numerous parties of winter visitors to Mexico habitually neglect one of the most interesting spots in the republic. The antiquarian especially will here revel in romantic visions of the past—here where every house and site has its memory. Even as, crossing the Atoyac River, we enter the suburbs of the decayed little city the Church of San Esteban to our right marks the spot where at the conquest dwelt that doughty chieftain, Tlahuexolotzin, who, if his quiver contained as many arrows as his name letters, should have been a formidable antagonist. However, his Castilian allies in giving him their faith conferred on him a manageable cognomen, and as Señor Don Gonzalo the chief of Tepeticpac could take rank amongst Christian potentates.

He was, in fine, baptized with three other magnates, his compeers—whose names in pity for the compositor we omit to transcribe—and there in the Casa Municipal, or town-hall, is the portrait of these four staunch henchmen of Cortés, whose adherence to the becastled banner of the invader rendered the temerarious attempt on the crown of Montezuma an audacious possibility. It is well that this copy of the original painting was made, for it, together with numerous other treasures of

New Spain, being shipped to Europe during the last century by a certain Boturini, found a resting place in that capacious lumber chest, Davy Jones's locker. What a blessing that their baptismal robes were allowed to remain at home, where the visitor may behold them hanging in the chamber of archives! Here, too, is the genealogical tree of Xicohtencatl—hispanicized by the conquerors into plebeian Vincente. If his posterity could only dispose of it in an anglican garb to some shoddy aristocrat greedy of ancestral glory he, the enterprising Tlaxcalan, might become possessed of silver pesos galore wherewith to enjoy nocturnal revelry at the monte table for the residue of a lotus-eating existence! The Yankee, however, who formerly strayed into Tlaxcala did "get away" with a valuable relic, and in this wise. Amongst the treasures is a magnificent silken banner of crimson and gold, bedizened with the lions and towers of Castile and Aragon, which is commonly said to have been presented to the Tlaxcalan chieftains by Cortés, a statement stoutly controverted by the patriotic custodian: "Don't you believe it, señor; they *took* it from Cortés." "Well," we asked, "why is that large piece missing from the corner of the



GATHERING IN THE ANCIENT PLAZA.

banner?" "Alas, señor!" is the reply, "a *gringo* was once here who was looking at the flag and gave the attendant two pesos to watch at the window for his friend's arrival in the plaza, but, sir, no friend was to be seen; and shortly after it was noticed that a portion of the silk had been cut away."

Formerly the city hall contained treasures which possessed a more general interest than banners and baptismal robes, to wit, a store of circular discs of copper, gold, and silver, impressed with the likeness of his most Catholic Majesty of Spain.



CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

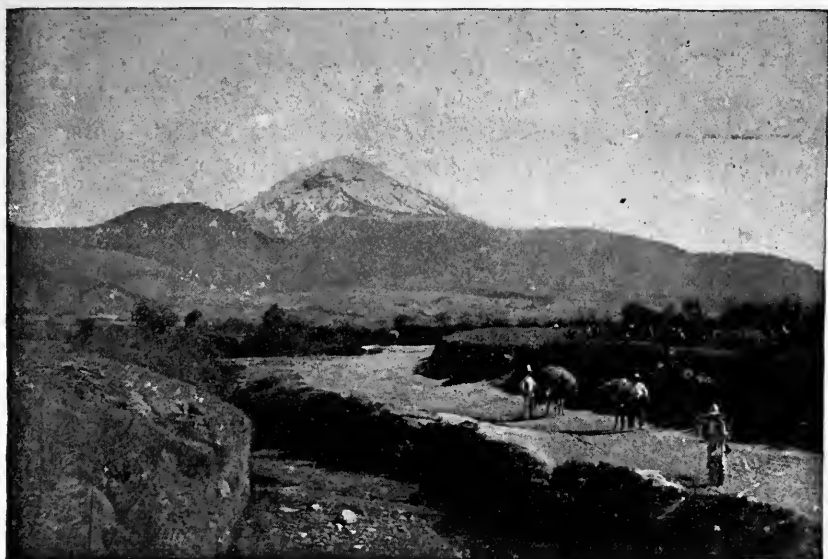
The funds of the state and city of Tlaxcala are now deposited in the little bank on the far side of the neglected plaza, but the treasure chest may yet be seen, open to all, for the four keys which used to fit the four locks, and which were held one each by four responsible officials, have ceased to be of value.

We can only hint at rows of idols unearthed now and again; at marvellous illuminations from Spain; the grant of arms to the city with the signature of Charles V.; the city charter similarly endorsed by his son Philip, and the like. Here are land titles three centuries old, various venerable records of local proceedings, and a sort of Tlaxcalan Bayeux tapestry, in which Spaniards and Indians are substituted for the retainers of hapless Harold and Norman William.

Hard by is the parish church, whose pleasing front of red and blue tile-work hints at artistic treasures within. The first thing noticed on entering is an entablature recording the destruction of the dome by an earthquake a generation ago. Doubtless the mischief did not stop there, and the atrocious

frescoing of the nave replaces worthy decorations ruined by the shock. In the baptistery is a painting of the baptism of the four chiefs, and in the sacristy appears a representation of the apparition of Nuestra Señora de Ocotlan, whose famous shrine we must visit later on. But in a Mexican church the *sagrario* usually contains some worthy artistic feature, and so is it here: opening from the upper nave on the left is a richly gilded treasury in the gorgeous fashion of the seventeenth century, the painting of Nuestra Señora de la Luz being the gem of the collection. Close to the parish church is the Capilla Real, so called from its statue of Philip II., whilst on the towers are the Spanish arms. But of this ancient fane, built expressly for the use of the Indians, no other portion is left standing. In fact the question arises, "Why does the town remain at all? what useful purpose does it serve?" The quondam thriving city of forty thousand inhabitants scarce can count a tithe of its former numbers; muster them all from the tumble-down adobe hovels and from the decrepit palaces which are grouped around in mournful array, and they would make but a scanty gathering in their vast wilderness of a plaza.

Regarded as a quaint monument of a bygone age, however, this out-at-elbows village is replete with interest, and the neighboring Sierra de la Malitzin, resembling at the summit a shrouded corpse, suggests an analogy. With what awe did the idolaters behold in the wizard's mountain blinding sheets of flame, and hear appalling discharges of electrical artillery before the advent of the white man! The anciently fertile valleys which sustained so numerous a population, warlike rivals of the Aztec empire, are sterile now; centuries of extravagant farming have impoverished the soil, and thus country harmonizes with town. Such musings are suggested by the aspect of the place viewed from the commanding terrace of the old Franciscan establishment. A blue-coated, musket-bearing multitude now occupy the buildings, sharing them with a fraternity of public criminals who unwillingly expiate their misdeeds by penitential exercises. Below is the bull-ring, and hard by a market-place where a few beans and eggs are offered for sale. Eventually an aged, key-bearing crone is unearthed, and with effort the massive portals of the friars' temple are thrust inwards. What a magnificent high-pitched roof! supported by a forest of cedar, the only one we can recall having happened on in this land of vaulted ceilings of masonry. Sundry ancient dames took advantage of the open doors to venerate the sacred



SITUATED IN THE ISOLATED MOUNTAIN FASTNESS.

places. To us the font in which the chiefs already noticed were baptized, and the first church-pulpit from which a sermon was ever preached in the new world, possessed a unique interest. For our benefit were then produced the original church vestments of the city, richly embroidered robes of silk and velvet, the colors still fresh and vivid. Curious also is an *ex-voto* painting presented by Zitlalpopoca (one of the four worthies), an ancient carved table, images and screens, and a confusion of gilded scroll work. One allegorical representation arrested the attention: a triumphal chariot, bearing St. Thomas of Aquin with piles of weighty tomes, passing triumphantly over the prostrate forms of Calvin, Luther, Beza, and other sixteenth century malcontents. This temple was built before they attracted notice, dating, so they say, from 1521. The gray-frokked followers of the saint of Assisi dwelt here for over three centuries. Their only present chance of gaining lodgment in their former abode is, possibly, to be ensconced in their ancient cells cheek by jowl with brawlers, pilferers, and highwaymen.

But no Mexican town is without its pious tradition, and Tlaxcala in this matter stands in the first rank. Shortly after the conquest, a fatal pestilence prevailing, one Juan Diego bestirred himself to aid his afflicted fellows. Being at the river

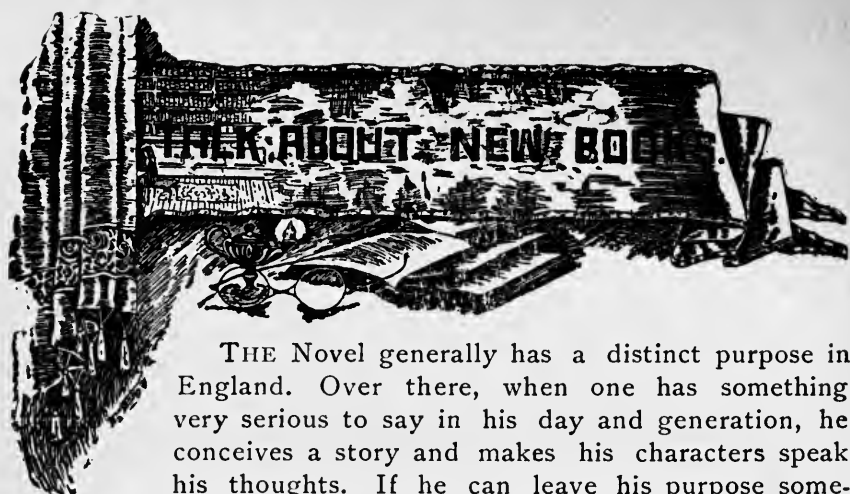
to draw water for the sick, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, directing him to a grove of pine-trees or *ocotes*, containing a spring whose waters would not only relieve the sufferings but heal the ills of the fever-stricken patients. Also she said that near the spring he would find her image. All happened as our Lady promised, and over the spring, which burst forth from the roots of a large *ocote*, the grateful population raised a dome which still remains, its walls abundantly decorated by graffiti—for the scribbling custom prevails even in remote Tlaxcala. The waters from this source flow rapidly between the precipitous, tree-clad banks of a lovely glen, and a wealth



HIGHER UP WE CAME TO THE PILGRIMAGE CHURCH.

of brilliant wild-flowers accentuates the beauty of this refreshing oasis amid these niggard wildernesses, the venerable stream, moreover, meeting utilitarian necessities and furnishing motive power for a flour-mill.

Higher up we came on the pilgrimage church of Our Lady of Ocotlan, where the miraculous image is preserved above the high altar. The façade of brilliant white and red forms a landmark, crowning as it does the crest of a considerable eminence. This is attained by one of the penitential cobble-stone roads which for some occult cause the Mexicans are so enamored of, but the pedestrian has the privilege of diverging onto the rock-strewn hill-side, which is preferable. By the church cluster a group of adobe dwellings, a store, and a school, whilst the ample dimensions of the adjacent presbytery suggest a large concourse of clergy and dignitaries for the annual celebration on the 3d of May. The nave is uninteresting enough, having been restored by a worthy but unæsthetic lady during the present generation, and a number of Scriptural texts on the walls form its most noteworthy adornment. The camarín, or chamber, behind the main altar is, however, a repository of treasures of considerable antiquity and rare merit, amidst which one would willingly linger for hours. There is grouped together in charming confusion a unique bewilderment of æsthetic delight, carvings and paintings, ebony and ivory, gilding and the choicest marquetry, whilst in one of the passages was discovered the only well-executed *ex-voto* painting yet found in the republic—a masterly portrayal in water-colors of the peril from which a horseman is persuaded that he was supernaturally freed. The sanctuary of Ocotlan is the gem of price of this most fascinating of bucolic capitals, and gazing on the cluster of towers, domes, and house-tops from the porch of this worthy temple of Mary we cannot but envy the hand-to-mouth contentment of its simple inhabitants, parted from the gaities of giddy Mexico by heaven-seeking snow-clad altitudes, and separated from this faith-lacking age by yet more trustworthy barriers.



THE Novel generally has a distinct purpose in England. Over there, when one has something very serious to say in his day and generation, he conceives a story and makes his characters speak his thoughts. If he can leave his purpose somewhat vague, so as to lead the intellectual world to discuss what his real meaning is, he will have accomplished his purpose the more effectually. Dr. William Barry may or may not have had some such end in view when he published *The Two Standards*.^{*} It is nevertheless a fact that some readers have seen in it a deep-seated meaning, and have taken his characters for types of modern life and their statements as indications of the movements of modern society, while others see but a well-constructed story with nondescript people living an aimless life. Dr. Barry is one of the great thinkers in our English intellectual world, and we are inclined to believe that he would not spend his time merely "spinning yarns."

The Two Standards is a book of much more value and comprehensiveness than his last production, *The New Antigone*. At present we can but give the story of the book. We give it, however, with the hope of having in the future a more appreciative criticism.

The book opens with the scene of the heroine, Marian Greystoke, writing in her diary some of the moods of feeling that are passing through her soul. Hers is a dangerous nature craving liberty from the restraints of home. She is one of three poor daughters of an aristocratic but poor vicar of the little town of Rylsford. Her mother is virtuous but strict and narrow. Marian reads deeply and well the philosophy of St. Simon and books which she finds stuffed away in an old attic of the house. Her sister's lover proposes to her, but he is tame, poor, and without passion. She refuses him—he does not appeal to her. She runs away to London and for protection lives with a

^{*} *The Two Standards*: An International Romance. By Rev. William Barry, D.D., author of *The New Antigone*. Union Square, New York: The Century Co.

woman doctor. Here she meets a woman named Harland, who has a brother of immense wealth. He has a country house, where she is invited. She sings at one of his receptions; she does it so as to prove the breadth of her genius. She resolves to become an actress. Harland is smitten and proposes marriage. The rejected suitor, Latimer, learns of it, and is so violent that she strives to leave Harland. Her worthless father, however, prevails upon her and she becomes Mrs. Harland. Latimer, through jealousy, resolves to ruin her husband financially.

She comes up to London, makes a stir in society, and as a student studies much of the vice of the world. She is suddenly estranged from her husband by finding a mass of passionate love-letters written to him by an Italian actress, La Farfalla. So husband and wife separate.

Alone in the world, she meets a musical genius, Gerard Elven. Appreciation ripens into admiration; admiration becomes mutual and gives birth to love, until in an unguarded moment of passion they resolve to risk their reputations by travelling together on an operatic tour to America. On the brink of disgrace a priest—the brother of Gerard—steps in and purifies the moral atmosphere. He is keenly alive to the disastrous situation. He has known something of the world, having in his early life desired and sought the affection of a married woman by killing her husband in a duel.

Marian conquers her temptation, and sails for America under the name of Mademoiselle Jasmin. Then Father Rudolph takes his brother to a monastery in Wales, where the musician studies the meditation of "The Two Standards" in the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

While on a singing tour in Chicago Mademoiselle Jasmin learns that Latimer has ruined Harland financially. Harland is tried and sentenced for his unscrupulous methods of speculation. He attempts suicide; then is released from prison, a moral and physical wreck. His wife flees to his bedside, but he does not know her; in his delirium, however, he craves her presence. Then in a lucid interval, having regained full consciousness, he bequeaths her to her lover, Gerard Elven; then he dies.

*Espiritu Santo** is the name of a young Spanish maiden whom Henrietta Dana Skinner makes the heroine of a very sweet and pleasing story, full of bright, wholesome descriptions.

* *Espiritu Santo*: a Novel. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

of family life and the loves and sorrows of kindred souls. The characters she has chosen are a little group of Spanish, Italian and English artists of the musical profession who are drawn together in a small colony in Paris by the magnetism of sympathetic tastes and temperament. Indeed, while this similarity of sympathy between her characters at first pleases the reader and warms him towards the subjects and their pursuits, it presently becomes somewhat wearisome and he longs for the spice of a little variety, a little greater contrast, even for the taste of a little friction in the general harmony that prevails among these kindred spirits. The author, however, does not seem to have the heart to keep up the tradition as to the course of true love, and the little deviations she makes in it now and then make one feel rather as though one were playing the children's game of hide-and-seek, or taking the part of the blind man in blind-man's-buff.

She has conceived a scheme for her novel on which might be built a very noble story, but her main execution of it is weak, and while she has created some splendid parts the complete work lacks dignity. It is rather trifling with the reader's imagination or "fooling" it to work it up, as she has done in the description of Adriano's conversion, to the point of being prepared for a grand move on the part of Adriano, nothing less indeed than the renouncement of his magnificent success and his splendid worldly position for the life of the cloister. It seems to be the evident purpose of the writer to create this idea in the mind of the reader in order to give him another surprise by making Adriano turn about almost the next moment and flippantly discuss with himself or his valet the shade of hair and eyes of a future possible wife. Perhaps we miss the true inwardness of Miss Skinner's meaning in putting her hero through a change of heart and soul that would drive an ordinary man into a cloister (even if he didn't stay there), and she wants to show us that such a change would be no less becoming in one who, having sown his wild oats, would prepare himself to be a fitting partner in life to a pure-hearted woman. We can forgive her for the disappointment if this is her meaning, but one's imagination feels tricked just the same, although this seems to be the favorite business of the story-teller.

Espiritu Santo is a character as sweet as her name, which, by the way, reveals another exquisite little custom among the Spanish: that of naming a child after a religious devotion, or a feast day, or anything lovely in religion, if the child happens

to be born on a day connected with such. Espiritu was born on the feast of Pentecost, and the child's life throughout seemed as a mission of peace and love and inspiration. In the closing chapters of the book this mission is exalted to the highest pitch of ideality in the deeply touching death of Espiritu and her young lover Theodore, a very Angel Gabriel in character. If the story were about one-half as long as it is, or if the middle part of it, with its interminable descriptions of opera rehearsals and musical performances, were left out, we should have had a really exquisite story.

Assuredly, variety has been consulted in the selection of subjects made by the author of *Three Studies*.* Francis Jeffrey, John Henry Newman, and Matthew Arnold afford full opportunity for the display of different subject-matter and greatly varied treatment of the same. Let us say that the variation is but from one bit of skilful and delicate workmanship to another. Their reading will recall to us what we learned so long ago, that each advance in study means growth in appreciative power, and that the trained *littérateur* is as specially favored in his enjoyment of good reading as is the master of music to whose ear a symphony is rich in beauties, suggestions, and revelations, that escape the novice, no matter how music-loving.

In the sketch of Newman we fancy the writer is almost excessively professional and analytical, discovering conscious elaboration and deliberate attempt in many a grace that probably sprang full-grown from its maker's brain. There is deep analysis that commends itself as true, and warm admiration, fervent and manly; but withal—we suppose, as being merely literary for the nonce, Mr. Gates could assume no other *rôle*—a lack. For no word is given—no trace of sympathy as to what is so largely in evidence through every written line of Newman—of his soul and its feelings. Perhaps our comment is hypercritical, but this divinity is so sacred to us, that we shudder to have him handled by a mere *littérateur*, even though the handling be done artistically well.

In dealing with Arnold, the writer gets more in touch with his subject, brings out the *ensemble* of a high-grade, many-sided, rather uneven soul with such deftness and kindly sympathy as to give great help to students. And in the study on Jeffrey we find a painstaking and successful representation of a

* *Three Studies in Literature*. By Lewis E. Gates. New York: The Macmillan Company.

brilliant, argumentative literary critic, sovereign in his own day, and now nearly forgotten. On the whole, the reading of our book makes us hope for more studies in literature from the graceful and smooth-running pen of the writer.

The first volume of lectures that are to become a perpetual foundation in Harvard University is a memorial to the late William Belden Noble, a devoted disciple of Phillips Brooks. William Noble is known to have shared the religious views, deep earnestness, and spiritual enthusiasm of his master, and the tribute thus paid his memory is a fitting one. The present series of lectures* consists of six commentaries on the message of Christ to mankind under various aspects. Dignified utterance and high moral tone mark each contribution, and they will doubtless serve a great end if they stir the young men for whom they are intended to strive for development of an inner spiritual existence. But they contain nothing very remarkable or original—in fact seem at times superficial and disappointing. It is rather unusual to read any modern contributions to spiritual literature without reflecting that individual writers, be they never so learned, so earnest, so religious, cannot possibly offer suitable substitutes for that rich and lovely heritage of saintly science that lasts and grows from age to age in the church of the centuries.

Emerson was right when he pictured Emanuel Swedenborg as one of the most remarkable men of his century. It was grotesquely absurd that an essay on Swedenborg should represent him as the Mystic, in the same sense that Shakspeare was the Poet, or Plato the Philosopher; and the vagueness and shallowness of Emerson's "religion" never presses upon us more sharply and painfully than when we read what he considered to be a list of typical mystics: Socrates, Plotinus, Porphyry, Behmen, Bunyan, Fox, Pascal, Guyon, Swedenborg.

The book† we notice now is a popular unfolding of ideas that Swedenborg stood for—sweet, comforting, sublime, ennobling many of them. But the short-sighted critic who thinks, as Emerson, that such are a surprise and a revelation to the "withered, traditional church," is babbling of great truths

* *The Message of Christ to Manhood.* By Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., Rev. Francis G. Peabody, Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D., Rev. William DeW. Hyde, D.D., Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *God Winning Us.* By Rev. Clarence Lathbury. Germantown, Pa.: Swedenborg Publishing Association.

whose names he cannot spell. Ah! thrice true, thrice sweet, thrice certain is the teaching that comes to us in the guise of dogmatic instruction, stately, dignified, tested by its centuries of history and its endless succession of marvellous accomplishments in the souls of men and women whose names are unknown at Concord. The Fathers of the Desert—they are lesser lights to Emerson. The *Imitation*, perhaps, is easy of comprehension, and not rich in sublime mysticism. St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are shallow or narrow, may be, and Emanuel Swedenborg, learned, scientific, saintly, is type of that caste that reigns in the Divine Kingdom.

No, indeed! Most of the new volume is healthy, elevated, instructive reading, and it may help certain minds to spiritual progress, but it is partial and one-sided, and but as the sound of a crying infant, when contrasted with what has already been spoken to him that hath ears to hear.

This last century has been a day of transformation in the English Church; and that day's story has been matter for volumes almost innumerable. The new one that has come to us lately is a welcome contribution.*

The student of history who has realized that almost everywhere the eighteenth century was a period of depression, will note especially the decadence of English letters, statesmanship, and military power; but what will without doubt seem equally remarkable is the degenerate condition of religion and churchmen throughout the Establishment generally at the beginning of the current century. It was into this sort of world that Newman, Pusey, Keble, Arnold, Wilberforce, and their peers were introduced, to rouse their generation into unexpected vigor and produce lasting transformations in existing order.

Of course their stories have been chronicled, each at length, and it is impossible to find complete information upon so many persons and subjects in any single volume. But Mr. Rogers' collection of studies on some dozen of the most prominent men in the Church of England during this century possesses real value, and will prove a serviceable guide to those who desire accurate sketches, fairly and artistically drawn, with impartial handling of well-digested information. The book is clearly, admirably written, conceived in a spirit of thorough fairness, and is to be commended heartily. That the writer's

* *Men and Movements in the English Church.* By Arthur Rogers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

sketch of Newman should give evidence of comprehensive appreciation of that "character divine" is certainly not to be expected—only a Catholic could do that; but his reverent, affectionate treatment of a lost friend satisfies and pleases us. Pusey and Keble the writer naturally appreciates at more advantage, and portrays more sympathetically. Church, Kingsley, Maurice, and the rest are presented in detail sufficient for the general reader's purpose, and will introduce him to a circle of accomplished and entertaining writers if he has been unacquainted with them hitherto.

I.—CHRISTIANITY OR AGNOSTICISM.*

The Abbé Picard is a French ecclesiastic who in every sense is thoroughly awake to the needs of the church in France. It would be good if a like statement could be made of all the French clergy. As a body they represent a great deal of learning and virtue, but to some extent they are apart from the world and not in touch with its aspirations. There is no one for whom we have greater admiration than the old professor who has grown gray in his association with books, who has spent his days in assimilating vast stores of learning until he has become an animated encyclopædia, but such a one is very wise to remain far from the practical administration of the church. The church in her practical administration of affairs has to do with hearts that are full of passion, living and throbbing with every-day impulses, and to touch such hearts or to mould their impulses in accordance with the divine law requires consummate tact. It is not the fossilized book-worm whom we would chose for the office, but a man of affairs who can speak to the age in its own language.

It is twenty years and more since the system of secularized education has come into vogue in France, and the generation which has grown up under its influence is more or less weak in its faith. The young men are easily caught by the polished sentences and fascinating thoughts of the modern pagans, and unless their faith is placed on a rational basis they are easily led away from their anchorage in the truth. The Abbé Picard has appreciated this danger, and in this goodly volume of six hundred pages he presents in a most attractive way the reasons for the Christian Faith as against the apostles of unbelief. In the first

* *Christianity or Agnosticism*. By the Abbé Louis Picard. Authorized translation Revised by the Rev. J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Sands & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

part he treats of Spiritualism, or the supernatural, and as against those who deny that there is anything beyond matter or above the skies. His reasoning is put into good form and has a crispness about it that savors more of the business mart than of the musty book-shelf. He discusses, too, many of the later questions of anthropology and biology. His second part is "Christianity," in which Jesus and His Religion, the Authenticity and Interpretation of the Scriptures, the Church as against the Churches, are admirably treated.

It is good to see that books of this kind, in which these vital questions are handled in such an up-to-date manner, are already appearing in France both as the product of and the auxiliary to the religious revival among the intellectual classes. There have been times in the history of the French Church when imprudent obscurantists have crushed a healthful renaissance because it was not in accord with the ways of doing when they were young, while if, on the other hand, they had the tact to direct and to guide such awakening, it would ultimately have contributed to the glory of God and the welfare of the church.

Right glorious is this stirring among the young French minds, and such books as Abbé Picard's will assist it and lead it on to greater triumphs.

Father Macleod, S.J., has done the English-speaking world a service by putting Abbé Picard's work within its reach.

2.—ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.*

The better we become acquainted with those who by their unselfish devotion to Almighty God and Holy Church defended the faith, the more we are compelled to admire their sterling qualities, and the more we are inclined to emulate, so far as we may, the noble example of their lives. The early English Church produced many such men. How contradictory were the characteristics that seemed to make up their being: studious, devoted men shrinking from everything savoring of publicity, yet how grandly they sprang into their places, firm and fearless like the prophet of old, ready to say "Thou art the man," even though it were the king on his throne! Such a man was the son of Reynald Rich—St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born near the close of the twelfth century, and educated at Oxford and Paris.

* *Life of St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Frances de Paravicini. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Too often the tendency of the biographer is to incorporate in his work much that is hearsay evidence. Frances de Paravincini has given to the public a book that is comparatively free from such evidence. In the preface she states the feeling that decided her method of procedure: "I felt strongly that the actual statements of contemporary writers—in most cases men who knew St. Edmund intimately—would add greatly to the value of this book."

Following this sentiment she consulted original manuscripts, and by means of the "deadly parallel" she forces the ancient records to prove her statement. The careful research evident from a perusal of the introductory pages is the best assurance of the historical accuracy of the biography. The author portrays somewhat fully the conditions existent in England in the first part of the thirteenth century. She thus wisely associates the man and the times, recognizing that each is the standard by means of which the other must be judged, if judged fairly.

In the first part of the chapter which describes St. Edmund's appointment as treasurer of the cathedral at Salisbury, a somewhat irrelevant though very delightful sketch of old English cathedrals and English saints is given. For this irrelevancy the author pleads that the bypaths to which she has been attracted in her endeavor to realize the wider background of our saint's life will be as full of interest to her readers as they were to herself.

This book, considered in every way, is a valuable contribution to Catholic history.

3.—HISTORIC NUNS.*

In the present day to write of people as they were too often consigns the work to the back shelves of both salesroom and library. What a blessing it would be if many of the active writers of fiction were to turn their facile pens to the work of presenting characters as they really are, not as their imagination makes them. The world has produced real men and women who have proven their value and worth for the people's good. Bessie R. Belloc, in *Historic Nuns*, presents to the world a volume of condensed verbal portraits of women who have done much for the world's betterment. She has selected as types of valiant women Mary Aikenhead and Catherine McAuley, Madame Duchesne and Mother Seton. It would

* *Historic Nuns*. By Bessie R. Belloc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

be hard to select four other women whose works have left a deeper impress on the church among English-speaking people than these. They were all founders of religious communities. In every religious community some one is selected, because of some intimate association with the subject to be portrayed, to write the full story of that life, its experiences and labors. Into this well-ploughed field the author enters, realizing fully, as she states, her presumption in touching the same themes. But with the knowledge that humbler pens may be useful in shedding light upon the characters, giving due credit to the sources of her information as well as to their inestimable value, she seeks in this volume to gratify the natural desire for a connected picture or an abridged and compacted story of these devoted nuns.

She seeks in the artistic condensation to more vividly present the salient points of their life story. The incidents and the anecdotes in the lives of these noble and devoted women judiciously selected by the author only intensify the conclusions at which she arrives.

Owing to the popular demand for condensation the value of this book is in its compactness, enabling the reader to easily obtain the important characteristics and incidents in the wonderful lives of these devoted women. As we read these pages we must conclude, with the author, that "the imagination of man cannot create anything so vivid as the unpremeditated revelation of man himself."

4.—THE MASS BOOK.*

There is undoubtedly an urgent demand for a handy, compact, cheap and at the same time comprehensive prayer-book for the masses of the people. Of making many prayer-books there is no end, but most of the devotional manuals on the market to-day are lacking in good taste in their get up, stilted in their style, and so high priced as to place them beyond the ability of the ordinary church-goer to possess them. The result is that half the people who go to Mass go without any prayer-book. The Catholic Book Exchange is putting before the public a prayer-book which it calls by the plain old Saxon name of THE MASS BOOK, which has all that any Catholic needs in his devotional life and much more that is useful by way of explanation of essential Catholic doctrine and practice. It sells at the convenient price of five cents.

* *The Mass Book.* Together with Prayers useful in Catholic Devotion and Explanations of Catholic Doctrine. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th St., New York.



IT will be an untoward state of affairs if the Holy Father is excluded from the Peace Congress when it assembles. Italy is evidently afraid that his representative will reopen the Roman Question. The wisest statesmen of the century have declared that there is no hope for continuous and lasting peace in Europe without an equitable settlement of the rights of him who represents the God of Peace.

No man has done so much to make the Peace Congress a reality as the Pope. The enlightened policy that he has always voiced, as well as the fact that he wields the greatest authority in Europe without the backing of an army, has done more to demonstrate the feasibility of the ends proposed by the Congress than any other one thing. To bar Leo's representative from the Congress is to invite defeat.

The Holy Father's marvellous vitality has again demonstrated itself. He has said that he not only hopes but that he will live the century through. Such statements from one so near the veil may be taken very nearly in the exact meaning of the words used.

A commission headed by Cardinal Richard has been appointed to gather material for the Paris Exposition demonstrating the wonderful advancement made by the church during the nineteenth century. The commission ought not to confine its investigations to *Les Missions Étrangères*, but it would be quite proper to learn something of the quantity and quality of the Catholicity that is prevalent in the United States. Many French ecclesiastics can learn a little more of this to their own profit.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

CAPTAIN JOHN E. McMAHON, U.S.A.

Captain McMahon is the son of a soldier and belongs to a military family. His father, Colonel John E. McMahon, was colonel of the 155th and afterwards of the 164th N. Y. V., and died in command of his regiment in the third year of the Civil War. Admiral Ramsay, who married his father's eldest sister, served with distinction during the Civil War, and is now represented in the service of his country by his son, Martin McMahon Ramsay, U.S.N. An uncle, Colonel James Powers McMahon, who had just been admitted to the bar at the outbreak of the war, joined his eldest brother as lieutenant-colonel of the 155th, and succeeded him in the command of the 164th. He led the Corcoran Legion at the battle of Cold Harbor, and after the wounding of General Tyler, while planting his flag on the enemy's works, fell riddled with bullets. The death of the gallant officer is thus described in a long poem by David Gray, called "How the Young Colonel Died," from which we give the following extracts :

"You want to hear me tell how the young colonel died?
 God help me! memory will not fail on that, nor tongue be tied;
 Ay! write it down and print it in your biggest types of gold,
 For sure a braver heart than his no mortal breast could hold.

.

We charged at dawn; the colonel led green Erin's old brigade;
 'Twas Longstreet's blazing cannon behind their breast-works
 played;

We charged till, full in front, we felt their fiery breaker-swell—
 A sea of rattling muskets in a storm of grape and shell!

The colonel led—in fire and smoke his sword would wave and
 shine,

And still the brave sound of his voice led on the struggling
 line;

As o'er the surf at Wicklow I've seen the sea-gull fly,
His voice sailed e'en above the storm and sounded clear and
high.

Then all at once our colors sank, I saw them reel and nod;
The colonel sprang and took them before they touched the sod.
Another spring, and with a shout—the Rebs will mind it well—
He stood alone upon their works, waved the old flag and fell!

'Twas vain to stand up longer; what could they do but yield?
Our broken remnant melted back across the bloody field.
I stayed to help the colonel, and crept to where he lay;
A smile came tender o'er his face, but he motioned me away.
'I'm torn to pieces, George,' he said. 'Go, save yourself,—
good-night!'

As tender as my mother's that smile came up and shone
Once more upon his marble face, and the gallant soul was
gone!"

Another uncle, General Martin T. McMahon, now judge of the Court of General Sessions, served to the end of the war in the Sixth Corps. A brother officer describing his own mess, of which the judge was a member, says: "McMahon soon became my idol. Born of Irish ancestry, and wonderfully educated by the Jesuits, of high and chivalrous aims, he was the Chevalier Bayard of the corps, and wherever one of the Sixth Corps dwells, does he not remember and love McMahon?"*

The three brothers were educated with the Jesuits. Captain McMahon also had the benefit of their training; he was sent by his uncle, the judge, to St. John's, Fordham, where he kept up the family reputation for manliness and scholarship, being one of the best base-ball players and the leader in his classes, winning at graduation the gold medal for the best essay. He displayed at an early age, together with the tastes of a student, a fondness for military life which was a great grief to his mother, for he was her only son and she was a widow. In vain did she keep his father's sword and all his military relics concealed from him, hoping he might be persuaded to follow the more peaceful, or rather less dangerous, profession of law. At twelve his favorite book was Casey's *Tactics*, and he commanded as captain a very creditable company which he raised among his playmates. His uncle's friend, General Anson G.

* Following the Greek Cross; or, *Memories of the Sixth Army Corps*. By General Thomas W. Hyde.



CAPTAIN JOHN E. MCMAHON, U. S. A.

McCook, one of the "fighting McCooks," gave him a West Point appointment. The year of his graduation he was within one of "the first five" in his class when an accident in the riding hall sent him to the hospital, and caused him to drop to No. 11. After graduation he was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, at Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. Here he married Miss Caroline Bache, daughter of Dr. Dallas Bache, U.S.A., a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin. His next station

was Fortress Monroe; from here he went to West Point as instructor in Spanish and French. From West Point he was transferred to the department of Arizona, where he served four years on the staff of General Alexander McDowell McCook.

At the outbreak of the war he was at Fortress Monroe preparing guns for active service. Hearing that his battery was not going to the front, he succeeded in having himself transferred to one of the volunteer regiments preparing to embark for Santiago. He was appointed captain and assistant adjutant-general, and served with General Carpenter. When the general was ordered to Cuba after the war in command of the First Cavalry Brigade, and made military governor of the province of Puerto Principe, he asked for Captain McMahon again, and he is now serving at Puerto Principe as adjutant-general and military secretary of the governor. The governor, being a non-Catholic, does not, like his predecessors, go in state to Mass on Sunday. Captain McMahon, however, is regarded in the church as his representative and occupies on feast days, according to the custom of the country, a post of honor in the sanctuary. He has always been most popular at all his posts, and has the record of great fidelity to his duties and an exemplary Catholic.

LEO XIII. ON "AMERICANISM."

THE following is the official translation of the original text of the letter sent by the Holy Father to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal:

In a former letter of last October I had the honor to make known to your Eminence that the Holy Father intended to address in due course of time a pontifical letter concerning "Americanism," so called. It now devolves upon me to remit to you a copy of the promised letter, advising you at the same time that other copies will be forwarded to you through Monsignor the Apostolic Delegate.

I profit by the present opportunity to renew the expression of my profound veneration. Kissing your hands, I am your humble servant,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, January 31, 1899.

Pope Leo's letter is as follows:

To our Beloved Son, James Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Title Sancta Maria, beyond the Tiber, Archbishop of Baltimore:

LEO XIII., POPE—Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing. We send to you by this letter a renewed expression of that good will which we have not failed during the course of our pontificate to manifest frequently to you and to your colleagues in the Episcopate and to the whole American people, availing ourselves of every opportunity offered us by the progress of your Church or whatever you have done for safeguarding and promoting Catholic interests. Moreover, we have often considered and admired the noble gifts of your nation, which enable the American people to be alive to every good work which promotes the good of humanity and the splendor of civilization. Although this letter be not intended, as preceding ones, to repeat the words of praise so often spoken, but rather to call attention to some things to be avoided and corrected, still because it is conceived in that same spirit of apostolic charity which has inspired all our letters, we shall expect that you will take it as another proof of our love; the more so because it is intended to suppress certain contentions which have arisen lately among you to the detriment of the peace of many souls.

It is known to you, beloved son, that the book on the life of Isaac Thomas Hecker, owing chiefly to the efforts of those who undertook to publish and interpret it in a foreign tongue, has excited serious controversies by introducing certain opinions on a Christian manner of life.*

We, therefore, on account of our apostolic office, having to guard the integrity of the faith and the security of the faithful, are desirous of writing to you more at length concerning this whole matter.

The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the Church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. Many think that these concessions should be made not only in regard to matters of discipline, but of doctrines

* *Messenger* translation.

in which is contained the "deposit of faith." They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching which are of lesser importance, and so to tone them down that they do not bear the same sense that the Church has constantly given them. It does not need many words, beloved son, to prove the falsity of these ideas if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the Church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our Holy Mother, the Church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretence or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them." (*Constitutio de Fide Catholica, chapter iv.*)

We cannot consider as altogether blameless the silence which purposely leads to the omission or neglect of some of the principles of Christian doctrine, for all the principles come from the same Author and Master, "the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father." (*John i. 18.*) They are adapted to all times and all nations, as is clearly seen from the words of our Lord to his apostles: "Going, therefore, teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." (*Matt. xxviii. 19.*) Concerning this point the Vatican Council says: "All those things are to be believed with divine and Catholic faith which are contained in the Word of God, written or handed down, and which the Church, either by a solemn judgment or by her ordinary and universal magisterium, proposes for belief as having been divinely revealed." (*Const. de fide, chapter iii.*)

Let it be far from any one's mind to lessen or to suppress, for any reason, any doctrine that has been handed down. Such a policy would tend rather to separate Catholics from the Church than to bring in those who differ. There is nothing closer to our heart than to have those who are separated from the fold of Christ return to it, but in no other way than the way pointed out by Christ.

The rule of life laid down for Catholics is not of such a nature that it cannot accommodate itself to the exigencies of various times and places. The Church has, guided by her Divine Master, a kind and merciful spirit, for which reason from the very beginning she has been what St. Paul said of himself: "I became all things to all men that I might save all."

History proves clearly that the Apostolic See, to which has been entrusted the mission not only of teaching, but of governing the whole Church, has continued "in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense, and one and the same judgment." (*Const. de fide, chapter iv.*)

But in regard to ways of living she has been accustomed so to moderate her discipline that, the divine principle of morals being kept intact, she has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the nations which she embraces.

Who can doubt that she will act in this same spirit again if the salvation of souls requires it? In this matter the Church must be the judge, not private men, who are often deceived by the appearance of right. In this, all who wish to escape the blame of our predecessor, Pius the Sixth, must concur. He condemned as injurious to the Church and the spirit of God who guides her, the doctrine con-

tained in proposition lxxviii. of the Synod of Pistoia, "that the discipline made and approved by the Church should be submitted to examination, as if the Church could frame a code of laws useless or heavier than human liberty can bear."

But, beloved son, in this present matter of which we are speaking, there is even a greater danger and a more manifest opposition to Catholic doctrine and discipline in that opinion of the lovers of novelty, according to which they hold such liberty should be allowed in the Church, that her supervision and watchfulness being in some sense lessened, allowance be granted the faithful, each one to follow out more freely the leading of his own mind and the trend of his own proper activity. They are of opinion that such liberty has its counterpart in the newly given civil freedom which is now the right and the foundation of almost every secular state.

In the apostolic letters concerning the Constitution of States, addressed by us to the Bishops of the whole Church, we discussed this point at length; and there set forth the difference existing between the Church, which is a divine society, and all other social human organizations which depend simply on free will and choice of men.

It is well, then, to particularly direct attention to the opinion which serves as the argument in behalf of this greater liberty sought for and recommended to Catholics.

It is alleged that now the Vatican Decree concerning the infallible teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff having been proclaimed, that nothing further on that score can give any solicitude, and accordingly, since that has been safeguarded and put beyond question, a wider and freer field, both for thought and action, lies open to each one. But such reasoning is evidently faulty, since, if we are to come to any conclusion from the infallible teaching authority of the Church, it should rather be that no one should wish to depart from it, and moreover that the minds of all being leavened and directed thereby, greater security from private error would be enjoyed by all. And further, those who avail themselves of such a way of reasoning, seem to depart seriously from the overruling wisdom of the Most High—which wisdom, since it was pleased to set forth by most solemn decision the authority and supreme teaching rights of this Apostolic See—willed that decision precisely in order to safeguard the minds of the Church's children from the dangers of these present times.

These dangers, viz., the confounding of license with liberty, the passion for discussing and pouring contempt upon any possible subject, the assumed right to hold whatever opinions one pleases upon any subject, and to set them forth in print to the world, have so wrapped minds in darkness that there is now a greater need of the Church's teaching office than ever before, lest people become unmindful both of conscience and of duty.

We, indeed, have no thought of rejecting everything that modern industry and study has produced; so far from it, that we welcome to the patrimony of truth and to an ever-widening scope of public well-being whatsoever helps toward the progress of learning and virtue. Yet all this, to be of any solid benefit, nay, to have a real existence and growth, can only be on the condition of recognizing the wisdom and authority of the Church.

Coming now to speak of the conclusions which have been deduced from the above opinions and for them, we readily believe there was no thought of wrong or guile, yet the things themselves certainly merit some degree of sus-

picion. First, all external guidance is set aside for those souls who are striving after Christian perfection as being superfluous, and even disadvantageous—the contention being that the Holy Spirit pours richer and more abundant graces than formerly upon the souls of the faithful, so that without human intervention He teaches and guides them by some hidden instinct of His own. Yet it is the sign of no small over-confidence to desire to measure and determine the mode of the divine communication to mankind, since it wholly depends upon His own good pleasure and He is a most free dispenser of His own gifts. ("The Spirit breatheth wherso He listeth."—*John iii. 8.* "And to each one of us grace is given according to the measure of the giving of Christ."—*Eph. iv. 7.*)

And shall any one who recalls the history of the Apostles, the faith of the nascent Church, the trials and deaths of the martyrs—and, above all, those olden times so fruitful in saints—dare to measure our age with these, or affirm that they received less of the divine outpouring from the Spirit of Holiness? Not to dwell upon this point, there is no one who calls in question the truth that the Holy Spirit does work by a secret descent into the souls of the just and that He stirs them alike by warnings and impulses, since, unless this were the case, all outward defence and authority would be unavailing. "For if any persuades himself that he can give assent to saving, that is, to gospel truth when proclaimed, without an illumination of the Holy Spirit, who gives unto all sweetness both to assent and to hold, such an one is deceived by a heretical spirit." (*From the Second Council of Orange, Canon 7.*)

Moreover, as experience shows, these monitions and impulses of the Holy Spirit are for the most part felt through the medium of the aid and light of an external teaching authority. To quote St. Augustine: "He (the Holy Spirit) co-operates to the fruit gathered from the good trees, since He externally waters and cultivates them by the outward ministry of men, and yet of Himself bestows the inward increase." (*De Gratia Christi, chapter xix.*) This, indeed, belongs to the ordinary law of God's loving providence, that as He has decreed that men for the most part shall be saved by the ministry also of men, so has He wished that those whom He calls to the higher planes of holiness should be led thereto by men; hence St. Chrysostom declares "we are taught of God through the instrumentality of men." (*Homily I. in Inscr. Altar.*) Of this a striking example is given us in the very first days of the Church. For though Saul, intent upon threatenings and slaughter, had heard the voice of our Lord Himself and had asked, "What dost Thou wish me to do?" yet was he bidden to enter Damascus and search for Ananias. (*Acts ix.*) "Enter the city and it shall be there told to thee what thou must do."

Nor can we leave out of consideration the truth that those who are striving after perfection, since by that fact they walk in no beaten or well-known path, are the more liable to stray, and hence have greater need than others of a teacher and guide. Such guidance has ever obtained in the Church; it has been the universal teaching of those who throughout the ages have been eminent for wisdom and sanctity—and hence they who reject it, do so, certainly, with rashness and peril.

To one who thoroughly considers the question, even under the supposition that every exterior guide is withdrawn, it does not yet appear what in the minds of innovators is the purpose of that more abundant influx of the Holy Spirit which they so greatly extol. To practise virtue there is absolute need of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, yet we find those who are fond of novelty giving an un-

warranted importance to the *natural* virtues, as though they better responded to the customs and necessities of the times, and that, having these as his outfit, man becomes both more ready to act and more strenuous in action. It is not easy to understand how persons possessed of Christian wisdom can either prefer natural to supernatural virtues or attribute to them a greater efficacy and fruitfulness. Can it be that nature conjoined with grace is weaker than when left to herself? Can it be that those men illustrious for sanctity, whom the Church distinguishes and openly pays homage to, were deficient, came short in the order of nature and its endowments, because they excelled in Christian strength? And although it be allowed at times to wonder at acts worthy of admiration, which are the outcome of natural virtue—how many are there really strong in the habit of the natural virtues? Is there any one not tried by temptations of the soul, and this in no light degree? Yet ever to master such, as also to preserve in its entirety the law of the natural order, requires an assistance from on high. These single notable acts, to which we have alluded, will frequently upon a closer investigation be found to exhibit the appearance rather than the reality of virtue. Grant that it is virtue, yet unless we would "run in vain" and be unmindful of that eternal bliss which a good God in his mercy has destined for us, of what avail are natural virtues unless seconded by the gift of divine grace? Hence St. Augustine well says: "Wonderful is the strength, and swift the course, but outside the true path." For as the nature of man, owing to the primal fault, is inclined to evil and dishonor, yet by the help of grace is raised up, is borne along with a new greatness and strength, so, too, virtue, which is not the product of nature alone, but of grace also, is made fruitful unto everlasting life and takes on a more strong and abiding character.

This overesteem of natural virtue finds a method of expression in assuming to divide all virtues into *active* and *passive*, and it is alleged that whereas passive virtues found better place in past times, our age is to be characterized by the active. That such a division and distinction cannot be maintained is patent—for there is not, nor can there be, merely passive virtue. "Virtue," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "designates the perfection of some potency, but the end of such potency is an act, and an act of virtue is naught else than the good use of free will," acting, that is to say, under the grace of God if the act be one of supernatural virtue.

He alone could wish that some Christian virtues be adapted to certain times and different ones for other times who is unmindful of the Apostle's words, "that those whom He foreknew, He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son." (Romans viii. 29.) Christ is the teacher and the exemplar of all sanctity, and to His standard must all those conform who wish for eternal life. Nor does Christ know any change as the ages pass, "for He is yesterday and to-day and the same for ever." (*Hebrews xiii. 8.*) To the men of all ages was the precept given: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." (*Matt. xi. 29.*) To every age has He been made manifest to us as obedient even unto death; in every age the Apostle's dictum has its force: "Those who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." Would to God that more nowadays practised these virtues in the degree of the saints of past times, who in humility, obedience, and self-restraint were powerful "in word and in deed"—to the great advantage, not only of religion but of the state and the public welfare.

From this disregard of the evangelical virtues, erroneously styled *passive*,

the step was a short one to a contempt of the religious life which has in some degree taken hold of minds. That such a value is generally held by the upholders of new views, we infer from certain statements concerning the vows which religious orders take. They say vows are alien to the spirit of our times, in that they limit the bounds of human liberty; that they are more suitable to weak than to strong minds; that so far from making for human perfection and the good of human organization, they are hurtful to both; but how false these assertions are is evident from the practice and the doctrine of the Church, which has ever highly approved of the religious life. Nor without good cause, for those who, under the divine call, have freely embraced that state of life did not content themselves with the observance of precepts, but, going forward to the evangelical counsels, showed themselves ready and valiant soldiers of Christ. Shall we judge this to be a characteristic of weak minds, or shall we say that it is useless or hurtful to a more perfect state of life? Those who so bind themselves by the vows of religion, far from having suffered a loss of liberty, enjoy that fuller and freer kind, that liberty, namely, by which Christ hath made us free. (*Galat. iv. 31.*)

And this further view of theirs, namely, that the religious life is either entirely useless or of little service to the Church, besides being injurious to the religious orders, cannot be the opinion of any one who has read the annals of the Church. Did not your country, the United States, derive the beginnings both of faith and of culture from the children of these religious families?—to one of whom but very lately, a thing greatly to your praise, you have decreed that a statue be publicly erected. And even at the present time wherever the religious families are found, how speedy and yet how fruitful a harvest of good works do they not bring forth! How many leave home and seek strange lands to impart the truth of the Gospel and to widen the bounds of civilization; and this they do with the greatest cheerfulness amid manifold dangers. Out of their number, not less indeed than from the rest of the clergy, the Christian world finds the preachers of God's word, the directors of conscience, the teachers of youth, and the Church itself the examples of all sanctity.

Nor should any difference of praise be made between those who follow the active state of life from those others who, charmed with solitude, give themselves to prayer and bodily mortification. And how much, indeed, of good report these have merited, and do merit, is known surely to all who do not forget that the "continual prayer of the just man" avails to placate and to bring down the blessings of Heaven when to such prayers bodily mortification is added.

But if there be those who prefer to form one body without the obligation of the vows, let them pursue such a course. It is not new in the Church nor in any wise censurable. Let them be careful, however, not to set forth such a state above that of Religious Orders. But rather, since mankind are more disposed at the present time than formerly to indulge themselves in pleasures, let those be held in greater esteem "who having left all things have followed Christ."

Finally, not to delay too long, it is stated that the way and method hitherto in use among Catholics for bringing back those who have fallen away from the Church should be left aside and another one chosen, in which matter it will suffice to note that it is not the part of prudence to neglect that which antiquity in its long experience has approved and which is also taught by apostolic authority. The Scriptures teach us (*Eccli. xvii. 4*) that it is the duty of all to be solicitous

for the salvation of one's neighbor according to the power and position of each. The faithful do this by religiously discharging the duties of their state of life, by the uprightness of their conduct, by their works of Christian charity, and by earnest and continuous prayer to God.

On the other hand, those who belong to the clergy should do this by an enlightened fulfilment of their preaching ministry, by the pomp and splendor of ceremonies, especially by setting forth in their own lives the beauty of that doctrine which St. Paul inculcated upon Titus and Timothy. But if, among the different ways of preaching the Word of God, that one sometimes seems to be preferable which is directed to non-Catholics, not in churches but in some suitable place, in such wise that controversy is not sought, but friendly conference, such a method is certainly without fault.

But let those who undertake such ministry be set apart by the authority of the bishops and let them be men whose knowledge and virtue has been previously ascertained. For we think that there are many in your country who are separated from Catholic truth more by ignorance than by ill-will, who might perchance more easily be drawn to the one fold of Christ, if this truth be set forth to them in a friendly and familiar way.

From the foregoing it is manifest, beloved son, that we are not able to give approval to those views which, in their collective sense, are called by some "Americanism." But if by this name are to be understood certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, or if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and customs by which you are governed, there is no reason to take exception to the name. But if this is to be so understood that the doctrines which have been adverted to above are not only indicated, but exalted, there can be no manner of doubt that our venerable brethren, the Bishops of America, would be the first to repudiate and condemn it as being most injurious to themselves and to their country. For it would give rise to the suspicion that there are among you some who conceive and would have the Church in America to be different from what it is in the rest of the world.

But the true Church is one, as by unity of doctrine, so by unity of government, and she is Catholic also. Since God has placed the centre and foundation of unity in the chair of Blessed Peter, she is rightly called the Roman Church, for "where Peter is there is the Church." (*Ambrose, In Ps. xi. 57.*) Wherefore, if anybody wishes to be considered a real Catholic, he ought to be able to say from his heart the self-same words which Jerome addressed to Pope Damasus: "I, acknowledging no other leader than Christ, am bound in fellowship with Your Holiness; that is, with the chair of Peter. I know that the Church was built upon him as its rock, and that whosoever gathereth not with you, scattereth."

These instructions which we give you, beloved son, in fulfilment of our duty, in a special letter, we will take care are communicated to the bishops of the United States; thus testifying again that love by which we embrace your whole country, a country which in past times has done so much for the cause of religion, and which, with God's help, will do still greater things. To you, and to all the faithful of America, we grant most lovingly, as a pledge of Divine assistance, our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, the 22d day of January, 1899, and the twenty-first of our pontificate.

LEO XIII.

On the appearance of this letter of our Holy Father, the Paulists promptly sent to Rome the following cable message:

"Patres Paulini, litteras proxime missuri, Leonis XIII. doctrinam plene amplectuntur." Literally translated into English, this reads: "The Paulist Fathers, who will shortly send a letter, fully embrace the doctrine of Leo XIII."

The letter, which was sent a few days later, is as follows in the original Latin:

NEO-EBORACI, 28 Februarii, 1899.

BEATISSIME PATER:

Vixdum Sanctitatis Vestræ litteras circa errores, quibus Americanismi nomen datur, E^{mo} Cardinali Jacobo Gibbons Archiepiscopo Baltimorensi datas, in ephemeridibus Civitatis Neo-Eboracensis anglice redditas perlegimus, statim doctrinam in Pontificio documento propositam plene libenterque sumus amplexati: idque Sanctitati Vestræ telegraphice incunctanter significavimus. His vero Sanctitati Vestræ gratias ex corde referimus, quia supremi Doctoris ac infallibilis Magistri munere fungens, nos in viis veritatis ducit ac tenebras erroris procul a nobis repellit; eodemque spiritu Pater Hecker, si adhuc inter vivos ageret, Pontificium decretum filiali suscepisset veneratione.

At haud leve animis nostris solamen ingessit lectio litterarum Sanctitatis Vestræ, præsertim quia in eisdem asseritur errores a Sancta Sede reprobatos opinionum Patris Hecker interpretationibus esse potius accensendos quam opinionibus in se inspectis. Ceterum si quid sit, siue in doctrina siue in "Vita" laudati Patris, quod, sapienti Sanctitatis Vestræ iudicio, emendandum esse decernatur, nos libenti animo Sanctæ Sedis sententiæ acquiescimus, tum quia Ecclesia Romana est columna et firmamentum veritatis, tam quia in regulis Instituti nostri mandatur:—"Sit societatis ipsæ nostræ omniumque eius sociorum nota præcipua atque insignis, submitissio religiosa, alacris et laeta erga Sanctam Ecclesiam, omnemque potestatem in ea legitime constitutam, omnesque ordinationes auctoritate sua sancitas. Primum omnium Jesu Christi Vicario, Ecclesiæque Sanctæ Romanæ, omnibusque Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ decretis atque monitis sive ad doctrinam sive ad disciplinam spectantibus, hæc exhibeatur obedientia." Hujusmodi autem obedientia alte est in nostris insculpta cordibus, ita ut nunquam cogitavimus ab integritate et severitate Doctrinæ Catholicæ discedendi. At si juxta sententiam Sanctitatis Vestræ, nos hanc propensionem vel habuimus, vel specie saltem demonstravimus, vel nostra agendi

ratione huic propensioni favorem quocumque modo præbuimus, nos grato animo, paternam Sanctitatis Vestræ correctionem suscipimus.

Instituti nostri Constitutiones stricte mandant ut nos perfectæ studeamus orthodoxiæ, ut pro norma habeamus non tantum Ecclesiæ definitiones sed etiam monita ac probatorum auctorum scripta circa vitam spiritualem, et ut devotiones quas Ecclesia patrocinetur atque commendat, promoveamus. Et in iis, hæc declaratio invenitur: "Omnibus, etiam sacerdotibus, præscribitur, ut directione spirituali juxta auctorum probatorum principia utantur." In his ac in omnibus principia ac monita in litteris Sanctitatis Vestræ proposita nos sequuturos declaramus, pariterque plenum obsequium ac fidelem adhæSIONem Sanctitati Vestræ ac S. Romanæ Sedi profiteamur. Insuper exemplaria libri cui titulus—Vita Patris Hecker—neque vendituros neque aliis tradituros promittimus, usquedum correctio, iudicio S. Sedis facienda, non sit ad effectum perducta.

Interim ad pedes Sanctitatis Vestræ provoluti, Apostolicam Benedictionem humiliter postulamus.

Addictissimus Servus,

Pro Instituto Presbyterorum Missionis

S. Pauli Apostoli,

GEORGIUS DESHON,

Superior Generalis.

Beatissimo Patri

LEONI XIII., P.P.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the Tuxedo, New York City, on March 15, the Guild of Catholic authors and writers held the third meeting of the year 1899. Miss Marie F. Giles, Miss Lida Rose McCabe, and Mr. John Jerome Rooney were selected for the leading numbers on the programme. Two very interesting questions were presented for discussion: (1) Would the Catholic drama succeed to-day? (2) What is modern criticism?

For the February meeting an equally interesting programme was arranged, consisting of a sketch of the literary work of Joshua Huntington; a paper on writing stories for the young, by Miss Marion J. Brunowe, and an address by the editor of the *Penny Magazine*, Mr. T. C. Quinn. The topics for discussion were: (1) Do Catholic books receive competent and helpful reviews from Catholic papers? (2) Should the art of poetry be more thoroughly cultivated?

The officers of the guild are: Rev. John Talbot Smith, president; Mr. John J. Rooney, first vice-president; Miss Ellen A. Ford, second vice-president; Miss Marion J. Brunowe, secretary; Miss Marie Giles, librarian; Rev. John J. Donlon, Brooklyn, and Mr. James Clancy, New York, trustees; Mr. Arthur Ryan, secretary and treasurer, 27 Barclay Street, New York City.

The aims of the guild are: To bring Catholic writers of the metropolis and of the country together, and to help its members toward success. For this purpose committees have been appointed to read manuscript, look after copyrights, and give advice to struggling and inexperienced writers. To aid in the development of the Catholic idea in literature. To this end discussions at the meetings will be directed, new fields of work will be described, and eminent writers will address the members. Efforts will be made to revive or keep alive the memory and the good work of deceased Catholic writers.

All Catholic writers are invited to attend the meetings and to become members. The annual fee is two dollars. Applications for membership can be made to any officer of the guild. This is the only society of this kind at present existing in the United States.

*

*

*

The American Irish Historical Society has for its purposes the study of American history generally; to investigate specially the immigration of the people of Ireland to this country, determine its numbers, examine the sources, learn the place of its settlement; to examine records of every character wherever found; to endeavor to correct erroneous, distorted, and false views of history in relation to the Irish race in America; to promote and foster an honorable and national spirit of patriotism; to place the results of its historical investigations and researches in acceptable literary form, and to print, publish, and distribute its documents.

Any person of good moral character who is interested in the special work of this society shall be deemed eligible for the same. No tests other than that of character and devotion to the society's objects shall be applied to membership. The society shall comprise life members and annual members, who shall pay dues provided by the by-laws. Payment of fifty dollars in advance at one time shall constitute a life-membership. Life members shall be exempt from further membership dues. The annual membership fee shall be three dollars, payable

the first day of February in each year. Applications may be sent to Mr. Thomas B. Lawler, No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*

*

*

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the distinguished physician and scholar, of New York City, at the recent annual meeting of the American-Irish Historical Society read an instructive paper on Irish Emigration during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. He shows in this learned contribution to American history that the early Irish settlers here played an important part in the affairs of this country. Dr. Emmet's paper is written from the Catholic point of view, which is generally ignored by ordinary text-book writers. The claim is established by convincing proof that the Irish people were the pioneers from almost the first settlement on the Atlantic coast and continued until the line of emigration had crossed the continent to the Pacific. The Colonial records bear testimony that the Irish were here at an early period, and so many hamlets on the frontier were designated by such distinctive Irish names that, had we no other proof than these facts, we could not honestly divest ourselves of the conviction that Ireland contributed more in numbers for the development of this country than came from any other source.

Great injustice has been done the Irish people by depriving them of credit so justly due them. This has resulted partially from ignorance, but to a greater extent from an influence exerted prior to the first settlement in this country. The purpose which prompts this injustice has been maintained through English influence, and has always been wanting so much in charity that we can hope to accomplish little in any effort to establish the truth, so long as individuals in this country are willing to have their judgment influenced by the policy of a foreign power.

The same influence has been as actively engaged in claiming that we are English; that this country is consequently "a worthy daughter of a more worthy mother." Yet my investigations have impressed me with the belief that of the seventy-five millions forming our present population there are a far greater number of individuals who could be more certain of their African origin than there are those who could prove a direct English descent.

It is not sufficient to show proof of an ancestor sailing from an English port, as all were rated during the seventeenth century as English, without reference to their nationality. Moreover, the bearing of an English name would be no more conclusive, as we shall show a large proportion of the "Wild Irish" were compelled by law to assume English surnames which their descendants bear at the present time.

I have no accurate data bearing directly upon the early emigration of the Irish to this country, for none exist. On the other hand, the assertion that they were among the first settlers, and the most numerous afterward, cannot be disproved for the same reason. But I will show, as circumstantial evidence, that throughout the greater portion of the seventeenth century a dire provocation existed, and that the Catholics were driven out of Ireland by a persecution which has never been equalled. The world to-day is in ignorance of the fact, since a truthful history of Ireland, and of the suffering borne by a majority of the people, has yet to be written.

Whenever an advantage was to be gained by falsifying a historical event, the English government has never hesitated, for centuries past, to exercise its influence for that purpose. Yet, with a strange inconsistency, every record in the

keeping of the government is zealously preserved, notwithstanding the most damning testimony is thus furnished.

Virginia was undoubtedly first settled by the English, but at an early period the Irish began to come in, bound to serve a stated term in payment for their passage money; but eventually these people became free men, settling down on the frontier, and their descendants in the next generation, as indicated by their names appearing in the records, began to take part in the affairs of the colony.

Maryland was chiefly settled by Irish Catholics, and Calvert himself was an Irishman, and received his title of Lord Baltimore from a place in the southwest of Ireland.

William Penn spent a large portion of his life in Ireland before receiving his grant in America. A number of his followers were Irish, and the most prominent person next to Penn himself was James Logan, an Irishman, who acted as governor of the province for a number of years. He was most tolerant to the Irish Catholics, who were allowed free exercise of their religion, and they received protection in this colony from the first settlement.

Many of those who first settled in New Jersey were from Ireland, and there were undoubtedly some Irish in New Amsterdam. In the Jesuit Relations it is shown that Father Jogues, who afterward suffered the death of a martyr among the Indians of Central New York, came about 1642 from Canada to administer to those of his faith then living among the Dutch.

In 1634 the General Court of Massachusetts Bay granted lands on the Merrimac River for an Irish settlement, and there were several hundred Irishmen who served in King Philip's Indian War whose names are still preserved in the colonial records. I have a record of the fact, but neglected to note the authority of a reference to a contemporaneous account of a fearful storm which occurred in the winter of 1634-35 off the north coast of Ireland. As one of the incidents mentioned is made of the shipwreck of a vessel filled with Irish emigrants, on the second day out of their voyage to join, as was stated, the Merrimac River settlement in New England, this straw of information is a valuable indication in our current of circumstantial evidence. It establishes the fact, by another source, that an Irish settlement was planted on the Merrimac River as early as 1634. It also shows that however intolerant the New England Puritans were sometimes in their immediate surroundings to the Catholics, they did tolerate in this instance, and likely in many others, the "fighting Irish," as they were termed. In fact, they gave little thought to their religious belief so long as they remained on the frontier to fight the Indians. This incident shows that emigrants sailed from the north of Ireland for this settlement, notwithstanding it may have been necessary to have commenced their voyage from an English port, and it also proves that these people were Catholics. The fact as to their religion is established by a knowledge of the condition of the country at that particular time, as I have attempted to describe. The Catholics were fleeing in all directions from the district of country which had been laid waste, and in many instances they had to subsist on the dead bodies of those who had preceded them, and who had died on the way from starvation. None but the Catholics left Ireland at this time, as every individual in sympathy with the English was then busy in bettering his condition by securing a portion of the spoils.

There were a number of Catholics sent out to New England through the efforts of Cromwell, and although they may not have come at that time as willing emigrants their descendants must afterward have become identified with the country.

M. C. M.



"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

MAY, 1899.

NO. 410.

SALVE, REGINA!

BY R. H. ARMSTRONG.



THOU little maid among the olive-trees
That trembled when the angel bade thee
hail,
Whose wondering brow paled with the
winging breeze,
Whose heart, before his lips had told the
tale,

Had all its blessedness quite folded up
Like golden treasure in a lily cup!

Salve, Regina!

Ah, mother with the Infant at thy breast,
So wrapt about in love, given and giving;
The little God-child with His wet lips pressed
And tightening fingers clasped, and through thee living
Thy God and yet thy babe, thy very own—
Ah, sweet and full the joy that thou hast known!

Salve, Regina!

O woman at the Cross, and all alone,
That anguish singled thee as did thy bliss,
Blest among women. . . . No other moan
So full of bitterness as thine. 'Tis this
That doth make Love, remembering thee, more sweet,
And Sorrow, gentler grown, weeps at thy feet.

Salve, Salve, Regina!

Copyright. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK. 1899.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



IN our review of the progress of science in the nineteenth century let us begin with Astronomy. When the century opened astronomy, through the labors of Kepler, Galileo, Huygens, Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange, had become an exact science. These great men had given us the key to the movements of the heavenly bodies; we knew that they were all swayed by the mysterious force of gravitation, and the work of our time has been mainly to discover new planets and stars, to make more accurate our knowledge of the positions and motions of the ones we already know, and to discover the materials out of which the stars and planets are composed.

The telescopes of the year 1800 might, in certain respects, have been called primitive compared with the ones now in use, where clock-work regulates the movements, and where a microscope reveals the most delicate measurements. In 1800 the distance of not a single star had been measured; indeed, this was thought to be an impossibility, while even as late as 1836 Auguste Comte maintained that Newton's theory of gravitation could not be proved to extend beyond our own little sun-system. And he also believed that the outer stars might be composed of matter altogether different from anything known to our earth. Not many years before the beginning of the century Sir William Herschel—who, by the way, constructed his own telescope—had discovered the planet Uranus, and this was almost the only addition to the solar system which had been made within historical time. But in 1801 the diminutive planet Ceres was discovered. Ceres is only 196 miles in diameter, yet it is the largest of the minor planets. Shortly afterwards two more like it were discovered, which were named Pallas and Juno, and almost every year since then other little planets have come to light, until they now number about 232. They have been christened Asteroids, and there are astronomers who believe that they may be the fragments of one big planet which was shattered in pieces through some mighty catastrophe.

After the discovery of the asteroids astronomers became

greatly interested in two remarkable comets known as Encke's and Biela's. In 1819 Professor Encke, of Berlin, discovered the comet called after him. It is quite small, and he calculated that it returned regularly every three years and a quarter. The reason why this comet is more than commonly interesting and perplexing to astronomers is because it shows itself two hours and a quarter earlier at each appearance. A few years later—in 1826—an Austrian officer, Biela, discovered the comet which bears his name. When Biela's comet returned in 1832 thousands of people were panic-stricken, for it had been calculated that it would cross the earth's orbit and in the collision which might ensue the earth would be destroyed. When it returned in 1845 it presented an awe-inspiring, never-to-be-forgotten sight. But suddenly one night Lieutenant Maury, of the Washington Observatory, found that it had broken in two, and each of the two comets had a perfect head and tail. These celestial twins, so to speak, kept each other company. They returned in 1852; then disappeared, and have not been seen since.

After the diminutive planets of which we have spoken and Encke's and Biela's comets, the next astronomical discovery in our century was certainly a very remarkable one: we allude to the discovery of the planet Neptune. We call it very remarkable because it was made quite independently by two mathematicians who, without using a telescope, arrived almost simultaneously at the same end, namely, they indicated the very spot in the heavens where a disturbing body was to be looked for, solely by means of Newton's law of gravitation. It had been observed by astronomers ever since Sir William Herschel—the father of Sir John—discovered Uranus, in 1781, that this planet did not move as it should move according to the law of gravitation; its orbit was not what it ought to be, allowing for the attraction of the sun and the planets already discovered; some unknown body must be pulling it out of its path. But no eye had yet been able to find the disturbing body. But in 1843 John Couch Adams, a student at Cambridge, England, set to work on this problem, and sure enough he accurately calculated precisely where a new planet would be found if a telescope were turned to a certain part of the heavens. And while Adams was thus at work in his study at Cambridge, Leverrier, in Paris, was engaged in the very same way. And lo! when these two mathematicians made known the result of their difficult calculations and told astronomers where

to point their telescopes, a new planet came to light, and it was christened Neptune. After the discovery of Neptune, the next interesting discovery we came to was the finding of the paths of meteors, or shooting stars. This discovery showed that besides the sun, the planets and their moons, our solar system consists of myriads of diminutive bodies also revolving around our sun, which diminutive bodies are believed to be the shattered fragments which have been thrown up from the interior of other globes, and when these stones enter our atmosphere they become heated and glow, owing to the incredible speed at which they rush through it. But while they may be said to be swarming within our sun system, there is some evidence that their proper habitat is interstellar space; and let us add that the composition of meteors now forms a separate branch of mineralogy.

Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, in 1862 proved that a comet which in that year crossed the earth's path, crossed it at the same point in the heavens as the earth is in during the meteor shower which occurs on August 10, and he suggested that the August meteors and the comet were travelling in the same orbit. This pregnant suggestion turned out to be correct. At about the same time that Schiaparelli made this discovery in regard to the August meteors and the comet, Adams in England and Leverrier in France determined the orbit of the November meteor stream. And lo! it was found a few years later that a comet was travelling along the very path of the November shooting stars. Now, this association between these two meteor streams and these two comets was too close to be accidental; and it is now believed to be highly probable that a comet is a group of meteoric stones whose densest portion, the nucleus, is solid matter loosely held together, and cometary light is undoubtedly of electrical origin.

It is also considered probable that the much larger comets than Encke's and Biela's, which have appeared at different times, are similarly associated with vastly larger meteor systems. Professor Lockyer, moreover, has shown that fragments of meteoric stones, intensely heated in a vacuum, give a spectrum closely resembling the spectrum of a comet. Nor can there be much doubt that the countless millions of so-called shooting stars—whether grouped together as comets or flying singly through space—play an important part in the economy of the solar system. Indeed, some astronomers maintain that the unending downfall of meteoric showers upon the surface of the

sun is enough to account for the continuance of the solar light and heat. The whole immense space between the sun and the planets would certainly seem to be swarming with meteoric life, and there are even astronomers who believe that not only our solar system but the whole universe may have been formed by the coming together, under the influence of gravitation, of widely diffused meteoric matter; the collision would produce heat and incandescence, and they hold to this hypothesis rather than to that of a primeval universe in a state of vapor, which became solid through cooling and contraction. It must be said, however, that the supposition that the sun's heat and light may be kept up through a ceaseless down-pouring of meteors upon its surface is far from being so generally accepted as the theory advanced by Helmholtz. This German physicist supposes that the heat of the sun is kept up by the gradual contraction of its own mass, and thus the nebular hypothesis of Laplace—conceived in 1796—would seem as time goes on to be more and more securely established. Here let us say that Laplace, in his *Mécanique Céleste*, taught that in the far distant past the matter which at present constitutes our solar system was expanded into an immense glowing nebula rotating through space and extending far beyond where the farthest planet now is, and that this nebulous mass contracted little by little as its heat radiated into space, and as it contracted it rotated more and more rapidly, until finally smaller rings of nebulous matter one after the other were left behind from the central mass; but these smaller rings continued to revolve around it, and thus was formed our solar system—sun, planets, and moons—the sun to-day representing the core of the original nebula; and this is what is known as the nebular hypothesis. It may well be, however, that Laplace's bold conception applies only to our own sun-system, and that it does not account for the origin of the double and multiple stars in the visible universe. And let us observe that about ten thousand binary or double stars are already known. Certainly some of these double stars are of a radically different type from our own solar system, and it has been asked whether our system may not be unique in its character. May it not be an exceptional formation?

It certainly is unique among the star systems which have thus far been studied. Here let us remark that the theory of secular tidal friction developed by George Howard Darwin, son of the famous naturalist, and applied to the double stars, is conceived by Dr. T. J. J. See to have had not a little to do

with modifying their figures and their motions. The masses of the dozen double stars which this astronomer has carefully observed differ but little one from the other, and Dr. See,* who has made double stars a special study, contrasts them with our own sun accompanied by its many planets, and he supposes that they have not developed from their primal nebula in the same manner as our sun system has developed. The two stars composing a binary system are supposed in the beginning to have formed a single nebulous mass; then, after assuming the figure of an hour-glass, the nebula split into two parts, and the changes which have come about between them since they split in two have been due to tidal friction; they revolve one about the other in highly eccentric orbits, and this high eccentricity has been brought about by the action of the tides of each star on the other.†

Whether beyond the tens of millions of stars which compose our universe there may not be other universes, it is not possible to tell. Yet astronomical analogies would indicate that the furthest star which the strongest telescope can descry does not mark the limits of creation. The immensity of our universe may perhaps be grasped—but only very faintly—if we represent our solar system as a ring six feet in diameter with the sun in the centre. In this ring Neptune—the most distant planet, 2,760,000,000 miles from the sun—would be seen lying near the circumference, or about three feet from the centre of the ring. Once outside our imaginary ring and preserving the same scale of measurement, we should find nothing at all except some comets speeding from one sun to the other and swarms of meteors, until we had gone about three and a half miles. No, not until we had gone about this distance beyond the circumference of our ring should we come to the very nearest of all the outlying stars—Alpha Centauri.‡

Then from Alpha Centauri let us fancy ourselves journeying on and on and on into space, passing countless brilliant suns, some of them revolving one about the other, until at length we arrive at the furthest star which the most powerful telescope can faintly discern; and it is supposed that this almost invisible star may be represented as lying ten thousand times further from the circumference of our ring than Alpha Centauri. Another way, perhaps, to picture to ourselves the

* See his very interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, on the Solar System.

† *The Tides*. By George Howard Darwin.

‡ It is a binary, distant about twenty millions of millions of miles from the earth.

vastness of our universe is to state that if our sun (which is believed to be moving toward a point in the constellation Hercules at the probable rate of 150,000,000 miles every year) were to move straight on in the direction of the nearest so-called fixed star, Alpha Centauri, and if this star were to stay where it is, our sun would barely reach Alpha Centauri in 139,200 years. But whatever conception we may form of our universe, whatever hypothesis we may adopt in regard to its formation, we are still left in the midst of a mystery.

Whence arose the first nebula? How was meteoric dust developed? We are told that our sun system and other sun systems are controlled by the force of gravitation. But whence comes the force of gravitation? We know that our sun and many so-called fixed stars have a proper motion through space, and we know pretty well the direction of this motion. But is it consistent with the theory of gravity that the path of our sun or any other body should be a straight line? Moreover, there are a few stars which are known to be moving through space at a rate so terrific that it has been questioned whether these stars, which are moving at this indescribable, bewildering speed, may not be merely visitors, birds of passage, so to speak, from some remote universe, some outlying, far-off part of God's creation.

As we have already said, when our century began the distance of not a single star had been measured, while any knowledge of the chemical nature of the planets and stars by direct observation was believed to be an impossibility. Yet the nebular hypothesis requires, for its complete confirmation, that the matter which exists throughout our solar system should be the same matter as composes our earth. What at that time was thought to be an impossibility has been achieved: the discovery of the chemical nature of the heavenly bodies has been made through spectrum analysis. Here we may remark that the seven colors pointed out by Descartes, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, were called by Newton a spectrum, from *specto*—I behold. There are, however, an infinite variety of colors, and they were roughly divided into seven merely for convenience sake. To be brief, spectrum analysis means analyzing and studying the different kinds of light when viewed through a prism. And it is fortunate that light is of a complex nature—that there are many kinds of light rays, and that they become widely scattered—differently refracted in passing through a piece of glass cut in the shape of

a wedge or prism. Moreover, some of the rays of light may be blotted out while other rays are made brighter, and it is in these differences that we have, as it were, a code of signals which, correctly interpreted, convey to the astronomer the chemical nature of the gases by which certain light rays have been blotted out and others have been made brighter. Newton, in his work on the solar spectrum, failed to perceive on his screen the dark lines which cross the colors of the spectrum. These significant dark lines, or narrow gaps, were first pointed out by Wollaston, in 1802. But this eminent English chemist missed their true significance. He viewed the dark lines in the colors of the solar spectrum as the boundary lines of the spectral colors, and it was left to a German, Joseph Fraunhofer, not only to trace a great number of these dark lines crossing the solar spectrum (the principal ones are now called Fraunhofer's lines), but also to discover similar dark lines—although differently arranged—in the spectra of several stars; and let us say that in his observations he placed a prism before the object-glass of his telescope—a star spectroscope was an instrument not yet invented. But although Fraunhofer made some suggestive experiments and found that two dark lines in the spectrum of the sun apparently corresponded in their place in the spectrum, and in their distance from each other, to two bright lines which were generally present in artificial, terrestrial flames, he advanced no further and left us in ignorance of the cause of these dark lines—of these rayless bands.

It was not until 1859 that another German physicist, Kirchhoff, told us what these dark lines in the spectrum of the sun meant. He proved that they are due to the absorption of the vapors of similar substances which when heated give out corresponding bright lines. Here was the answer, the correct interpretation of the dark lines as a code of signals: correctly interpreted, they gave a clue to the chemical constitution of our sun. And as it is the light of the sun which gives the moon its light, he perceived that the dark lines come in the same place in the spectrum of the moon.

But when Kirchhoff examined the light of the stars with a spectroscope (all the so-called fixed stars are suns) he found that the dark lines in the star spectrum did not all occupy the same place as the dark lines in our sun spectrum, and he argued that some intrinsic difference must exist between the light of our sun and the light of the stars.

This brief work of Kirchhoff may be called the first step in

our study of the solar system and the stellar systems by spectrum analysis.

Since 1859 great progress has been made through this ingenious method of research. We know to-day not only that certain earthly substances are present in the stars, but that in some stars there are substances which are not found on our earth. Spectrum analysis has also enabled us to separate into double stars systems whose component parts are too close together for the largest telescope to resolve; these intimately connected double stars are detected through their giving a compound spectrum. Moreover the spectroscope has enabled us to calculate the rate at which a star may be travelling towards us or away from us; for the rate at which a star moves may be measured by its change of color: the color-change depending on the fact that if a star is coming towards us, the succession of light waves strike upon the eye more rapidly than if it is receding from us. If a star is receding it sends fewer vibrations in a second: hence a change in its color; its lines move towards the red end of the spectrum. But if it is moving towards us, it will appear tinged with blue. Here let us say that two centuries ago Huygens assumed as a good working hypothesis—yet one most difficult to conceive—that the vast, airless space between our earth and the stars was filled with an elastic, invisible substance to which he gave the name of ether; and he assumed that this subtle substance is set in wave-like motions by the sun and all luminous bodies, and that these waves or undulations when they strike upon the eye cause the sensation which we call light. Accepting as true this hypothesis, let us say that when the ether waves set in motion by the sun strike the earth they are impeded in their motion, for it is harder for them to travel through the solid earth than through the ether, and consequently a number of the ether waves bound or vibrate back from the earth to the eye, and as they vibrate differently according to the condition of the earth—its roughness, its dryness, its softness—they impress the eye differently and make an impression of the earth as it is. But a perfectly transparent body lets nearly all the ether waves pass through it; in this case very few of the ether waves vibrate back to the eye, and so you might walk up against a glass door without seeing it. But put some mercury behind the glass, and you have a reflected image of yourself, a looking-glass; because the mercury lets hardly any of the ether waves pass through it—it makes them vibrate back to your eye.

A leaf looks green because all the ether waves, except the green waves, are supposed to be absorbed by the leaf; only the green waves vibrate back to your eye, and vibrate just rapidly enough to make on your eye the sensation called green. A red object is supposed to absorb all the ether waves except the red ones, which vibrate back and give the sensation called red. A blue object is supposed to absorb all the ether waves except the blue ones, which vibrate back and give the sensation called blue; and so on with all the other colors. In a word, the colors of objects are supposed to be due to the unequal absorption of rays of light of different refrangibility. But spectrum analysis has done more than separate double stars and tell how fast stars may be travelling to or from us. It has also thrown not a little light on the nature of the nebulæ. Sir William Herschel supposed that the nebulæ were all star clusters which were too distant for any telescope to discover the stars which compose them. Now we know that, while stars and nebulæ are often closely connected, many nebulæ consist entirely of glowing hydrogen and nitrogen gases.

But wonderful as have been the results achieved through spectrum analysis, we have discovered by means of photography things almost as wonderful. By applying a sensitive photograph plate to the telescope instead of the human eye, we have obtained photographs of comets, stars, and nebulæ which it was utterly impossible for the eye to see through the telescope; the retina of the strongest eye soon wearies, whereas the metallic plate does not weary, and the cumulative effects of many hours' exposure reveal depths in our universe undreamed of before. Astronomers are even preparing to photograph the entire heavens, and when this task is completed we shall have photographs of between ten and twenty millions of stars.

PHYSICS.

From astronomy let us pass to the domain of Physics. Here we may confidently say that one of the most important discoveries of our century is the law of the conservation of energy. What led up to this discovery was the determination by many experiments of the mechanical equivalent of heat. A century ago Sir Humphry Davy concluded that heat was a mode of motion, "probably a vibration of the corpuscles (that is, the little particles) of bodies tending to separate them." Thus, if we set a pan of water on some burning coals, the vi-

bration which takes place in the coals as they burn passes into the metal of the pan, and through the pan it passes to the water. Presently the minute particles which compose the water tend to push apart. But being bound to one another by the force of attraction, they quiver and vibrate, for they cannot yet get away from each other; and it is this vibration which gives you the sensation of heat if you touch the water with your finger. But by and by, as the water in the pan gets hotter and hotter, the quivering and vibration of its tiny particles become more and more violent, until at length the force of attraction which holds the particles of water together is overcome by the force of motion, and then away fly these little particles in the shape of steam. But we have not space to tell all the ways whereby it has been shown that heat is not a material substance but a mode of motion, and that energy may be converted into heat. Let us merely observe that it is generally held that James P. Joule, of Manchester, in 1849, was the first to establish that a certain force exerted would produce a corresponding amount of heat; that there was a mechanical equivalent of heat. By a very ingenious experiment he showed that a weight weighing one pound must fall 772 feet in order to raise the temperature of one pound of water by 1° Fahrenheit. And Joule's conclusions led to the more general law known as the conservation of energy. By this is meant that the energy, the power to do work in the operations of nature which a body possesses, may be transformed but cannot be destroyed. The energy which converts heat into work or work into heat remains always the same; if it be lost in one form it will reappear in another. A ball that falls to the ground rests there, but the energy of the falling ball has been converted into heat, which heat, if it were stored up and utilized, would again lift the ball to the height from which it fell. This important principle would seem to show that all the forces of nature depend one on the other; and moreover, that force does not originate on the earth, but comes to us from the sun, or had its source in the sun before the earth parted from it.*

ELECTRICITY.

We shall now speak of electricity. Our century has witnessed marked advances in this science, although we do not

* Memorandums found among the papers of the French scientist, Sadi Carnot, prove that he had come to believe that heat is in reality motion—motion which has changed its form. A number of years before Joule, Carnot had convinced himself of the doctrine of the conservation of energy.

yet know what electricity really is. But while we take a reasonable pride in what has been achieved in the past hundred years through this form of energy, we should not forget what was done by Galvani and Franklin. These great men prepared the way for Volta.

In 1800 Alessandro Volta, an Italian, made the first step toward the electric telegraph by showing that two different metals—say, zinc and copper—joined by a wire and placed in acid and water, will set up a current of electricity from the one to the other. And in the electric battery which Volta made, and which is known as the *Voltaic pile*, a constant current of electricity will pass along the wire for any distance as long as the circuit is not interrupted.

The next discovery, namely, that electricity is in some mysterious way connected with magnetism, was made by a Dane named Hans Christian Oersted, in 1819. It had been known since the fifteenth century that a needle after having been rubbed on a loadstone* always points north and south; and this kind of needle, as it is very useful to mariners, became known as the mariner's compass.

But why did one end of the needle point to the north and the other end to the south? Not a few scientists answered this question by saying that the needle must be acted upon in some way by electric currents, which are known to be constantly streaming to and fro in the atmosphere. But it was not until 1819 that Oersted found that when an electric current is made to pass from south to north along a conducting wire which is placed parallel to a magnetic needle, the north end of the needle will turn towards the west until it lies at right angles to the path of the current. For example, if a copper wire be placed so that its two ends point north and south, and if a magnetic needle be poised right below it, the needle will now lie in a line with the wire, because a magnetic needle always points north and south. But if the wires of a Voltaic battery be made to join the two ends of this copper wire so that an electric current passes along it from south to north, then, as we have said, the north end of the needle begins to move away from the north towards the west, viz., towards the left side of the electric current, and it will keep moving until it points to the west.

* It had long been known that a mineral called loadstone (iron in union with other substances) attracted iron; the loadstone is called a magnet because it was first discovered at a place called Magnesia, in Greece.

This discovery (the importance of which Oersted did not perceive) marked the very first step in a new science, the science of electro-magnetism. Shortly after Oersted's discovery a French physicist, André Ampère, heard about it and he set eagerly to work, and in less than a week brought to light some curious facts about electro-magnetism. First he found that while the magnetic needle does indeed always lie across the path of the electric current, the north end of the needle turns different ways according to the direction in which the electric current flows. Arguing also from the hypothesis that magnetic force is caused by electric currents, Ampère tried to magnetize a bar of steel by running an electric current round it; and by an ingenious method he succeeded. He wound a copper wire—enveloped in silk—round a steel bar; then joining the two ends of the wire to a Voltaic battery, he sent a current of electricity through it; and thus did he make the first electro-magnet.

Moreover, Ampère conceived the pregnant idea that if an electric current may change a piece of metal into a magnet, the whole earth might be viewed as a gigantic magnet (being acted upon by the electric currents flowing from east to west): and might not this give a clue to the direction of the magnetic needle?

Here let us observe that to-day the magnetism of the earth is supposed to be influenced by spots on the sun. The explanation commonly given of sun spots is that luminous clouds which envelop the sun open at times and give us a glimpse of the body of the sun within; and these small parts of the sun's body look like spots. It has been found also by observation that the spots regularly grow less during a period of five and a half years, after which they gradually increase again in number. There is, therefore, a regular cycle of about eleven years in the growth and diminution of sun spots. And that they do exert some influence upon our earth is perceived by their effects on the magnetic needle and the electric telegraph. Moreover, as grand displays of the aurora borealis very often appear at the same time as the breaking out of uncommonly big sun spots, there is reason to believe that the Aurora and magnetic storms set in motion by the sun, 92,000,000 miles away, are intimately connected.

But to come back to electro-magnetism, let us say that even as Oersted's discoveries had kindled the genius of Ampère, so did Ampère's successful work in this new science impart in-

creased enthusiasm to an English scientist, Michael Faraday. Deeply impressed by Ampère's experiment whereby a steel bar had been made into a magnet by passing an electric current through it, Faraday determined to see whether by reversing the experiment he might not set up a current of electricity by means of a magnet. In this he succeeded, and the many feet of wire which in his experiment he wound round a hollow wooden cylinder into which he thrust and drew out a powerful bar magnet (while it rested in the cylinder no electric current was set upon the wire) led the way to what is known as the induction coil, by which powerful electrical effects are produced. Here we may observe how electricity and magnetism—through the discoveries of Volta, Oersted, Ampère, and Faraday—surely led up, step by step, to the invention of the telegraph and the telephone.

We remember how in 1800 Volta showed that a current of electricity may be produced by placing two different metals, joined by a wire, in acid and water and the current sent for any distance along the wire. Shortly afterwards it began to be asked whether this current might not be used in some way to make signals.

Different plans were tried and failed, until, as we have said, Oersted discovered that an electric current made to flow from south to north near a magnetic needle caused the needle to turn and point west—at right angles to the path of the current; and until Ampère further showed that the north end of the needle might be turned from side to side, in different directions, by changing the direction of the electric current; the direction of the needle depending on the direction of the current. What was afterwards accomplished by Wheatstone, Morse, and others was merely to invent practical methods of utilizing the discoveries of these scientists. An electric current is sent along a wire and a message is framed according to the way in which the current flows round a magnetic needle; the direction of the needle depends on the direction of the current; so many turns of the needle to the right or to the left mean this or that letter. Herein lies the whole secret of the electric telegraph.

But perhaps as useful as the telegraph has been the invention of the telephone. In 1876 Professor Graham Bell, of Boston, after several other inventors had tried and failed, produced an instrument which enables one person to speak to another at a distance. And this invention largely depends on a discovery

by Faraday which we have mentioned, namely, that an electric current may be set up in a coil of wire wound round a wooden cylinder through the motion of a magnet drawn in and out of the cylinder. Now, a telephone is a small instrument containing a permanent magnet at whose upper end is fastened a piece of soft iron, around which is coiled some copper wire enveloped in silk, and this wire is made to connect with another telephone perhaps many miles away. At a little distance above the piece of soft iron, around which the copper wire is coiled, rests an iron plate or disc enclosed in a wooden frame which has an opening at the top, and into this opening the person speaks.

The vibrations of the voice cause the particles of the disc to vibrate or quiver; this vibration or quivering of the particles of the disc affects the soft iron bar set a little below it and around which the wire is coiled. Now, this bar of soft iron—which has become magnetized by touching one end of a permanent magnet—has its magnetization changed according to the rate at which it vibrates and according to the form of the vibration or quivering; and this change in the magnetization of the iron immediately sets up currents of electricity in the coil of wire, and these currents flow instantaneously to the other end of the wire, which is connected with another telephone, and at this other end they flow around another coil of wire, affect another piece of soft iron, and cause the particles of another plate or disc to vibrate in exactly the same manner as the plate into the wooden frame of which the words were spoken. But if the same sounds are given out, it is not because the sound vibrations have passed along the wire, but because the vibrations, which at the speaker's end were changed into electric currents, are changed back again by these currents into identical sound vibrations in a similar plate or disc at the listener's end; and these vibrations reproduce the very tone of the speaker. Surely if we analyze this invention we cannot fail to see how much it owes to Faraday's discovery that an electric current may be set up in a coil of wire by means of a magnet drawn in and out of the coil.

But many as are the uses to which electricity has been turned in our wonderful century, we do not yet know what it really is. It may indeed be a fluid of a most subtle character. Yet this is merely a descriptive hypothesis. Here we quote from W. Stanley Jevons: * “An infinitely closer analogy exists between

* *The Principles of Science*, vol. ii. p. 154.

electricity and light undulations, which are about equally rapid in propagation; and while we shall probably continue for a long time to talk of the electric fluid, there can be no doubt that this expression merely represents some phase of a molecular motion, some wave of disturbance propagating itself at one time through material conductors, at another time through the ethereal basis of light."

GEOLOGY.

From electricity let us now turn to Geology. A century ago the history of our earth was read very differently from the way we read it to-day. It was then the common belief that our earth had existed not very much more than five or six thousand years, and that the mountains and valleys, the tilted rocks and cañons, were evidences of mighty catastrophes. But a poor English surveyor, William Smith, well named the Father of English Geologists, was at work making a map of the various geological formations of his country, and in this map he showed how the strata were placed one above the other and how each stratum was characterized by different fossils; and the work he accomplished contributed not a little to a correct reading of the earth's past history. It was not, however, until 1830 that the old-time views were seriously questioned by a famous geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. After patiently and carefully studying the changes which were going on around him during his own life-time, and the causes of those changes, Lyell wrote a book entitled *Principles of Geology*, in which he argued that the crust of the earth as we behold it now is not the work of any uncommon violence of nature, but is the result of causes which are still active; but so gradually, so imperceptibly are changes brought about that we do not observe them. We do not see Nature ever at her work carving out valleys, levelling mountains, making the beds of rivers, raising land above the sea in one place, submerging it in the sea at another. And we believe we are correct when we say that to-day Lyell's views prevail among the great majority of geologists, and they are called Uniformitarians. But whether we range ourselves with the Uniformitarians or not, the geology of our century has made it highly probable that our globe is millions of years old. It has also come to be generally accepted that at no very remote period in the past—it may be not more than eight or ten thousand years ago—there was what is called an Ice-age, or glacial epoch. It was Louis Agassiz who first pointed out, in

the different countries which he visited about fifty years ago, the scratchings on rocks seemingly made by ice. He also showed the remains of ancient moraines in places where to-day no glaciers are to be found, and he called attention to huge boulders—erratics—which must have been carried from a distance by ice. From all his observations Agassiz concluded that at one time a field of ice, not unlike the ice-field which in our age covers Greenland, must have spread over a portion of North America and Europe.

Since Agassiz studied the subject many others have taken it up; and let us observe that quite recently Dr. James A. Mitchell, professor of geology at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, has written a very interesting paper on glacial action in permo-carboniferous time. There is, therefore, not a little evidence to show that at one period of the earth's history, and it may be at different periods, a marked change of climate occurred in certain parts of the globe. This change may have been brought about by changes in the distribution of land and sea, and with this change of climate many regions became covered with a mantle of ice.

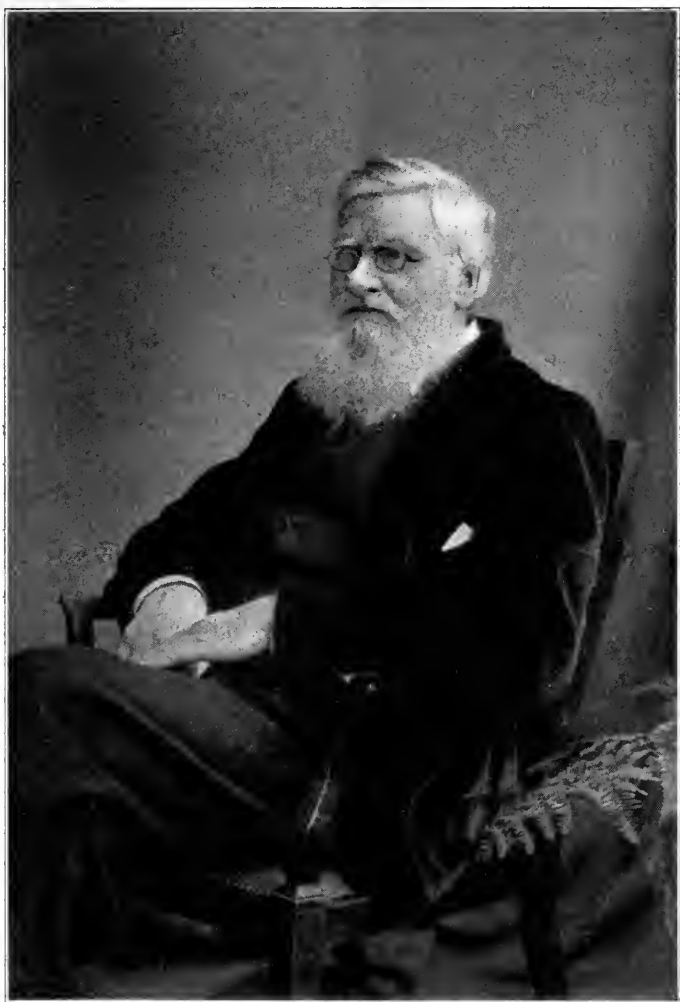
NATURAL SELECTION.

While the geologists of our century were at work studying the rocks, naturalists were endeavoring to explain how the different kinds of plants and animals which they saw around them had come to be what they are. The doctrine that they had been separately created by a distinct act of the Creator was almost universally held up to the beginning of the century. But in 1809 a great French naturalist, Lamarck, in a book too little read, entitled *Philosophie Zoologique*, taught that organic life had developed from lower into higher forms. Not many persons, however, accepted Lamarck's view. The great majority still held to the belief that Almighty God had created animals and plants pretty much as we see them to-day. What the great St. Augustine had written fifteen hundred years before about the operation of natural laws and creation by means of secondary causes seemed to be utterly forgotten. But as the century advanced, naturalists, although they had turned a deaf ear to Lamarck and had ignored St. Augustine, became more and more impressed by the fossils which they discovered in the rocks. In the lowest and oldest fossil-bearing strata, laid down millions of years ago, were found only shells of sea animals. A little higher up came fish. Above the primeval fish appeared

the remains of swimming reptiles, some of them of gigantic size. In a little higher strata still were discovered reptiles with wings, and birds with teeth and long reptilian tails. Above the winged reptiles and reptilian birds were found lowly organized mammals of a distinctly reptilian type; transition forms, as it were, leading up to typical mammals, which finally appeared in the highest and newest rocks. It was interesting, too, to observe, in studying these numberless fossil remains, that the nearer the strata came together—in rocks nearly of the same age—the more closely did the fossils contained in the strata resemble each other; while the farther apart the strata, the more unlike were the fossils. And naturalists began to ask themselves whether this might not point to genetic affinity. Did it not look as if new forms had not merely succeeded each other, but that there had been some special link connecting the numberless forms which appeared one after the other in the various strata? And the more they studied the fossils in the rocks and saw evidence of a gradual advance from the general to the special, from the low to the high, from the simple to the complex, and when naturalists became aware, too, of the striking facts revealed by embryology, the more convinced did they become that the organic life which they saw around them, instead of having been separately, specially created, had been gradually unfolded from a few simple types which God had created in the beginning. They only waited for some plausible explanation of how this unfolding might have come about in order to accept the doctrine of development. This plausible explanation was at last given by two naturalists—Charles Darwin and Alfred R. Wallace—who had been working at the problem thousands of miles apart, and who, without knowing what the other was doing, adopted the same line of argument. Their solution of the problem—which was Natural Selection*—appeared in two essays which were read the same evening—July 1, 1858—at the Linnæan Society, London.

It was, however, Darwin's work—*The Origin of Species*—which appeared in November, 1859, that made so profound an impression on the scientific world and persuaded so many naturalists to accept the doctrine of development. In this work Natural Selection, as the main but not the only cause of change of species, is made to explain so many difficulties, gives such satisfactory reasons why in the lowest and oldest rocks we

* Darwin called it natural selection in order to mark the analogy between it and artificial selection.



ALFRED R. WALLACE PROPOSED THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION THE SAME EVENING, JULY 1, 1858, WITH DARWIN.

should find the lowest types of life, and why little by little, as organic life multiplied and the struggle increased, more complicated forms appeared—better fitted to survive in changed conditions—that we can hardly wonder at the impression which this book made. Nevertheless, Lamarck's explanation of development still counts for not a little with some well-known naturalists, especially in America, where they are termed Neo-Lamarckians.

Lamarck's theory is that development has come about mainly

through the direct action of the environment upon internal structure and the transmission of the modifications thus produced. He tells us, in *Philosophie Zoologique*, that species vary under changing external influences. While Lamarck firmly believed in a Creator, he rejected the doctrine that animals had been created for a certain mode of life. He taught that a certain mode of life had, so to speak, created the animals.

And let us add that Lamarck's definition of species is perhaps the best definition we have. "A species," he says, "is a collection of similar individuals which are perpetuated by generation in the same condition, as long as their environment has not changed sufficiently to bring about variation in their habits, their character, and their form."

But, as we have observed, it was the theory of natural selection, as propounded by Darwin and Wallace and elaborated in Darwin's epoch-making book, that gave the first rude shock to the belief in separate, special creations. And now when our century is closing we find the doctrine of evolution opposed only by well-meaning persons who have not made natural history a special study.* With little or no knowledge of classification, of geographical distribution, of geology, of comparative anatomy, or of embryology, these persons do not hesitate to set up their own crude opinions against the opinions of authorities like St. George Mivart, Romanes, Cope, Marsh, Leidy, and hosts of other world-known students of nature. Their opposition, however, is of no avail, and we may confidently assert that while naturalists are not all of one mind in regard to the causes of development (some holding natural selection to be the main factor, others adopting Lamarck's view, while a very small number believe that we have yet to find a *vera causa*), no naturalist of any repute declares his disbelief in the progressive evolution of species from other species. But, while naturalists differ in regard to the factors of development, we ourselves believe that the greater popularity of natural selection is largely owing to the fact that it does not require a naturalist to think it out. Its very simplicity has done much to make it popular. But it does require a naturalist's knowledge to discover the slight, promiscuous variations which exist in all groups of animals and plants. And it is from these variations (which are

*See Monsignor Beaunard's earnest letter on the Scientific Instruction of the Clergy, in *Annales Catholiques*, 6th August, 1898. He calls his letter a "Cri d'alarme."

See also *Dublin Review*, October, 1898, page 246, where Bishop Hedley of Newport says: ". . . the foremost Catholic men of science of the day not only hold a theory of evolution, but consider that there can be no doubt on the matter."

probably largely due to the direct action of the environment) that favorable ones are seized upon and developed by nature. In the struggle for life nature selects, so to speak, the variations which are most fitted to survive: the variations best adapted to thrive on a certain food, to live in a certain climate, to escape certain enemies. And climate, food, and enemies are not always the same; there is some little change, imperceptible to us, going on all the time. And thus in the course of years the race becomes changed to suit the changed conditions. This is what is meant by natural selection. And we may add that Lamarck's explanation of the origin of species is not really opposed to Darwin and Wallace's view. It is rather complementary to it.

MEDICINE.

We shall now conclude our brief review of science in the nineteenth century with a few remarks on the progress of Medicine. Perhaps no discovery has done so much to lessen pain as the discovery of chloroform. The use of this anæsthetic for producing unconsciousness was first made about fifty years ago by Sir James Y. Simpson; and by means of chloroform surgeons are not afraid to perform operations which used to be considered impossible. Before its use the shock to the system was too great for recovery.

Almost as useful to mankind as chloroform has been Dr. Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds. By this treatment freshly cut surfaces may be exposed to the air and will soon heal; for it has been proved that suppuration and putrefaction are not due to normal changes, but are caused by the presence of bacteria. Lister's method consists in carefully washing every instrument that touches a wound in a solution of corrosive sublimate, and in filling the air which surrounds the patient with an abundant spray of carbolic acid. The microscopic disease-germs are thus kept away or destroyed. Here let us say that we owe to the brilliant researches of Pasteur the foundation of modern bacteriology. Through Pasteur the microscope has lifted physiology and pathology into new realms of discovery. The minute, injurious animal organisms which may gain an entrance into our blood or tissues, bringing with them disease and death, have in a number of cases been checked and destroyed; and it was mainly upon Pasteur's researches and upon the discovery of chloroform that modern surgery waited before it made its stupendous advance.

Quite recently we have seen another discovery open the way to still further progress in medicine. The wonderful phenomena of the X rays, as they are sometimes called, have rendered many opaque objects transparent, and have allowed the surgeon to see where calcareous deposits and foreign metallic substances may be hidden in the body. We owe the discovery of these mysterious rays to William Konrad Roentgen, professor of physics at Würzburg, Germany. For many years he had made a special study of phenomena which spring from the action of electric currents in glass tubes exhausted of air and known as Crookes, or vacuum, tubes. He found that the rays emanating from a Crookes tube, excited by an electric current, produced an effect in many ways like the effect produced by ordinary rays of light, yet with this singular difference, viz., that they would penetrate certain substances which ordinary light rays do not penetrate. Like electricity, these rays are invisible and are recognized only by their effects. Their exact nature we do not know, and hence the name of X, or unknown, rays given to them by their discoverer. There is a high probability, however, that they are transverse vibrations in the ether, but of vastly shorter wave-lengths than the vibrations of ordinary light rays. And they differ from ordinary light rays in the fact that they cannot be deflected or refracted or brought to a focus: they proceed only in straight lines. Let us add that the picture of the object which we obtain through the X rays is not, strictly speaking, a photograph, although developed in the same manner; the picture (or radiograph, as it is called) is a shadow-picture of the object.

But, great as has been the progress in medicine during the past hundred years, we may confidently look for still greater progress in the not distant future through the solution of the great problem of immunity and its practical corollary, artificial immunization (the new doctrine of antitoxins), as well as through a profounder study of cellular pathology, with which Professor Rudolph Virchow's name is closely associated. This eminent German biologist tells us, after long observation and experiment, that we must give up the idea that highly organized living things are units; they are organisms each constituent part of which has its own special life. Ultimate analysis of higher animals brings us to the cell, which is composed of chemical substances not in themselves alive. The organism, according to Virchow, is not an individual but a social mechanism; as a nation is to its citizens so is man to his cells. The

cells are the factors of existence; all life comes from antecedent life; every cell springs from another cell. And while he admits that many diseases are caused by invading microbes, he maintains that—microbes apart—disease is due to the inherited properties of the cells of the organ affected. And in the treatment of disease we should strive to affect the cells.

Here we end our review of what science has accomplished in this wonderful century. But before we dismiss the subject let us ask what may have been the century's note—its distinguishing mark? To our mind it has been its closer touch with nature; it has looked more to achievement than to sterile rhetoric; it has seen, with the monk Roger Bacon, that it is only by observation and experiment that we can pass the golden gateway which leads into the domain of the physical sciences. And while our century has not denied to tradition its due value, it has refused to let tradition lay too heavy a hand on freedom and originality of thought. It has aimed, as never before, to trace phenomena to their sources, and the study of Origins is leading to a revolution in our conception of every branch of study. But having said this, we may add that the truly great and wise among us recognize how little we know compared to what there is to be known. We recognize that we are finite minds attempting infinite problems, and in the words of one of the profoundest thinkers of our time on the Philosophy of Science, we say: * "From science modestly pursued, with a due consciousness of the extreme finitude of our intellectual powers, there can arise only nobler and wider notions of the purpose of creation. . . . Our science will not deny the existence of things because they cannot be weighed and measured. It will rather lead us to believe that the wonders and subtleties of possible existence surpass all that our mental powers allow us clearly to perceive."

* W. Stanley Jevons, *The Principles of Science*, vol. ii. page 468.



St. Catherine of Siena.

HER carved semblance hangs upon my wall :
The meek-bowed head within the halo wide,
The pierced hands folded o'er the wounded side ;
Against her breast the lily petals fall,
Herself a fragile lily, pale and tall,
Siena's old-time Saint and present pride :
A face not beautiful, but calm, clear-eyed
To look through visions to the heart of all.



O Caterina, thou whose simple feet
To lowly needs in loving service bent,
Trod life's plain ways, whence came thy skill to move
The destiny of states with influence sweet?
A messenger of peace from heaven sent
With serpent's wisdom in the harmless dove!

CAROLYN SAGE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORENCE.

BY E. MCAULIFFE.

"The rills that glitter down the grassy slope
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view."—*Dante*.

"Florence, within her ancient limit mark,
Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace."—*Ibid*.



WE had our first experience of Italian life in Florence, where we took a suite of rooms in a private family. Our rooms fronted on a sunny square opposite the Pitti Palace, and not far from Casa Guidi; we had those beautiful windows before us, which Ruskin says are the finest in Europe; we had a view of the Boboli gardens, which I think the most beautiful in Italy, and of the Fortezza Belvidere, a fortress which stands on the summit of the hill, behind the gardens and overlooking them. The first sound we heard on awakening in the morning was the bugle call, the first sight that greeted our eyes was the regimental drill in the camp-field, where the men looked as though they were exercising in the clouds. Then followed the march down the winding paths to the city, with pennons waving and lances glittering in the sun.

But it was not alone the exterior attractions that pleased us so much; it was beyond all else the sweet, pious interior. The family consisted of a young widow, beautiful and not at all conscious of it; not learned,

"Save in gracious household ways";

and a little child of four years, whose prattle was a continual Italian lesson. We encouraged her to visit us; so her mother brought her in for one or two hours every evening after dinner. Little Adelina's first care was to instruct us in our religion. She commenced by asking us if we were Christians; we answered in the affirmative, but she shook her head incredulously, saying: "Forestieri non sono Cristiani, tutti sono eretici" (Foreigners are not Christians; they are all heretics). Then she



"LINGERING UNDER ARCADES FILLED WITH THE WORK OF FRA ANGELICO."

ordered us to "segna" (make the sign of the cross). We asked her to teach us how; then she took the right hand of each in turn, and taught us how. Next she brought a prayer-book, and, opening it at a picture of the crucifixion, told us the history of our redemption, and then held it up to each one's lips to be kissed. After which she would kiss us herself, and say "brave bambine" (good children).

Now, there was a considerable distance to be traversed from my rooms to those occupied by the family; the house was immense and old-fashioned, built around a square central court, which was not lit by gas, or in any other way. When it was time to leave, Donna Louisa lighted her lamp, and it was an art study to watch the little group going down the long, gloomy passage; Adelina skipping like a fawn beside her graceful young mother, who carried in her hand the antique Etruscan lamp which shed its little halo of light around them; it was like a picture from the illuminated border of an old manuscript.

Our mornings were spent in the churches; the monasteries, art galleries, museums, etc., occupied the afternoons, besides many expeditions outside the walls. Even at this distance of

time the memory of those days of ecstasy makes my pulses throb: Santa Maria Novella, where St. Dominic preached; Santa Croce, full of the spirit of St. Francis; San Marco—what hours of delight we spent in those cloisters! lingering under arcades filled with the work of Fra Angelico, of whom Ruskin says: "A man who smiled seldom, wept often, prayed constantly, and never harbored an impure thought. His pictures are simply so many pieces of jewelry." We saw those massive books of which Longfellow speaks in repelling the aspersions cast by Protestant writers on the monks of the middle ages: "That they slept their lives away is most untrue. For, in an age when books were few, so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley slaves to their benches—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day."

We visited the Certosa, in the beautiful Val d'Eura, and saw the remnant of a once numerous community, a few aged men in the white robes of their order. This is one of the suppressed monasteries. The government makes money out of it by taxing visitors; *United Italy* makes quite a revenue out of the sacred shrines and places of pilgrimage all over the oppressed land.

One of our favorite walks was up the narrow, steep road to San Miniato, where a deed of grace was accomplished centuries ago. Giovanni Gualberto, a young knight belonging to a noble family, was descending the hill on Good Friday, after Mass. He had been strongly wrestling with himself that morning, because a beloved brother had been cruelly slain and vengeance was in his heart. Now, however, he was calmed by prayer, and in a better frame of mind, when midway on the hill he met the slayer face to face. All his good resolutions vanished; like a flash of lightning his sword was out and raised to strike, when the offender, falling on his knees, besought him, for the sake of Him who died on that day, to spare and pardon him. Gualberto sheathed his sword, but never returned to his ancestral home. Filled with horror at himself for the crime he was so near committing, he sought the desolate heights of Vallombrosa, where he founded a monastery of the most austere rule, and soon gathered about him a number of holy men. He lived here a life of great sanctity, and was canonized after his death.



"THE REMNANT OF A ONCE NUMEROUS COMMUNITY, A FEW AGED MEN IN THE WHITE ROBES OF THEIR ORDER."

Alluding to such foundations, Bulwer writes: "There was a certain vastness of mind in the adoption of utter solitude, in which the first enthusiasts of our religion indulged. The remote desert, the solitary rock, the rude dwelling hollowed from the cave, . . . all make a picture of severe and preternatural grandeur." On the very spot where this noble victory over self was achieved, on the hill-side at San Miniato, a fine fresco, in good preservation, perpetuates its memory. It represents

the knight standing and sheathing his sword, while his foe kneels at his feet, with hands raised in an attitude of supplication.

The cloisters of Vallombrosa are now deserted, except by a few aged monks who show the place to strangers. When they die, their places will not be filled by religious. Thus goes on the work of de-Christianizing the land.

In spite of religious persecution and infidel rulers, there exists in Florence to-day one of the greatest and most useful religious societies in the world. I speak of the "*Misericordia*." This extraordinary society was founded in the thirteenth century, and has gone on extending its labors, insomuch that it still possesses the vigor of youth. The members are all men: laborers, mechanics, men of business, bankers, nobles, even the grand dukes have not disdained membership. A certain number are appointed for each day's work; the tolling of a bell gives notice when and where they are wanted, like our old system of fire-bells. They are called for all accidents, they bring the injured to the hospitals; they visit the sick and the needy in their homes, provide nurses when necessary, and all comforts that the sick require; and they bury the dead. For all this no pay is received or thought of; it is pure charity, unostentatious charity, for the recipients only know them as "*brothers of the Misericordia*"; their faces, when in the discharge of their good works, are never seen. Every brother wears a black domino, with holes to accommodate his eyes, thus keeping literally the Gospel precept of not letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Boxes, labelled "*For the Misericordia*," are placed in different parts of the city, and the alms collected in these boxes, together with private donations, comprise their entire revenue.

In Italy funerals generally take place at night, and it is a weird and thrilling sight to see the long procession of black dominoes winding through a narrow street by torchlight, and chanting the psalms that compose the office for the dead. In funerals of the poor they dispense with a hearse, and the members bear the coffin (generally covered with flowers) on their shoulders to a chapel near the cemetery, where it is left for the night and quietly buried next morning, none but relatives attending. White dominoes are worn in processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Every Sunday morning, at the early Masses, when the priest has finished giving Communion to all who approach the altar, he descends the steps bearing the ciborium,

and passes down the aisle and into the street, and so on to the houses of all who have sent notice that they are unable, through sickness or infirmity, to come to the church. A band of the *Misericordia* accompanies the priest. One goes in front, ringing the little bell; four carry the small canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, others following, all chanting as they go. Many persons join the ranks through devotion, and even



CAMPANILE AND CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE.

go into the sick person's room, or kneel on the landing if the room is crowded, while the holy rites are being administered. As the priest, bearing his sacred burden, passes through the streets all who meet him kneel, except those unhappy ones who know no God but United Italy. On week-days this devotion is more noticeable, as there are more people in the streets, and they are mostly intent on business. Once I saw a poor bill-poster who was on the top of a ladder when he heard the bell, and he hurried down at the risk of breaking his neck, in order to be in time to kneel as the *Santissimo* passed. The Society of the *Misericordia* is highly revered by all creeds and classes. I have never heard it sneered at or ridiculed by our brethren outside the church.

Another wonderful Florentine custom is that of keeping lamps burning before holy pictures in their places of business, thus placing religion above all. The picture is attached to the wall, near the ceiling, at the end of the store, so that when the lamp is lit it can be seen from the street. As you pass through a street at nightfall they are like so many stars, glimmering through the gloom before the gas is lighted. We used to buy fruit from a young man who kept a little shop close to one of the bridges (Ponte Santa Trinità); he was very handsome and polite, and a good father to his little family. One day, on going into the store, I noticed that Auguste was in a state of pleased excitement. After he had received my order and selected for me his best fruit, he took down from a shelf a long roll, which on unrolling proved to be a brand-new print of the Madonna. He looked at the bright hues of the picture in perfect ecstasy; then at me, saying: "Bella, signora, non è vero?" (Is it not beautiful, madam?) The picture which hung above the lamp was faded and smoky, and this was to take its place. Of course I admired it immensely, and applauded him for his devotion to the Blessed Mother. There is another store, near the Mercato Vecchio, a very fashionable establishment for fine handkerchiefs, laces, and white goods in general, where the proprietor sends out all packages wrapped in the sheets of a religious newspaper; no other kind of paper is used; and this is done with the pious intention of enlightening the *heretics*. These are the really good Italians, for there is not the slightest doubt that such things stand against them in a business way.

Christmas came, and all Florence poured into the churches for the novena. The chapel of the royal palace opposite our house was opened to the public for the occasion, and we went every evening with the family, to which were added two grandfathers and a beautiful young aunt (Zia), who was sister to my little landlady. When the eve of *Natale* (Christmas) came we went with them to midnight Mass, in the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. I felt, with the Ancient Mariner:

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!"

But we were more favored than the Ancient Mariner, for we

had the "wedding feast." Adelina, the little gossip, had told us how Signor Alberto came every evening and stayed with Zia and Nonno (grandpa) talking; and so it happened that there was a wedding soon after Christmas, and Zia was the bride and Signor Alberto the bridegroom. This is a digression; to return to my subject.

I have seen Florence under many aspects, but never so



PORTA ST. NICOLA, FLORENCE.

beautiful as on that starry Christmas eve. All the ways that led to the cathedral were crowded; none but the sick stayed at home. There were no disorderly characters abroad; "silent and devout," like the spirits whom Dante met, they wended their way past the marvels of art in the streets and squares, past the Baptistery gates, past San Michele, past Giotto's tower, not giving a thought to art; all minds intent on one subject only: the Divine Inspirer of all art. As the clock

strikes the hour of midnight, the priest standing, vested, at the foot of the altar, a silken screen is suddenly withdrawn, which reveals a little waxen image of a new-born babe in front of the tabernacle. A low murmur of love and adoration runs through the multitude, which is quickly hushed as the Mass begins. Numbers approach the holy table. In such scenes one feels as though heaven was not so far off. At the close of the ceremonies the scene changes; we are on earth again. In the streets now the crowd is all joy and gladness. Christmas wishes are interchanged, the restaurants are opened, the people pouring into them for early breakfast—whole families have come from a distance, and remain up all night in order to attend the four o'clock Mass, before returning to their homes in the distant hills.

How pleasant it was to hear on all sides the soft Tuscan tongue! We had drifted quite out of the region where English prevailed. It is a curious thing that the most perfect language, language grammatically correct, is spoken intuitively by all, even the uneducated. The maid who waited on us, and who was neither refined nor delicate in appearance—being, on the contrary, rather coarse and masculine—used the most beautiful forms of expression. I never asked her a question without being astonished at the poetic imagery of her reply. One evening, when she came in to light the lamps, I asked: "Is it raining, *Annunziata?*" "No, signora," she replied, "*il cielo e sereno e stellato*" (the sky is serene and starry). Listening to the music of the *bella lingua* was an unceasing delight; receiving the parting wishes at night, for instance: "Felice notte alle, signore," "Felicissima notte," "Buon riposo," "Buoni sogni"—a rippling stream of graceful words that left the hearers refreshed by its sweetness.

The Tuscans are essentially religious and good; all their faults may be attributed to misgovernment. They forgot the admonitions of St. Catherine, who wrote such stirring epistles to them in her day: "Is it not better to remain united to our own father and mother (the Pope and the holy Church) than to a tyrannical government? Better to lean on a strong pillar (which, though shaken by persecution, is not broken) than on a straw, that we are certain will be blown down by the first gust of wind?" There is no nation so crushed and overburdened by taxation as the Italian. United Italy devours her offspring; it is a modern Minotaur! The oppressed people fly to our friendly shores, but many have lost their faith, and the

Masonic lodge has done its work of destruction. Freemasons and Jews rule the kingdom, hence the temptation to youth; there is no promotion in army, navy, or civil service unless at the cost of religion. Knowing all this, the real piety which I witnessed was most gratifying, because it involves a kind of martyrdom.

We were in the habit of going to Rome always for Lent, but the last year we were in Italy we kept Lent in Florence.



PANORAMA FROM PORTA ST. NICOLA.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were well attended. On Holy Thursday the shops were all shut, and the churches filled. On the afternoon of that day the crucifix is laid on the steps of a side altar, so that every one may adore the sacred wounds, and an unceasing stream of people perform that act of homage. Whole companies of soldiers especially interested me; they were young and still true to their faith. On Good Friday, and until noon of Holy Saturday, all business is suspended. A very in-

teresting ceremony is performed in connection with the new fire on Holy Saturday. The flint used is a piece that a zealous young knight of the Pazzi family chopped off from the Holy Sepulchre with his battle-axe, at the time of the Crusades, and brought in triumph to his native city, where it was received with great veneration and guarded among the treasures of the cathedral. The palace of the family is opposite the cathedral, and the Pazzis always bear the expense of the Holy Saturday pageant. An immense car, drawn by four large, beautiful white oxen (all decorated with ribbons and flowers, their horns gilded, and chains of roses around their necks), stands on the square, in front of the main entrance of the cathedral. The car is loaded with fireworks, and when the new fire is struck, a dove, bearing in his bill a taper kindled from it, flies down the central aisle, across the square, and drops the taper into the car, which at once explodes with a tremendous noise, to the great delight of thousands of country people, who have waited for this since early morning. This is called the *scoppio del carro*. At the same moment all the bells ring out, and Lent is over.

“Yet, Italy! . . .

Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the Keys of Heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.”

—Byron.



CYRANO DE BERGERAC.*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



ROSTAND recalls by the title of this play the name of a dramatist almost forgotten. Yet Bergerac was a noted character in his day, and the impress of his literary work survives in one of the classics of the English language, *Gulliver's Travels*. Notorious as a duellist, we have him in the work before us reckless and defiant, but more than this, he is put before us as one imbued with a spirit of knight-errantry, vaunting and exaggerated in its own way as that satirized by Cervantes. He is at war with meanness, sycophancy, dishonesty, the courtier's unscrupulous ambition, the churchman's complacency to power. These are the dragons, giants, and wizards of the new Don Quixote.

The opening and the main part of the action are fixed in the year 1640, but the influences belong to the age of Louis XIV. It was not till the year 1645 that the fashionable world flocked to the College Royal to hear Gassendi lecture on astronomy, but we find the word Gassendist a commonplace of our play. Though we hear of the great Cardinal, the lights and shadows are of the era of the Great King. With a precise knowledge of the history of French dramatic literature, he lays the first scene in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, but we venture to say that neither the *Précieuses* nor the wits and fops who paid court to them at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, ever witnessed anything which for softness, delicacy, boldness, and invention approached the work of M. Rostand. There are hints which make us think he is unjust to Molière, but of this anon.

The stage directions are very full, but invaluable as accessorial stimulants to the imagination. We are in the hall of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a sort of tennis-court arranged for the production of a play. In this play the whole first act proceeds, and the spectators have before them the very form and manner of the time when the reckless spirit of the days of the Fronde were blending into the pride and authority which so mark the era of Louis XIV. from the moment he emancipated

* *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A play in five acts. By Edmond Rostand.

himself from tutelage. The anachronism of a few years—so we read it—is nothing; it is the living force, the intense vitality we look at. Action, thought, humor, fire, frenzy, folly, play before us, and yet we are conscious of an invisible presence called the Cardinal,—but to us it seems the majesty of Louis, which awed while it inspired all classes from the great noble to the roturier.

The Burgher, in answer to his son's question, while they are waiting for the play within the play, "Is the Academy here?" says, "Oh, ay! I see several of them—all names that will live." Among them he mentions Bourdon, who was not born until 1638; so that he was just two years old when our friend was classing him among the Immortals. But is there not a truth of time, a dramatic truth, superior to the calendar? And it is vindicated by the next interlocution, we should think. First Marquis: "Here come our *Précieuses*," etc.; and he gives an account of them.

In passing we may say that the translation by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard is sprightly in the comic parts, notwithstanding the difficulty of turning into English the subtleties of French pleasantry. We can give no better proof of this than the opinion of judicious critics that all attempts to render the shades of Molière's humor into English verse have failed. It is said that the imitations or paraphrases in the plays of Sheridan are without the latter's own sparkle or the slyness of Molière. If this be true in the main, we say a great deal for the translation of the work before us. Yet there is a delicacy in the following passage not caught in the translation. The admiring comments following the entrance of Roxane lead up to this one by the second Marquis:

"Et si fraîche :

Qu'on pourrait, l'approchant, prendre un rhume de cœur!"

is translated: "And what freshness! A man approaching her too near might chance to get a bad chill at the heart!" The play of the thought is lost. It really means the grapes hang too high; for she is compared to a peach smiling at a strawberry in the preceding cue.

We learn at this point that Roxane, the beauty who reminds the first marquis of a peach smiling at a strawberry, is a cousin of Cyrano, for whom all are looking out eagerly. Cyrano has deadly skill of fence, and it is hoped by the young men that some way he will protect his cousin; for there are

dangers ahead, some scandal such as might be expected when a noble of great influence, the Count de Guiche, shows an interest in Roxane. Christian, who is in love with her, has just heard that De Guiche intends a Viscount de Valvert shall marry her; for he is "triste" and "complaisant" and De Guiche is "puissant." A very odious idea, to be sure; and on hearing Valvert called by De Guiche, Christian puts his hand into his pocket for a glove to throw at him, but finds there the hand of a pickpocket. The latter, who adds murder in the way of business to larceny, sends Christian off to warn Lignière, a drunken friend of his, that a hundred assassins are to attack him, of whom he is one. The information may be relied upon, for the "distinguished-looking roué," this Lignière, has exposed the De Guiche *cum* Valvert plot in a song, and so made enemies in high places.

The fun goes on in the play-theatre as in the theatre of a play. The wig of our friend the burgher is fished from the pit by a string, let down from the upper gallery by a page amid cries of delight when the bald crown is exposed, but a word, "the Cardinal," creeps through the house, and silence falls upon the wild pages above, whispering disgustedly that they must behave now. The curtain of the theatre on the stage rises, and we have the opening of the action when an actor, Montfleury, possibly the dramatist, begins the part of Phædon in the play of the play-theatre.

Montfleury has recited three lines of Phædon's speech when a voice from the middle of the pit cries: "Villain! did I not forbid you to show your face here for a month?" A friend recognizes it as the voice of Cyrano and is uneasy at the desperate hardihood of the interruption; but the voice again is heard: "King of clowns! Leave the stage this instant!" Now the house gets excited and rises into moods of passion, various, interesting, weak, fierce, and appalling as the conflicting elements release themselves. The frightened actor is urged to continue by the crowd from all parts of the house as with increasing excitement it tries to quell Cyrano, whose *sang-froid* amid it all seems more terrible than the fury of the mass. We are reminded of one scene like it in real life, but whether M. Rostand had it in his mind or not we do not know; and that is when Mirabeau tamed for one immortal instant the National Assembly, maddened at what it called his great treason, or rather the "Great Treason of Mirabeau," when with his influence fled the last hope for the monarchy.

The opposition to Montfleury is too pointed not to mean a hit at *La Vengeance des Marquis* and *L'Impromptu de l'Hôtel de Mondé*. In the time at which we hold the play is placed the attack might also be on "Scaramouch" (Torelli), the manager of the Italian farce-company; at present it may represent the revolt of purity of thought and taste against the school which has been debasing the mind and heart of France since Balzac entered on the inauspicious reign which prepared for the corrupt hour of Zola and the oligarchy of the morgue and the stews. The actor has to leave the stage and Valvert takes up the quarrel, which he begins by an insulting reference to Cyrano's nose, which was a portentous feature like that of Glorieux. How to insult himself about his nose Cyrano tells Valvert in a speech that may be compared with Touchstone's. The duel begins, Cyrano composing a lyrical account of what he intends to do to the rhythm of the passes:

"At the envoi's end I touch."

Very fanciful this and possibly Gascon-like.

There is later on a balcony-scene in which Christian, prompted by Cyrano, makes love to Roxane. By and by the prompter in the darkness assumes his principal's place, but acting for the latter. This seems rather absurd on the bald statement, and yet how is it that we hardly take into account the deception or the grotesqueness? Don Giovanni sheltering himself behind Leporello is in his element; but the hero Cyrano, the purger of the stage and the man of lofty ideals, is rather out of his *rôle* in such a performance. Yet we think the incongruity of circumstance and character, together with our insensibility to it, can be explained by the greatness of the sacrifice Cyrano makes for love. We go at once with Romeo's submission to the insults of Tybalt and Cyrano's to those of Christian because of his promise to Roxane to watch over the favored lover. This is the first step, the laying down a soldier's and a Gascon's pride. Any act of self-effacement becomes intelligible after this; so we are prepared for the putting at his rival's service fancy, passion, purity of soul, and the high purposes which made him a Don Quixote without a craze. The extravagance of sentiment woven into his mental texture and the majesty of his self-extinction saved the conception from passing to the ridiculous. It was a perilous enterprise, but M. Rostand has a love for the difficult. It is this hardihood of temperament which will doubtless produce the new variety

in literature, as M. Brunetière would say, on the analogy of natural selection. In any case an act of heroism wins one; and admiration is not diminished when the heroism means the tragedy of a life. The most that can be said in criticism of this balcony incident is that Cyrano failed to estimate the true proportions between sacrifice and duty. He lied, but the lie was the laying down of his happiness for the woman he loved.

Christian, who was a very dull lover, had disgusted the *Précieuse* Roxane by his want of eloquence. He was exceedingly handsome, but his tongue was a non-conductor of the electricity within. A pebble is thrown at her window. She comes out and asks, "Who is that?" He replies, "Christian." She (disdainfully), "Oh! you?" So far this is rather like burlesque, but he says: "I would speak with you." She: "No; you speak stupidly." Then Cyrano prompts, but Christian halts in repeating the words supplied to him, as might be expected. However, she recognizes an improvement; for she was about to shut the window. Instead she pauses and says:

"Hold! 'tis a trifle better! ay a trifle."

This is severe, but there is some encouragement in it; and Christian proceeds with such energy as he can command:

"Love grew apace, rocked by the anxious beating
Of this poor heart, which the cruel wanton boy
Took for a cradle!"

and so on; his fancy, or rather his prompter's manifesting passion in conceits of a rather commonplace character.* She remarks the faltering of the words, and asks has palsy seized on his imagination, whereupon Cyrano steps into his place and pours out his passion with great fire and energy. There is such an improvement that she proposes—*Précieuse* that she is!—to go down to join him below. Cyrano, not wishing the plot to be discovered, objects; then she suggests his climbing to the balcony, and is most naturally amazed at his refusal. But gradually the fencing of their wits gives way in Cyrano to a passion rising like the waves of the sea and sweeps away her spirit by its force. It is his own love he pours out, though in the standing-place of Christian; his own soul that declares its frenzy, its wishes, its unselfishness and despair. Here we have the enchantment which puts away the paltry imposition

*The translation is excellent here.

from our minds and leaves us only with a love boundless as the sea and the surrender to another of all it asks, feeling rich in the memory which it consecrates:

“Ah! que pour ton bonheur je donnerais le mien,
Quand même tu devrais n'en savoir jamais rien,
S'il se pouvait, parfois, que de loin, j'entendisse
Rire un peu le bonheur né de mon sacrifice!”*

We pass over the scene in which a friar, ignorant of the purport of a letter from De Guiche, presents it to Roxane, and the manner she prevails on him to marry her to Christian. Cyrano has undertaken to keep De Guiche in play during the quarter of an hour the marriage ceremony is being performed. This scene is admirable, and perhaps in it, more than in the reckless, flashing, fighting ones, the true Gascon character comes out. The early princes of the House of Bourbon had a liking for this bragging, harebrained, witty, shrewd people. A Gascon was the captain of the king's mousquetaires under Louis XIII., and another—the D'Artagnan who shakes hands with Cyrano after his song-duel—was captain in the reign of the Great King himself. We have a notion that some one says the Scotch were the Gascons of England—well, in the play Cyrano flung down his purse to compensate the manager for driving Montfleury from the stage, but if this munificence be characteristic of Gascons, the saying quoted is “gasconade” of another and a tolerably bold description. However, in the scene we have just referred to, Gascon meets Gascon, and Cyrano's lies (scientific ones, Munchausen-like and immense) take in De Guiche, and this result—having regard to circumstances and coloring—so far from violating probability, possesses dramatic propriety of a kind which marks out the author as a playwright of no common skill.

At the siege of Arras Cyrano has the chance to guard over Christian, now the husband of Roxane. The Cadets of Gascony is the title of Act IV., and the poor fellows are sleeping their hunger off. We note when Le Bret swears “*Mordious!*” Carbon tells him: “Curse under his breath,” from which request we have new testimony to a practice which seems to

*The translation of the entire speech beginning “Certes, ce sentiment,” Act III. Sc. 6, gives no idea of the force and delicacy of the original. “Entre les blues rameaux” is translated “throned there in the branches.” The purple of the night through which she trembles among the branches, as “a leaf among the leaves,” is the objective association of the idea.

have prevailed in the army at different times and among different nations. Mercutio tells us that when Queen Mab drums in a soldier's ear he starts and wakes,

“And thus being frightened, swears a prayer or two,”

and on the authority of Sterne we have it that the troops swore horribly in Flanders.

Firing is heard in the distance, and again, but nearer. Carbon, the officer in command, says: “’Tis nothing!, ’Tis Cyrano coming back!” We learn that at the risk of his life Cyrano takes letters at each day's dawn, the letters he promised Roxane Christian should write her. The Cadets complain of hunger; Cyrano mocks them with what one of them calls pointed words. He opens with a speech to encourage them with the thought how much better it is to die like a soldier than on a bed of fever; from each and all the cry: “I am hungry!” He directs the piper to play old country airs and points out the associations they are to call up in a speech the insight of which may be compared in its influence on the memory with the fancifulness of Mercutio's just cited on the imagination. The stage direction ends in something like mockery—*et des larmes sont furtivement essuyées, avec un revers de manche, un coin de manteau*—but for all that the smoke-wreaths of home are in the tones, the forest, the shepherd-boy, evening on the Dordogne River—it was Gascony, their own land; and so the hungry lads were moved deeply, their eyes had a far-off look as if dreaming, and the tears came. The idea wrought out so exquisitely is a familiar one, but it acts on the memory like Queen Mab's doings on the imagination.

Roxane arrives in the camp by the aid of a most powerful *dens ex machina*, or the superlative courtesy of Spanish warriors. M. Rostand is really a magician, and makes us accept things which would cause Mr. Grant Allen or some such person to be set down as a liar beyond all credibility. This power may be explained by the proportion of things in the imagination, the harmony of their relations to each other and the whole; so that they constitute a thing consistent in itself and fitted to the condition of the mind which receives as well as that which creates it. How long minds working in such a realm will continue to produce works of originality or freshness is another question, nor is this the place to discuss it. It may be supposed that a mathematical or chemical exactness of correspondence between things and the ideas which represent them

has been sought by those who found works of the pure imagination were losing interest. The work before us is a return to the imaginative; and surely this must be a truer art than that of the investigating and reporting method, if painting be in any sense truer than photography. It is imagination which lifts this man here and his passions to the universal and ideal; so that we feel with him, if placed in Troy three thousand years ago, at least as acutely as if we read the dissection of his motives in the morning paper. From which perusal would the reader rise better instructed or more purified?

Roxane arrives at the camp *en grande tenue*. Stowed away in the carriage are the materials for a Vitellian feast. The starving Gascons are fed; De Guiche, who is not in the play, is coming up; everything is hidden away, but that seigneur brings with him eyes sharpened by hunger and a nose susceptible to vinous smells. He remarks the high color and improved appearance of the Gascons. He enviously accuses one of them of being drunk, but Cyrano attributes the thick speech and unsteady movement of the impeached hero to the emptiness of his stomach. But the kindness of Roxane prompted her to pity De Guiche, and the remnants of the feast were set before him, to which he did justice. We suppose Mr. Burke is right when he says that hunger reduces the proudest man to the level of the most humble. The Spaniards make an attack upon the camp; Christian falls.

An interval of fifteen years elapses. The scene is the park of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Paris. Roxane is a boarder in the convent; the Count de Guiche, now Duke de Grammont, visits her.

"*The Duke*: And you stay here still—ever vainly fair,
Ever in weeds?"

"*Roxane*: Ever.

"*The Duke*: Still faithful?"

"*Roxane*: Still.

"*The Duke*: Am I forgiven?"

"*Roxane*: Ay, since I am here. (A pause.)"

This introduction prepares for the full revelation of the sacrifice made by Cyrano.

The reader learns that day by day he comes to cheer her with the news of the world outside. His own great grief is hidden; for her heart is with the dead, that love for a figment of the

brain. It was the soul of Cyrano that had spoken to her; the music of the passion was his. She had been attracted by the beauty of Christian, but the sentiment was burned out by the fire of a love high and intense poured by Cyrano that night beneath the balcony. We may say, in passing, there is nothing in common between that and the balcony-scene in "Romeo and Juliet," though the latter is recalled by it. We are tempted to contrast the two scenes; it is enough to remark that whatever of delicacy and grace is to be found in M. Rostand's scene is in the accident of objective association, while the grace and delicacy of the "Romeo and Juliet" one are in the heart inspiring and in turn purified by the fancy.

And Cyrano bears his burden. The ills of life are nothing: destitution, enmity; all that marks a ruined career are not regarded; to see her smile at his simple talk, or incisive criticism, of men about the court repays him. The duke who has won the prizes of fame and fortune envies him, but with respect for his worth. He shows this by saying that none dare attack him, but many hate him.

"Yesterday at the Queen's card-play 'twas said,
'That Cyrano may die by accident.'
Let him stay in—be prudent!"

The duke's warning was not without cause. A dastardly act strikes Cyrano to the ground—a lackey's throwing on his head a large piece of wood as he passed beneath a window. This is kept from Roxane. Cyrano comes a little later than usual; she does not observe how pale and weak he is and that he totters to a chair, but says:

"Late! For the first time all these fourteen years!"

He makes excuses, banters her about the Penelope web she has been so long engaged on: "Beshrew me if my eyes will ever see it finished!"

Roxane:

"I was sure
To hear that well-known jest!"

He sees the leaves falling, and they naturally suggest sad and solemn thoughts to a man who feels the hand of death upon him. He makes an effort to break from this train of thought and play the *rôle* of her court-calendar—so she called him—but almost swoons. She runs forward with a cry; he tells her it is nothing—his old wound; she speaks of the wound

she carries in her heart—over her heart the last letter of Christian, now faded. He reminds her of her promise to let him read it before his death. She hands him the old faded letter, stained by the writer's tears. He reads it, though the evening light has changed to darkness, as if he knew it by heart, and reads in such a tone that a chord in her memory is struck and she recognizes the voice which had so passionately pleaded beneath the balcony. It was he who had written all the letters from the camp, he whose soul went out in that scene and subdued her soul. Christian was a mere statue now in her mind.

With a resignation almost cynical, he admits it all. "Look you," he says, "it was my life to be the prompter every one forgets. . . . I pay my tribute with the rest to Molière's genius—Christian's fair face."

It seems that M. Rostand thinks Molière was a crow decked in others' feathers, as the enemies of Shakspeare said of him. But the play closes with a wild burst of madness on the part of Cyrano. With drawn sword he challenges his old enemies—Falsehood, Compromise, Prejudice, Treachery; the sword drops from his hand, he falls back into the arms of the bystanders; Roxane kisses his forehead; opening his eyes, he recognizes her, and dies with that kiss the *plume** upon his brow, the guerdon of his knight-errantry.

We have not the space to examine the allusions to the stage of Louis XIV.'s time, but they peep out here and there with the malice or appreciation of a man then living and sore at, or pleased with, his contemporaries. We confess to just a little surprise about the estimate of Molière; it is a very mixed one, and for that reason far from just. If the satire on court prelates and time-serving churchmen which Molière allows from time to time to appear in his plays, and the whole concentrated essence of which is boiled into "*Tartuffe*," is considered dishonest by M. Rostand, why does he himself bring out the suspicion of an evil influence on the part of Count de Guiche over his uncle the Cardinal, and the employment of a friar as the messenger in a plot which calls to mind a little too much of the cynical if not suggestive wit of the seventeenth century. Does he think his play would lack flavor if this were absent?

*The translators make him say "My *panache*," but the words "*mon panache*" really mean that that kiss was the victor's plume won by the devotion of a life.

CATHOLIC CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BY W. H. MCGINTY.

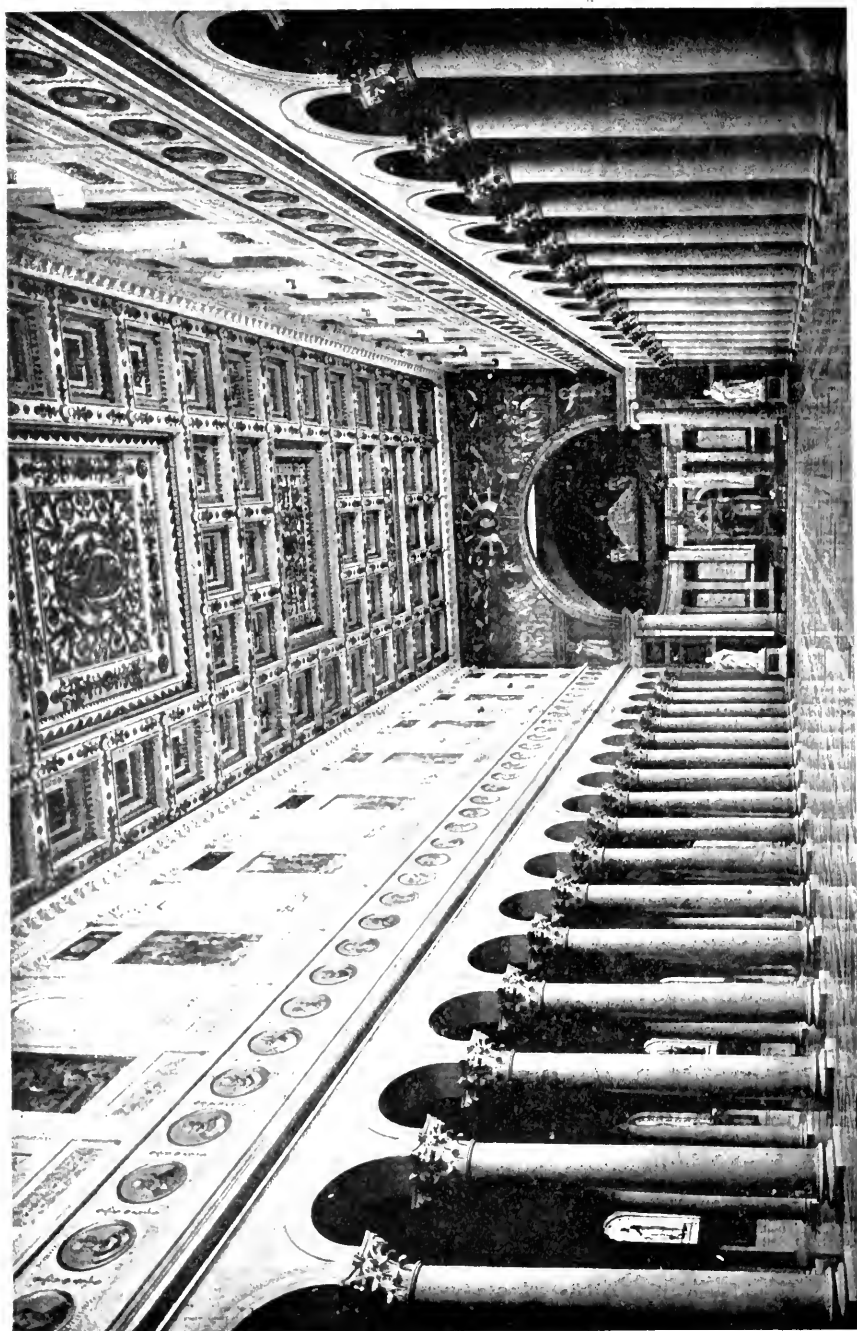


THE artistic feeling which actuates every refined and educated person is, at this time, appealing to the Catholic Church for the better and more intelligent use of her superior talents in church building. The noble examples of the past, from the basilica through the different periods of Romanesque, Byzantine, or Eastern Christian style, through the rise, development, and perfection of that period of Gothic or Western Christian style down to the modern or copying period, the Catholic Church has put the greatest attainable talents into the building of her churches. Architect, builder, sculptor, painter, each in his turn has strained every nerve to accomplish the best that was in him in honor of the house of God.

The world's architecture is the world's history. So also church architecture is church history, and in no way is the record of the progress of the Catholic Church more truly written or more easily read than in the sacred edifices from the dawn of history in Europe to the erection of the façade of the cathedral at Milan. The American architect who would, a few years ago, break away from the local examples set so profusely before him and start out with some fine specimen of Gothic style like St. Patrick's in New York or the classical Philadelphia cathedral as a model, would be looked upon as having questionable judgment.

The time is here, however, when good taste and pure detail, combined with an intelligent distribution of floor space, has superseded "constructed ornament" consisting of adjuncts as useless as unnecessary; the lack of judgment resulting in poor acoustic properties; the sacrificing of pew space to sanctuary; ignoring ventilation and those numerous other elements which go to make up a successful church.

We are at the beginning of an age which will exemplify the beauties of simplicity. Gaudiness and arrogant superfluity will have no home in the time into which the wheels of progress have carried us. The Catholic Church should now, as in the great past, take the lead in this artistic development. It should



ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS, ROME.

encourage the budding talent throughout the country, using the broadened experience and increased knowledge in perfecting Catholic church-building work.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARCHITECTURE.

The three elements entering into architecture have been called, by an eminent historian, the *Æsthetic*, *Technic*, and *Phonetic*. We shall interpret these elements to mean, in church building, *Design*, *Construction*, and *Decoration*.

Without doubt the strict observance of the first great rule of design (that nothing can be ornamental which is not useful) would beget splendid architecture.

It does away at once with all those needless, meaningless, and useless adjuncts which are nailed on and painted on to the exterior as well as the interior of our churches, and which please only the untrained eye, while they shock the sensibilities of true feeling. Whatever is useful can, however, be made ornamental, and by studying how best to ornament our con-



CHAPEL ON EAST OF CHOIR, MONREALE CATHEDRAL.

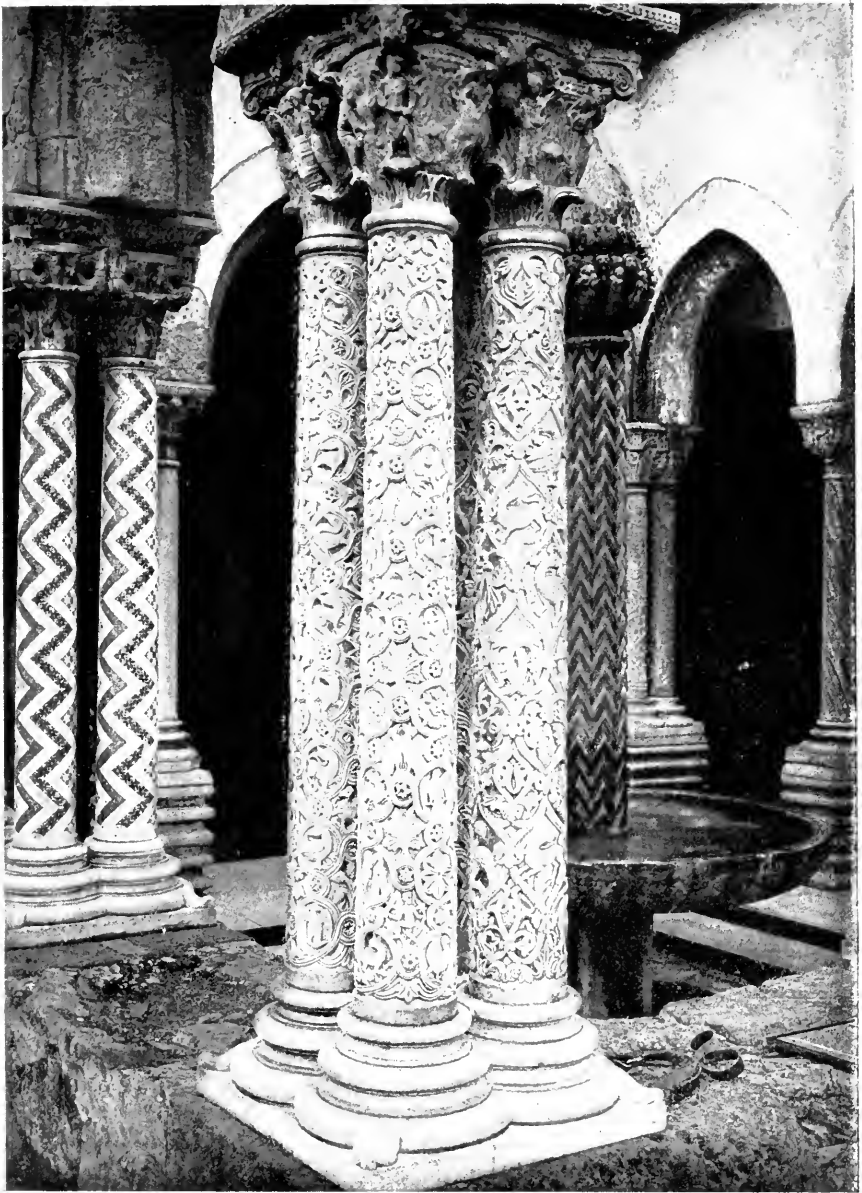
struction with chaste carvings, with the proper distribution of light and shade, and by the projection and outline of our mouldings, we can secure that simple beauty, resembling nature, which is the acme of artistic development.

Assuming one hundred parts for the perfection of our conception as a whole, sixty of these parts would be given to the perfection of the plan. This illustrates better than any argument the importance and necessity of great study in church-planning. Each worshipper must see, must hear, must be well warmed, must have good air to breathe, and a comfortable place to sit and kneel. The sanctuary must be roomy and convenient, the altar and its surroundings well arranged, the sacristies ample, and the pulpit considered in relation to both the preacher and the people.

POINTED GOTHIC.

The length, breadth, and height of the best examples of the past must be well digested mentally, to enable us to plan in a way to conform with our selected period of architecture. To plan a Gothic church, for instance, we must be familiar with the churches developed in the Frankish province from A. D. 1108 to 1328, during which time the Pointed Gothic architecture was invented, soon to spread its influence through Europe. This style, since its perfection, has seemed to a great many as the most fitting to carry out the religious forms of the church. Its beginning was the Abbey of St. Denis, A. D. 1144, and it was developed, beautified, and perfected until it received its greatest amount of finish at the completion of the choir of St. Ouen at Rouen, in 1339.

The great need of intelligent planning must not be subordinated to the adoption of any example of old-world architecture, however imposing. In the great cathedrals of Europe, with their numerous chapels, many services are in progress at the same moment. Congregations wander (without hindrance from fixed seats) through the edifices, worshipping in small numbers at as many altars as happen to be in use. With us conditions are different. The capacity of the church is fully tested at each of the services. The whole people at Mass are obliged to centre attention at the one altar, to listen to the instruction of the single clergyman. Climatic peculiarities have also to be contended with, and the question of pure air under certain conditions of the atmosphere requires wholly different treatment from any like problem in the churches abroad.



CLUSTERED COLUMNS IN THE CLOISTER, MONREALE, SICILY.

THE MODEL PARISH CHURCH.

The parish church of medium size, seating a thousand persons or less, where each attendant can properly and comfortably hear divine service; where the surrounding religious influences

are not so distant as to be mere shapeless forms; where the priest, the people, and the choir can unite in the perpetuation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—this is the problem which the intelligent architect likes to solve. He feels that in work of this scope he will live to see the work completed, and with the funds at his disposal he can do justice to himself and to the parish which gives him employment. If the pastor, however, has in his mind's eye St. Stephen's at Vienna or Cologne Cathedral, after either of which he desires to model his structure, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, slated clere-stories and galvanized iron towers will be "in it," to say nothing of other aberrations not necessary to name.

In church-planning perhaps the lower church has been the subject of more discussion and criticism than any other portion of the building. It is without doubt a very useful part of the church, and to provide the same amount of floor space in an adjoining chapel is an expensive luxury which few parishes can afford.

A feature capable of special attractions, which will be developed in ways now only suggestive, is the side altars, small chapels, and oratories. The church in its entirety is used for great gatherings and congregational worship. The chapel is the place for individual worship and novenas for favors which it is hoped the petitioner will receive, and especially for thanksgiving.

THE USES OF GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

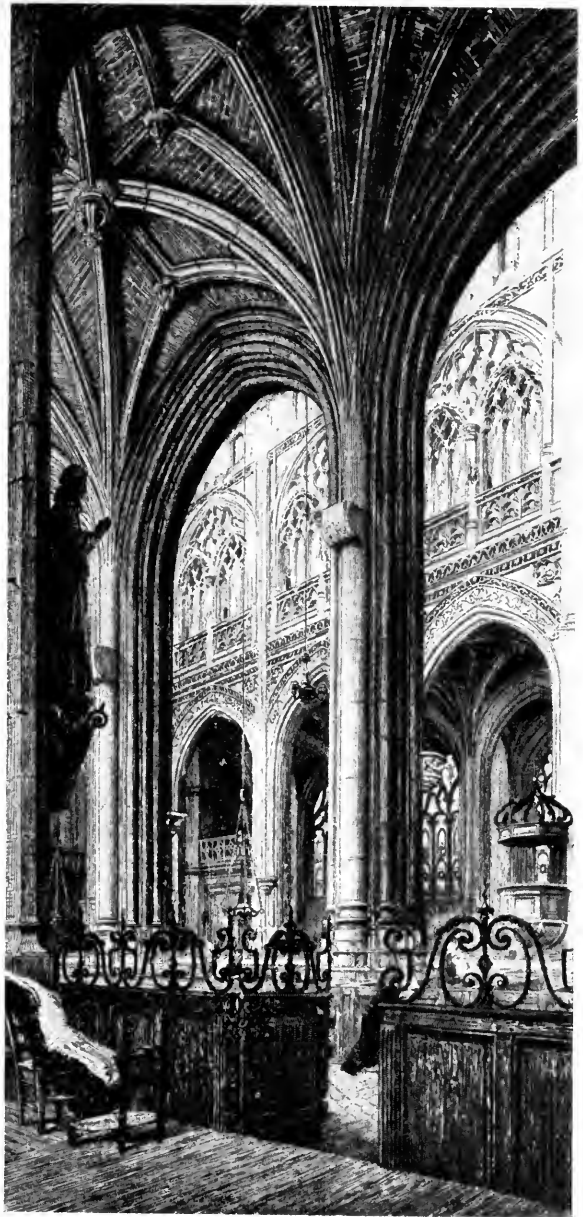
Nearly all of our churches are well warmed, but few are well lighted and hardly any well ventilated. With the new uses to which gas is being put, in the operation at small expense, without fire or flame, of gas-engines, which when attached to a dynamo will furnish electric light at any time and in any quantity, as well as power for ventilating purposes, the church without its lighting and ventilating plant will soon be the exception and not the rule. The absence of any danger from an apparatus of this kind, coupled with the fact that no additional care is required from the engineer, will soon cause it to be adopted by the clergy as readily as the large corporations that have learned to be independent of the electric light companies.

Construction, or the technic portion of architecture, can best be described as applied mechanics. To determine what the foundation will have to support, to provide for its carrying capacity and to distribute the weight so that it is brought to

the base provided for it safely and economically, is good construction. The foundation is not only the beginning but the end of any superstructure. Every day and all around us foundations are provided for churches which disgrace our intelligence. We wonder at damp basements, and yet go on building them. We wonder at settlements in our buildings after having invited them, or rather insisted on having them, by the method we follow in building the foundation.

The other great problem in church construction is to provide for the roof. The great span of the nave necessitates a roof having considerable outward thrust, and care must be taken that

this force will not push out the side walls or crush them. The church roof truss is a very important matter, but is an important mathematical matter. It has none of those unknown or mysterious quantities about it which are hidden to



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF PONT-AUDEMER (EURE).

the student of mathematics. Before the employment of the numerous public and private testing-machines materials had to be used without a knowledge of their special weaknesses, and naturally a large element of doubt had to be provided for, more especially in the use of wood and iron. The church truss, however, is but recreation to the architect of this day with unlimited data at his command.

DECORATION—THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE.

The decoration, or the painting and sculpture, is the third element in church building—the poetry of the work. Here it is that the masters of the world's art have given the best effort of their lives. Here Murillo, in the cathedral at Seville, left his masterpiece, the great painting of St. Anthony of Padua; here Michael Angelo, at St. Peter's, planned and decorated the magnificent dome; here also, in the Gothic churches of France, the sculptor's work teaches history and religion to all who are familiar with the alphabet of art, the great cathedrals of Chartres and of Rheims alone having over five thousand artistic sculptured figures each.

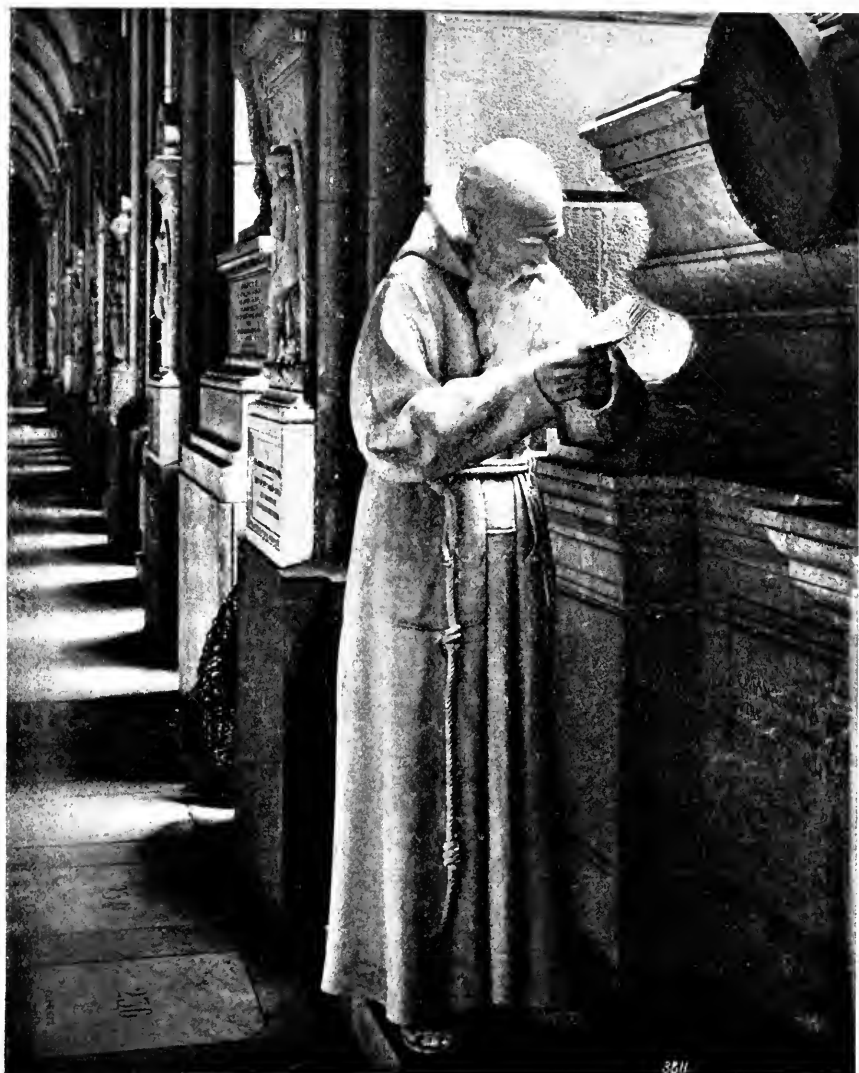
Catholic church decoration in this country is apt to be overdone, and with vitiated taste we indulge in meaningless lines and glaring contrasts which distract the attention of the worshipper, instead of by the harmony of our colors endeavoring to carry him beyond worldly influences.

The cathedral and parish church cannot be treated alike to have satisfactory results, any more than a patient with a fever and one with a broken leg could be doctored for the same complaint. In decorating, however, we can try to overcome defects in height and size, as in exterior design a building is made to look high by running perpendicular lines, and made to look low by horizontal lines.

THE WORTH OF A GOOD PICTURE.

Soft and chaste colors, with the church emblems delicately interwoven, appeal to the religious feelings much stronger than bright hues and glaring contrasts. One good picture is worth miles of stencil-work. The picture of the Crucifixion by Brumidi over the altar in the Philadelphia Cathedral would tend to soften the heart and elevate the mind of the most hardened criminal.

In decoration we must not by any means forget the great formative principle of Gothic architecture, which was painted



MARBLE MONK IN THE CAMPO SANTO, ITALY.

glass. Before its introduction the windows were small and far apart, filled with plain white glass. Immediately upon the substitution of painted glass, however, windows were enlarged, circular plans were abandoned, and polygonal apses and chapels of the chevet introduced. "So far as internal architecture is concerned," says Fergusson, "the invention of painted glass was perhaps the most beautiful ever made. The painted slabs of the Assyrian palaces are comparatively poor attempts

at the same effect. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were far less splendid and complete; nor can the panelled temples of the Greeks, nor the mosaics and frescoes of the Italian churches, be compared with the brilliant effect and parti-colored glories of the windows of a perfect Gothic cathedral, where the whole history of the Bible was written in hues of the rainbow by the earnest hand of faith."

The elements which enter into the successful use of materials in architecture may be enumerated as mass, stability, durability, construction, forms, proportion, carved ornament, decorative color, sculpture, and painting. These elements are used by the architect to produce his ideal, so as to unitedly form the æsthetic, phonetic, and technic parts of the structure.

TWILIGHT.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.



HE mists were rising o'er the chilly sea,
One solitary wild fowl streaked the sky,
The fishers' boat, wet-sailed, cast lazily
Its anchor in the bay; the sob and sigh
Of waves along the bare and sedgy lea
Mixed weirdly with the children's distant cry,
While sadly thoughts of other days and thee
Came like soft music, and my tear-dimmed eye
Lost trace of sea and sky, and hazy grew
The air about, and like a gray-robed nun
The sober twilight crept apace as through
A mystic temple; then the darkness fell
In clouds like perfumed incense and the blue
Of heaven twinkled with a myriad stars.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY: A RECONSTRUCTION.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



IT is quite in the nature of things that a youth who wins fame, thus overstepping the decent laws of progression, should be miscalculated, whether for praise or blame, by the majority. The art and the personality are out of focus. By the time the party of the first part has lived on into the years of man's life; by the time several hundred thousand sporadically reflective people have knowledge of him; by the time the shock and strangeness which genius always is, begin to look somewhat pertinent and integral, then, indeed, the general judgment bids fair to be truer. But in the case of Aubrey Beardsley, who in his adolescence, thanks to the contagion of journalistic report, was more famous than was Alcibiades, or Pico della Mirandola, or Mozart, the critical equilibrium has not yet been established, though he has been just a year in his grave; though new portfolios of his drawings are still published, each with its preface; though we have had, of late, no fewer than six exquisitely intelligent essays about him, of which Mr. Arthur Symonds' is easily first. Taken together, these sum up and state a most interesting modern problem; unlike every modern problem, it would seem to be well worth solution. What sort of "heathen, Christian or man," asks one dazzled, affronted citizen of another, was this creator of demon dwarves, of bare elongated sorceresses, of mincing Atalantas with blanketed dogs, of blue poster ladies inscrutable behind green spotted veils? (Suffer the hubbub: it is inevitable.) So far, only Mr. Henry Harland has answered clearly. His short paper in the *Academy*, written with his usual power of lightness and simpleness, and with no design but love's or truth's, puts the matter on its right ground, and supplies us, at the close, with the unuttered premise.

"I wonder whether people who know Aubrey Beardsley only through his work ever realize how young he was. When the world first began to talk of him, when Mr. Pennell first wrote of him in the *Studio*, and Mr. Dent undertook the publication of his first book, the *Morte D'Arthur*, Aubrey was not yet one-and-twenty. He was barely five-and-twenty when he died. And at the moment of his utmost celebrity, when the world was talking loudest of him, during the winter of 1894-95, he was twenty-two.

"For my part, I could only think of him, I can only remember him, as a boy. Oh, a marvellously precocious boy, a boy who had read, observed, reflected: a boy (as a great critic said of him) who had found a 'short cut' to the mastery of his art: a boy of genius, indeed; but still a boy, and a singularly bright, frank, boyish boy, at that. He had all a boy's freshness, enthusiasm, exuberance, all a boy's eagerness and relish for the fun and the romance and the pleasantness of life. His enjoyment of things, his enjoyment of books, pictures, music, of the opera, the play; his enjoyment of London and Paris, of the London streets and the Paris streets, their beauty, their action and suggestion; his enjoyment of people, of conversation, of human sympathy and intercourse; his enjoyment of his own gifts, his own achievements, and of his success, the recognition he had won: it was boyish, boyish; it was fresh and young and eager. He had a boy's curiosity, a boy's craving for adventure, experience, and a boy's capacity for seeing the elements of adventure in the simplest doings: that is to say, a boy's imagination. A little dinner at a restaurant, an hour spent in a café, nay, even a ride on the top of an omnibus, or a walk in Kensington Gardens, held, for his unspoiled imagination, the elements of adventure. Taking his house in Cambridge Street, furnishing and decorating it: that was a great adventure. Starting the *Yellow Book* with me, and afterwards the *Savoy* with Arthur Symons: those were tremendous, breathless adventures. And he had a boy's fondness for a 'lark,' a boy's playfulness, mischief. He loved a romp, a masquerade, a harmless practical joke. One evening I was seated in my study, when the servant brought a visiting-card, on which was written, 'Miss Tibbett and Master Tibbett.' I went into the drawing-room, and there was Miss Beardsley with a tall boy in an Eton jacket. The tall boy in the Eton jacket,—Master Tibbett, if you please—was Aubrey, jubilant, laughing for delight in his own prank.

"He had a boy's playfulness, mischievousness. And when I hear honest folk deploring, horror-struck, the quality in his work which it has been the fashion somewhat cheaply to describe as 'decadent': when I hear them crying out, 'Ah, yes, monstrous clever, certainly; but so immoral, so depraved!'—I, who knew the boy, can only shake my head and smile. For I know that what they hold up their hands at, as depraved, immoral, was nothing more than the mischievous humor, or, if you like, the devilry, of the boy, who, boylike, loved to give Solemnity a shock. I do not say that it would not have been better if, in his work, he had restrained this mischievous humor;

but I do say that it was nothing worse than mischievous humor. If Aubrey had lived, he *would* have restrained it; or, rather, he would have outgrown it, he would have left it behind him. He would have sown his wild oats, and had done with them.

"For the man in Aubrey Beardsley, the man as distinguished from the boy, the man the boy was developing into,—*had* developed into during the last sad year of his life,—was a man of very deep and serious feelings, of very high and earnest aims. Aubrey Beardsley's temperament was essentially the religious temperament. A hundred times, in a hundred ways, one felt that this was so; one would even tell him to his face that it was so; at which he would perhaps laugh a little, quietly, gently, a laugh that was by no means a disavowal. And just at the threshold of that last sad year, he acknowledged that it was so: he became a Catholic. He became beautifully, serenely devout: not in any morbid or effeminate sense, but in the right sense, the wholesome, manly sense. His heart, his life, were filled with the joy and the love it is the merit of the Supreme Faith to bestow. In all his wretched bodily suffering, at Bournemouth, at Dieppe, and in the end at Mentone, he had that to help him."

"Aubrey Beardsley's temperament was essentially the religious temperament." Will some cry out that this is like telling us that the pine-needle is spherical, or that Bohemia, after all, has a sea-coast? But it is really the irradiation of the whole subject from within: the light by which men must search out, and discard, some received opinions. Aubrey Beardsley came to the ancient Faith gradually and steadily. He was intensely reserved in character: he had not a word to reveal while he suffered his own complex processes; he smiled, and lit his candles, and went about talking paradoxes, and transferred to paper wistful diabolic phantoms, (perhaps to be rid of seeing them, to avoid having them come true,) and softly enjoyed the confusion of the public, which with such adroit metaphysical attack he sandbagged and waylaid. All this, observe, that he might have a depopulated world in which to do his momentous thinking! The too inductive Comte de Caylus confessed: "*Je, grave pour ne pas me pendre.*" Our more cunning artist had, too, his singular self-protective makeshifts. Hidden by the domino, and the horns and hoofs of exaggeration, and the forbidding Rosicrucian flame, was a little walled inner oratory. He meant that none should guess at it, if he could hinder. But there were two or three clairvoyants about, beside Mr. Harland, who is not a Catholic. One of the most subtle minds

among his pagan friends, one who saw much of him during 1896, has recorded that it is only "with a great effort" that he can connect the Beardsley whom he knew "with his so positive intelligence, with his imaginative sight of the very spirit of man as a thing of definite outline," with the exile who "died in the peace of the sacraments of the Church, holding the rosary between his fingers." Nor was this most sincere change, as has been foolishly hinted, an access of mere death-bed piety. When the young man made ready to enter the Church he was at the height of his reputation; he expected to live, and to serve God with an unmistakable service. He had no fear of death, nor of anything. His dominant qualities, from a child, after his tender compassion for all weak and disadvantaged things, were this same reticence, and this courage. Once they were enfranchised to the Faith,

"To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,"

these very qualities subordinated themselves to a new third, which was in him less a natural gift than a special grace, although it was a natural gift as well: an absolutely limpid spiritual simplicity. For it is well to remember that Beardsley's nature was one of great richness and depth; his strong yet wary and elaborate line which we all admire, was a symbol of the ways he had to travel. He could not be perfectly simple until he was perfectly free. Like Keats, he "lived in a thousand worlds"; he apprehended often more than could be expressed; and in much that he chose to express, in his wonderful black-and-white, lay more than others were ready to receive. This is not saying that he loved mysticism or equivocation, for his work is ever direct, and stubbornly of a piece; but only that he frequently played in it an unguessed game: the game of abounding comment, instinctive to the great reader, the great observer, that he was. Memorable portraiture, to cite but one instance, has gone undetected in the almost savagely pathetic Return of Tannhäuser to the Venusberg. The drawing is not in the least like the Niebelungenlied or the heroic dream of Wagner: it is, on the contrary, a powerful gloss or footnote to English history of the seventeenth century. With what some reverent spirits might call utter bravado, with what one might choose to consider, rather, a remote obsession, an irritating magic "to tease us out of thought," Beardsley has not seldom, in his later compositions, set his glittering interiors with bits of the most alien-looking ritual detail. There are altar candles in the Scarlet Pastorale; there is a statuette of

Our Lady in the exquisite Coiffure; there is something very like a monstrance on the ornate stand in the right-hand corner of The Baron's Prayer, in *The Rape of the Lock*. On altar candles, statuette, monstrance, one and all, the backs of the extra-mundane figures are significantly turned. Who has ever noted the ecclesiast paraphernalia? Apparently they were set there for Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's quite secret pleasure. They are beautiful, and drawn without accent. The obviously sacred subject, like the S. Rose of Lima, in the *Savoy*, dating from the same period, has an arrangement of draperies which is, let us say, elegantly farcical. Made wise after the event, a critic may dare to look on such art with the gross moral eye: the too-little or the too-much, the rash half-visionary handling which means neither abuse nor evasion, is truly but the cried unrest of S. Augustine, *donec requiescamus in Te*. While Aubrey seemed to be coursing after decorative possibilities, after his own "amazingly novel convention," he was all the while on the trail of the eternal. The spirit in him which came out unique and original from the embrace of a thousand varicolored precedents in art, "delightful manias," as Mr. Robert Ross romantically enumerates them, "Greek vases, Italian primitives, the Hypnerotomachia, Chinese porcelain, Japanese Kake-monos, Renaissance friezes, old French and English furniture, rare enamels, mediæval illumination, the débonnaire masters of the eighteenth century, the English pre-Raphaelites,"—this same spirit, roving, aspiring, insatiate, elementally sincere, urged him swiftly from virtue to virtue, made him an ascetic enamored of perfection. The contemporaries who were once able to get at close range this mild and courteous lad with the flat blonde hair, of whom no photograph gives a just estimate, were not those whose fur continued to rise at the sight of his "prancing page." Something in him disarmed opposition: certainly it was no specific conciliation of his own. He who on his all-wakeful rounds saw most things in this world, and around them, and through them, was predestined, before he left it, to see also the Holy Grail.

Aubrey Vincent Beardsley was born at Brighton, Sussex, on the 21st of August, 1872. His family were not rich, except in love. He was a gentle, shy child, who began to show symptoms of delicate health in his eighth year, and was moved from town to country, and from school to school. He played at concerts with his sister Mabel, (throughout his life his close friend and confidant,) and had a pretty vogue as a prodigy in music, for which his lifelong talent was very marked. He re-

cited extraordinarily well, too, and gloried in acting Shakspeare, as drama after drama would issue from the Mermaid Press. The boy of ten was always drawing, always reading serious masterpieces; and he attracted from the first his teachers, and some others who foresaw no common future for him. Like Correggio's, or Schubert's, his art grew without a master, by early diligence and self-directed study. The history of its development is well told in Mr. Ross's preface to the *Volpone*, published by Mr. John Lane. Aubrey left school in 1888, and within a twelvemonth had become a clerk in the Guardian Life and Fire Insurance office, where he remained until 1892. Then his genius blazed up, and at the first real opportunity his name was all at once upon everybody's lips. It was but a career of five years in all: who does not remember that bright, stinging, quick-passing pageant, such as Baudelaire may have beheld in dreams? The material measure of Aubrey's success was astonishing: he started on five shillings a week, and ended with an income of five thousand pounds a year. Throughout, he showed himself entirely unworldly, receptive to all wise criticism, perfectly modest and unspoiled. A nursling of no university, it was not the least marvellous thing about him that he made himself into an excellent scholar, a lover of the ancients, a sound authority on a great many purely literary subjects. He cared only for the best books; he had a library, choice and not too large, rich in everything save fiction, to which he gave small heed, unless it were French. He had a passion for writing, and he wrote well. It seemed impossible for him to fail at anything upon which his heart was set. I am afraid he "resolved," as Rasselas did, "to become a poet"; what wonder if the sequel is a little vague! No one ever seems to have caught him at work: once interrupted, he would hide his materials, and, on a fund of very imperfect vitality, become, miscellaneously gay, the life of the company. He had incredible zest when his task pleased him, and but fitful energies when it did not; he hated all illustration, even when, in the mood of the day before, he had elected to do it. Though he had time for friendship, he had no time for posing and tall talk. Such as he was, frail and animated, boyish and beloved, Mr. Harland has painted him, in the heyday of his genius.

In March of 1896 he was taken ill at Brussels, and had to spend the cold weather of that year at Bournemouth for recuperation. Here he allowed his old frank liking for the *Lives of the Saints* to revive, and he re-read Newman and Bossuet. In the mild sunshine, in sound of the sea, he never for a mo-

ment believed himself a confirmed invalid. "My appearance always shocks a new doctor," he admitted once, with his peculiarly sweet smile; "but I have really always looked more or less like this. Those who have not known me from childhood cannot realize how very slim I have always been." He was seldom strong enough to visit during the winter, but he visited the Rev. David Bearne, S.J., with whom he had at first a purely literary acquaintance. He borrowed books bearing upon S. Ignatius, and upon an historic crisis in the life of the great community he was fast learning to revere and love: the Society of Jesus. To Father Bearne he began to confide various long-held theories about his ideal religion. Careful as he was to conceal his deeper feelings from outsiders by means of flippant speech, Aubrey had been a loyal Anglican. Now he knew that that familiar influence had failed him on every side. He needed, he said, the staying principle of authority; he needed, above all, the sure grace of the sacraments, and these he felt convinced he could not find, apart from the Mother. In the Jesuit sacristy he went over the creed of Pius the Fourth, but could not be drawn to utter objections. "And did I doubt, I should prefer to submit myself," said the most independent and unconventional of neophytes, he who was so fond of an argument, even when he had no real concern with it! In fact, by that time his mind was already made up; he had been under instruction, and his minor difficulties had been removed. On the last day of March, 1897, he was made a child of the Church, in his own room. His beloved and devoted mother, who is still a non-Catholic, built a fair little altar there beside him. "I shall never forget," wrote Father Bearne, "the joy with which he received his First Communion." Some weeks after, he went up to London, and then, always under his mother's ministering care, on through Paris, to the south of France. One of his last drawings before leaving England was the austere and altogether noble figure, the *Ave Atque Vale*, reproduced in the *Savoy*. The sweet, equal translation from Catullus was his own. The air of France did not help him. There, as in Bournemouth, he struggled hard to keep faith with his publishers, but in vain; the effort to work often brought him low with hemorrhage. He was tormented, too, by the eagerness of his desire to consecrate himself to devotional art. That would have been, for him, nothing but a return, with ripened faculties, to his own first choice and early love: to the pencilled world of his boyhood, where seraphs were, and the Epiphany star, and the transparent profile of our Lady, with a slanted

jonquil held against her girlish hair. It is characteristic of him that, passionately as he cherished that desire, he kept doggedly on, as best he could, with the tasks he had pledged himself to do: and so, in the dissatisfaction of a losing battle, his strength was spent, until he could no longer sit up at all. He must have known that in many eyes he was passing unvindicated, but he was brave enough to sacrifice the last chance of vindication to his duty. Meanwhile, during those weeks and months, he was leading the life of penance, the life of the saints. Father Bearne says that before Aubrey went from Bournemouth he showed a certain anxiety regarding the sort of confessor he might meet with in the course of his travels, and asked for letters of introduction to some foreign clergymen. Whereupon Father Bearne reminded him, in all affection, that in the Catholic Church the main consideration must ever be the *sacerdos* as such, and not the individual: but that he should have the letters, if he wished. Aubrey, however, understood the point,—a difficult one for converts—at once; and after his usual thorough habit, took the hint to heart: so literally, indeed, that wherever he happened to be on great festivals, (as Father Bearne was told afterwards,) he would go to the nearest priest, or send for him, and make his confession, with the simplicity of a child. If he went out to walk, he was repeatedly found before the tabernacle, rapt in prayer. If he had to lie indoors, often in such agony that it seemed incredible he should survive it, he was angelically unselfish and serene. His physicians, strange to say, agreed that he must eventually recover; but he had gradually lost interest in the pursuits and glories of this world. He sent to England for a girdle of S. Thomas Aquinas, and later, for a copy of S. Alphonsus' *Clock of the Passion*. "He gave himself up,"—I am quoting from a private letter,—"to a great devotion to the Passion of our Blessed Lord. His own sufferings were sharp, but for a time God allowed him unbroken consolation. Then came desolate hours, and temptation, and distress. The thought of some of his drawings was a torture. 'At any cost,' he telegraphed to his publishers, one day, 'such and such a design must be sacrificed.' Nor would he take any rest until he was assured that all should be as he directed." His whole conduct was a source of profound edification to his fellow-guests at the Hôtel Cosmopolitain at Mentone. He beguiled his forced inaction, as he was able, by turning his pleasant room into a little picture-gallery, pinning up rows of unframed prints against the wall. One has a view of this room in a large photograph of himself

seated, reading, which he had taken, at Christmastide, for his friends. Looking narrowly at the wall, one can make out the subject of the greater number of the prints: it is that of the Cross and Passion of Christ.

Mrs. Beardsley had planned to take her only son on to Lucerne, in February; he had gained apparent strength, and he was full of hope. But it was not to be: he was to die in the Riviera, "the land of last letters," and of English graves. During the first week of March, 1898, he underwent a painful hemorrhage, and fell into a subsequent final exhaustion. He received Extreme Unction, and was "happy." The pathetic and triumphant word was always on his own lips, and recurs, over and over, in the messages of the mother and sister who tried to answer the many inquiries of dear friends at home. To one of these Mrs. Beardsley wrote: "My darling is oh so happy in spite of his sufferings! He whispered to me his great gratitude and love to you: some day I may be able to tell you all he said." And again, Miss Beardsley addresses the same friend: "Dear Aubrey is slightly better. His state of mind is most beautiful: perfect resignation, sweetness, and gentleness: it is marvellous. He lies very quietly, holding his rosary. He cares for nothing but spiritual things, and is so grateful to God. There is hope for him; yet it is selfish to talk of recovery as hope, when he is so happy now. Last night he, and we too, thought he was dying. He tells me all his thoughts; they are wonderful. And he delights in the prayers, psalms, and hymns which we say for him. When he believed he was dying, he was very happy, but he is wonderfully resigned and obedient under the delay." . . . "Aubrey spoke lovingly of you last night, and is happy to know you are praying for him. To-day, I am afraid he is troubled with a sense of desolation, and with evil visions, but he is consoled, notwithstanding, and is most patient. We are so happy together, I cannot feel sad for him, though it is terrible to watch his sufferings. I shall stay with him always now, while he needs me." The young man to whom these tidings were given day by day was Aubrey Beardsley's dearest friend, his "more than brother." His own indefatigable faith, the prayers he offered and got others to offer, had much to do with that heartfelt conversion of the year before; and there was the sweetest return for this great service, near the end. For Aubrey himself, asked for prayers, as he lay dying, obtained then a spiritual favor ardently desired, not on his own behalf, by Mr. A—: one of

those gracious miracles which are always being wrought by the providence of God, and of which cables and printing-presses take no account, albeit they are the only fresh news in all the world. Between these two comrades was a sacred and lovely intimacy, of which I will say no more.

Some passages in other letters sum up the nature and meaning of Aubrey Beardsley's blessed inner life. The first of these was written by his sister: "It has been a grief to my mother and myself that none of the notices which have appeared have, as far as we know, made any reference to the testimony which my brother bore to the Faith, in the wonderful patience and resignation with which he endured his sufferings, and the childlike sweetness and grace of his last days on earth. As you already know, in April of 1897 he left England for Paris, where his first thought, on arriving, was to find a director. My mother, at his request, went to the church nearest to their hotel, S. Thomas d'Aquinas, and arranged for the Abbé Vacossin to visit my brother, and prepare him for his Easter Communion. M. Vacossin, like all my brother's subsequent directors, was profoundly touched and interested by his childlike faith and simple trust, qualities which throughout his life endeared him to his friends. Later, he passed under the direction of Père Coubé and of Père Henry of the Jesuit order. I came to St. Germain, where my brother passed the early summer of 1897, and made my Whitsuntide Communion there with him in the chapel of the Convent of S. Thomas: the last time dear Aubrey ever made his Communion in a church. He was so reserved and sensitive that even those nearest to him did not always realize the depth of his devotion and the fervor of his piety.

"In the late autumn he went south to Mentone, where he spent the four last and happiest months of his life. He had of late ceased to take any interest in purely worldly matters; even the work which he loved so much, and which increasing weakness forbade him to continue, was sacrificed, with touching resignation, to the Will of God. Not a word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips, and the affectionate gratitude he showed for the tender care of my mother, and the kindness of those who surround him, won him the affection of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Widmer, the proprietor of the Hôtel Cosmopolitain, and all the guests there, were devoted to my brother. Chief among his friends were M. l'Abbé Ortman and M. l'Abbé Luggani, the former of whom was his director.

"He spent his time chiefly in spiritual exercises, and in reading the *Lives of the Saints*, especially S. Teresa. Although even up to within a fortnight of his death, the doctors still assured him of the possibility of his life being prolonged for even years, he never thought of those years except as ones to be devoted to the service of God; and if he had lived, he contemplated entering some religious order. He was therefore wholly prepared to give up his life to God, when the end came so swiftly and even unexpectedly. On the 6th of March he had an agonizing attack of hemorrhage, from which it seemed impossible he could recover. Extreme Unction was administered, and he rallied for a few days. I arrived in Mentone on the 8th, and was privileged to spend the last eight days of his life with him. His patience, sweetness, and piety were the marvel of all who beheld him, and having come to the ears of a sufferer dying from the same disease, were the means, by God's grace, of his conversion to the Catholic Church. Among other devotions, Aubrey loved to have read to him the short prayers in the *Glories of Mary* by S. Alphonsus Liguori, whose *Clock of the Passion* was the last book he held in his hands. To the last moment of his life, through all the time of his illness, he clasped his rosary and a fragment of the True Cross, while his large crucifix lay beside him. His last words were those of loving farewell to his friends, and of thanks to M. Ortman, who gave him the last absolution, and prayed beside him to the end. At one in the morning of the 16th March he passed away, after days of terrible suffering which he *rejoiced in*, offering it in union with the Passion of Christ. Even after death, the perfect peace and beauty of his smile bore testimony to all who came to pray beside him (and they were many), that the longing of his heart was fulfilled, and his highest aspirations consummated. Ah, it is difficult for me to write calmly and impartially of one so dear to me; yet I cannot think that any save those of his own family can speak with absolute certainty and knowledge of the real beauty of his character, and of the manifest graces which God vouchsafed him. Only those who knew him intimately realized the greatness and sweetness of Aubrey's nature."

The last letter which I shall quote, the first and unpublished memoir of Aubrey Beardsley, came last spring from a friend of my own in England, a poet who was also Aubrey's friend. It was prepared for the gratification, (a very great gratification it proved), of some Americans whose love for the new-

departed soul brought them, though but one or two were Catholics, to a Requiem Mass offered in a private chapel. The name of the young writer is goodly and fragrant to his own generation: even he has seldom given us so beautifully wise a page. "I must tell you what I can of dear Aubrey Beardsley. Unhappily, although I knew him so well, and had talked with him of many matters, I had not seen him since he became a Catholic. He has constantly been abroad; and he was no letter-writer, especially as his end drew near and inevitable. But I can say, emphatically, that his conversion was a spiritual work, and not an half-insincere æsthetic act of change, not a sort of emotional experience or experiment. He became a Catholic with a true humility and exaltation of soul, and prepared to sacrifice much. He withdrew himself from certain valued intimacies which he felt incompatible with the Faith: that implies something in our days, when artists so largely claim exemption, in the name of art, from laws and rules of life! His work, as himself declared, would have been very directly religious, in scope and character: he would have dismissed from it all suggestion of anything dangerously morbid; he would have made it plain that he was sometimes a satirist of vices and follies and extravagances, but not, so to say, a sentimental student of them for their curiosity's and fascination's sake. There was always in him a vein of mental or imaginative unhealthiness and nervousness, probably due to his extreme physical fragility: this he was setting himself to conquer, to transform into a spiritual and artistic source of energy. He died at twenty-five; his whole work was done in some five or six years,—that work for which he won extraordinary praise and blame; and only we who were his personal friends can truly realize his inexpressibly light hold upon life during the few years of his passionate devotion to his art. His long consciousness of imminent death, the certainty that whatever he might do in art, in thought, in life at all, must be done very soon or never, forced him to face the ultimate questions. I do not for an instant mean that his conversion was a kind of feverish snatching at comfort and peace, a sort of anodyne or opiate for his restless mind: I only mean that dwelling under the sentence of death, in the shadow of it, he was brought swiftly face to face with the values and purposes of life and of human activity, and that he 'co-operated with grace,' as theology puts it, by a more immediate and vivid vision of faith than is granted to most converts. All

that was best in his art, its often intense idealism, its longing to express the ultimate truths of beauty in line and form, its profound imaginativeness, helped to lead him straight to that Faith which embraces and explains all human apprehensions of, and cravings for, the highest excellences. The eye of his body was quick to see: the eye of his soul was quickened to see. He was sorry, he said at the last, to die so young, and leave his work unfinished: but he was 'ready to obey God's will.' He had thoughts of entering an order or congregation in which he could have followed his art, and dedicated it wholly to the service of the Faith: at least that was the temper or tendency of his thoughts towards what proved to be the end. He was strangely gentle and winning, though passionate and vehement in his intellectual and æsthetic life: such passion and vehemence, moderated by his spiritual docility, might have achieved great and perfect things. As I have suggested, there was a side to his nature which might have led him far in the direction of technical excellence in the extreme, coupled with spiritual perversity in the extreme: but he lived long enough to show that his course would have been otherwise. I ascribe all in his work which even great friends and admirers find unwelcome, partly to his febrile, consumptive, suffering state of body, with its consequent restlessness and excitability of mind; partly to sheer boyish insolence of genius, love of audaciousness, consciousness of power. He was often ridiculed, insulted, misconstrued: and he sometimes replied by extravagance. Yet despite all wantonness of youthful genius, and the morbidity of disease, his truest self was ever on the spiritual side, and his conversion was true to that self. He was not the man to play with "high" things, still less with the highest of all. He would never have been a fantastical, dilettante trifler with Catholicism, making of it a foil to other and base emotions. All the greatness and goodness in him, brought face to face with the last reality of death, leaped up to the sudden vision of faith, as their satisfaction and true end. After a lingering period of strong daily pain, he died in quiet peace and happiness. *Requiescat*: with all my heart."

This, then, is the Aubrey Beardsley whom men stared at, and lost, and never knew: now "hardly more perfectly" hidden with Christ in God than in very deed he would have been, had he outlived, here among them, his mortal youth.

ZACH'S "INTERESTS."

BY EASTON SMITH.



It was a lovely morning in the spring of '83, lovely even in New Mexico, where all days are "rare as a day in June" and sunshine and blue skies, God's chiefest gifts to a somewhat neglected territory, are so much in the order of things that we are apt to grow unappreciative of them.

In connection with a lawsuit which was then occupying all of my waking and most of my sleeping thoughts, I had business that called me some distance into the country. Though at that time stories of Indian atrocities were curdling the blood and sending terror to the heart of nearly every one in that part of the territory, when it was even thought dangerous to go beyond the town limits so bold had been their savage cruelties, I gladly welcomed the opportunity of leaving, if only for a day, the straggling, sunbaked village where for the past three years I had lived, breathed, and, through the stern necessity of fate, had my being. I felt a keen delight at the prospect of a twenty-mile drive over rock-scarred, cactus-covered hills, through long stretches of flower-stained prairie, however fraught with danger the trip might be.

Excepting a trusty Winchester, my only companion was an odd-looking specimen of the *genus homo* commonly known as Zach. His real name was Zacharias Wilson, but as brevity is the soul of Western wit in all things, few of us ever received the benefit of more than one syllable of our baptismal appellations. It was customary, moreover, in the social intercourse of those days to seize upon some personal peculiarity or deformity of our neighbor and nickname him thereby. It was in accordance with this refined and charitable practice that my friend was first known to me as "broken-nosed Zach" or "ugly" Wilson, and indeed it seemed the only form of address with which he was familiar. Poor Zach! he was not handsome. Venus was certainly very much below the horizon when he first saw the light; the fatal gift of beauty Nature had kindly withheld at his birth, and accident, as well as a somewhat pugnaciously bibulous disposition, had combined to do the rest.

When I first met Zach I thought he was the most repulsive-looking being I had ever beheld; tall and gaunt with a stoop that almost amounted to a deformity, small, deep-set eyes, and hair the color of burnt taffy; an unkempt beard, which he allowed to grow merely because he was too lazy to shave and not with a view of enhancing his charms, made a *tout ensemble* which the most indulgent lover of God's handiwork could not have considered attractive. Added to all this an explosion in a mine had horribly injured one side of his face, and the symmetry of his not too classic nose had been marred in a drunken brawl.

But I liked the man notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance. There was a suggestion of something better lurking beneath a rough exterior—good traits of character and disposition that might possibly redeem his account in the next world, although it seemed too late for them to develop in this. Then too he did not murder the queen's English with the cool indifference of others of his class; he maltreated it severely, I must confess, but one cannot expect a pure Addisonian style from men who spend most of their lives, pick in hand, beneath the ground, and Zach's conversation, while not bespeaking culture of the highest order, was musical when compared to some other "highly esteemed fellow-townsmen" whom the weekly press delighted to honor, and certainly a point in his favor.

I knew he had a family somewhere in the country, and he, hearing that I wished a companion—for in those days no one would have been so foolhardy as to start out alone—volunteered to accompany me, saying he had "interests" in the Mangas valley, whither I was bound, and by going as my driver he could kill two birds with one stone.

The morning, as I have already mentioned, was perfect; we left town early and drove for miles in silence—I happy in the contemplation of the limitless panorama spread out before us, Zach cheerfully ruminative and deeply engaged in the mastication of a quid of tobacco.

The glorious, sun-browned mesas were studded with flowers of every hue, and every now and again we would come upon clumps of yucca in full bloom; its tall, staff-like stem, crowned with white, bell-shaped blossoms and swaying in the breeze, reminded one in the distance of a flag of truce—an emblem all unknown in the annals of Apache warfare.

What is it, I wonder, in the atmosphere of spring that the mere breathing of it acts as a Lethean draught, enabling us to

forget for the time all our cares and sorrows; that sends fresh blood pulsing through our veins while we rejoice like innocent children at the return of the birds and the flowers?

"No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the fields are green,"

I quoted aloud, and Zach, who was chasing the tobacco around in his mouth with an air of bovine content, started at the sound of my voice, but having no remarks to make on the subject, he resumed his effort to hit a particular spoke of the rapidly revolving wheel every time he expectorated. He had been devoting himself to this pleasing occupation with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and had only missed the spoke three times out of twelve when I interrupted him.

"Are you fond of poetry, Zach?"

"Poetry? No sir, dunno as I ever read any. Never was much of a scholar nohow, and when a man's got interests to look after he don't waste much time on poetry and sich. Of course it is all right for young fellows like you what ain't got no interests," he added apologetically.

I was just going to inquire in what Zach's interests consisted, for I had never heard of his investing money anywhere but at the saloons, when a turn of the road revealed a cloud of dust which speedily resolved itself into the figures of two cowboys galloping furiously towards us. The unusual spectacle of a cowboy exerting himself sufficiently when "off duty" to make his steed gallop aroused our instant attention and put a stop to further conversation.

Upon seeing us they reined in their panting and foam-flecked horses, and told us that a party of thirty or more Apaches had broken off the reservation and had been seen heading for Gulch cañon. They had been sent to alarm the various ranchmen of that vicinity, and they advised us to return to town as quickly as possible; there was an air of excitement about the men so foreign to the stoical calm of the cowpuncher's accustomed manner that I was alarmed in spite of a sneaking sensation that they might be only chaffing us.

Before I had time to discover whether or not the information was reliable, Zach, with an oath and a muttered exclamation about his "interests," put whip to the horses and we went tearing down the valley at a rate that would have put any modern racer to the blush. The sudden lurch of the vehicle had pitched me forward, and upon gathering myself up I found,

to my amazement, that Zach was driving in the direction of the cañon with all possible speed and an evident desire to offer himself as a victim to the noble red man.

"Now look here, Zach," I exclaimed as calmly as my growing wrath would permit, "if you are willing to be scalped by Indians for the sake of a few miserable cows, well and good; but I want you to understand that I do not share your feelings and I demand that we either turn back, or at least stop at that house and make inquiries." The house alluded to was a good-sized adobe some three quarters of a mile ahead of us.

"Cows! Man, do you suppose I would run the risk of being scalped for all the blamed cattle in New Mexico? It is Mercy I am thinking about—Mercy down there in the cañon, and not a man on the place to protect her! Gosh! if those redskins have touched a hair of her head, I'll—" The remainder of the sentence melted into indistinct profanity, of which I only caught the vaguely uttered word "interests"; but like a flash the knowledge came to me that Zach's interests were not centred in cattle, or in real estate or mines, but in the woman he called wife, and I felt a strange respect for this man, who with all his apparently brutal instincts would so unhesitatingly face a cruel death to save the one he loved.

"Beg pardon, old fellow; I did not understand," said I, intent upon making the *amende honorable*, although I do not think Zach expected it, "but since you are the best shot, suppose you take the rifle and give me the ribbons. That's it; now we will see each other through, Indians or no Indians."

We soon reached the top of a hill which commanded a view of the entire cañon, but not a sign of past or approaching danger was to be seen.

"I reckon it is all a scare," exclaimed Zach, and only a deep-drawn sigh attested how intense was his relief. "There's where Mercy lives," he continued, pointing to a house nearly a mile below us, "and everything looks as peaceful as a summer's day. I might have had better sense than to believe that Dick Sloan, dern his mischievous skin! I'll bet he was nigh on to rolling off his saddle when he saw how his Smart Alec joke was taken in such good faith by us."

"Perhaps we had better stop here and inquire, at any rate," I suggested, thinking discretion the better part of valor. Zach agreed and we drove into the dusty yard, littered with unused or broken-down wagons and surrounded by a carelessly kept fence, which was evidently appreciated only as a saddle and harness rack.

There was no effort at landscape or any other kind of gardening, no slightest attempt to "make the wilderness blossom as a rose." Directly in front of the house was a long trough, into which the water flowed slowly but ceaselessly through an iron pipe; around it the ground was muddy and trampled by the hoofs of the thirsty cattle who came thither many weary miles during the long dry season to quench their thirst. Many come at first, but as the drought continues the number steadily decreases, and very soon there will be seen more carcasses on the withered plains, more buzzards blotting the sky's blue bosom, and later on more bones bleaching in the glare of the relentless sun.

My companion went into the house while I held the horses and underwent the inspection of at least a dozen little tow-headed children, who had swarmed at the sight of our buggy like bees at the beating of pans, and who apparently found my rather modest attire a subject for much amusement.

"A biled shirt, Maria, b' gosh, and shined boots!" ejaculated the eldest hopeful, doubling himself up in a paroxysm of unseemly mirth. I am not a bashful man, but in the presence of the ordinary infant, prodigy or otherwise, I quail. In my opinion, it requires far less nerve, if I may use the word, to argue a case before an assemblage of brilliant men, or to enter a room the cynosure of countless lovely eyes, than to face the outspoken criticism of the average young American.

In a little while Zach returned, his ugly face wreathed in smiles. According to the last and most authentic accounts, the Indians had gone in an exactly opposite direction from the one indicated to us, and, for the present, no danger was apprehended in this vicinity. Our cowboy friends had either been themselves mistaken, or, through a spirit of mischief, had wilfully misinformed us.

"Guess I will let the critters walk the rest of the way, as they seem a bit winded," said Zach, suiting the action to the word. "We can get dinner at my place, and after that there will be plenty of time to go to Jackson's and see your man; he only lives a few miles below me. While we are gone, Mercy can be getting ready to go back to town with us, where she'll be safe. I don't want no more such scares as I have had to-day." The proposition meeting my cordial approval, we let the tired horses take their own time in descending the rocky trail, while we regaled ourselves with tobacco—that universal panacea for masculine worry.

"How long have you been married, Zach?" I asked, won-

dering at the time what style of woman this Mercy could be to have consented to take for better or worse such an unattractive life partner as the man beside me. I had already concluded that the love was on his side only, for while the average woman prefers good qualities to good looks my hero had neither the one nor the other to recommend him.

"Nigh onto eight years," responded Zach. "Our marriage, Mercy's and mine, was kind of romantic-like, and if you care to listen I will tell you the whole business."

Upon my giving an eager assent, Zach laid aside his pipe and, putting a piece of tobacco the size of a child's fist into his mouth by way of refection, he began his story.

"When I first met Mercy, ten years ago this very spring, I did not amount to much more than I do now; I have always been in the habit of taking a drink whenever I felt like it, and then as now I occasionally took too much. However, I could always manage to make a good living and take care of my interests, which is more than lots of them can say what set themselves up for my betters. It was when I was hurt by that infernal explosion that I began to love Mercy; she was so good and pitiful and had such cool, slim hands, and—well, the first thing I knowed I was plum gone. As soon as I got strong enough to go 'round again I took to dropping in to see her. The old man, Mercy's father, hated me from the start, and in proportion as she grew to like me better he took to hating me worse. Finally he forbade me the house; then we used to meet kinder accidental like at a neighbor's, but the old gent soon caught on to that dodge and became furious—swore he would shoot me on sight if he ever saw me with his daughter again. I wasn't afraid of the festive old cuss, but I did not want to kill him because he was Mercy's father, and I couldn't see that it would help matters any to let him kill me, so for a long time I steered clear of the whole outfit and tried to forget Mercy by going on a regular jamboree. But it did not work, and one day I met her looking so pale and forlorn that, by George, I felt like bustin' out a-crying! I thought maybe she had been suffering like myself, and sez I, 'Zach, you're an ornery, good-for-nothing coward to let that little girl go break her heart and you take no steps to prevent it.'"

Here a violent fit of coughing, brought on by my efforts to hide the smiles which I could not restrain, came near strangling me, and for some seconds interrupted my friend's narrative. Presently he resumed:

"Well, sir, my mind was made up, so I went to a chum of mine and laid the case before him. Between us we fixed up a plan to go to Mercy's home that night, and, if she was willing, to take her away or get shot in the attempt. I took my revolver and Jim took his, and we drove out to where she lived about a mile from town. There was no moon that night, but I don't recollect ever before having seen so many stars shining in the heavens at one time. I remarked the fact to Jim, and Jim sez, sez he, 'This ain't nothin', my boy, to what you will see after the old man gets through with you.' Jim always was fond of a joke; he was killed, poor fellow, by the Injuns a few months later. Well, I got out and rapped at the door while Jim hitched the horses. Pretty soon I heard the old man come out and after a lot of fumbling he slid the bolt. When he saw me standing on the porch as large as life, and pretty large I was beside o' him, he was so taken aback he forgot to swear.

"'Good evening,' sez I, quite polite and pleasant like.

"'What the —— do you mean by coming here at this hour of the night?' he roared. It wasn't more than eight o'clock.

"'I came to see your daughter, Mercy, and I propose to see her before I leave the premises,' I replies, cool as a cucumber on ice. Before he had time to answer me, Mercy, who had woman-like left her door a little open so as to hear what was going on, came forward.

"'What is the matter, father?' Then, catching sight of me, she kinder gave a gasp; 'O Zach, is it you?' she sez.

"'Yes, Mercy, it is me, and I have come for you to choose between your father and your lover. If you care enough for me, come. There is a carriage at the door, we will drive to the preacher's and be married this very night; but if you love your father best, jest say the word, and I will go away and never come pestering you again.'

"'Yes, Mercy,' spoke up the old man, 'do as he sez and choose between us—your old daddy who has loved and taken care of you ever since you were a leetle, teeny, toddling girl, or this worthless scoundrel whom you have only known a twelve-month. Make your choice now, for, by ——, if you leave my house to-night to marry that man you will never enter it again while I live.'

"'I have chosen,' said Mercy, and her voice never trembled, although the big tears were running down her cheeks. 'You have been good to me, father, all my life except now when I most need your forbearance.' Mercy is educated,

you know, talks like a regular school-teacher," interpolated the narrator with an air of pardonable pride.

"'It breaks my heart to grieve you, but I love Zach, and I cannot give him up,' and with that she placed her little, slim hand in mine. 'Why will you make it so hard for me, father? You have two other daughters, but poor Zach has no one to love him—nobody but me.'

"Talk about your angels! I had sort of lost belief in them since my mother died and left me a poor little codger of ten, but I believed in them then, for if Mercy did not look for all the world like them pictures we see of angels in the illustrated Bibles, you may shoot me for a jack-rabbit! I kinder felt sorry for the old man that night; when we've struck it rich ourselves we are mighty apt to be easy on any poor devil who is down on his luck, and I knew Mercy was the favorite child. Every speck of anger had died out of his voice, and it only sounded solemn when he answered her.

"'Go,' sez he, 'and remember that as you have made your bed you must lie in it; from this hour you are no daughter of mine.' With that he shut the door in our faces.

"Well, sir, if I wasn't a proud man that night you never saw one; I fairly hugged myself all the way to the minister's. You see I couldn't hug Mercy, as there was a third party in the carriage and she kind of bashful anyway. 'Zach,' sez I to myself, 'you 're a daisy!—a regular Jim-dandy, old boy, and that's what!' Soon after we were married I bought this little place for Mercy 'cause she never could bear the town, and here we have lived ever since the boy was born. I don't believe she regrets having taken old Zach, ugly as he is, and I know she has made earth pretty nigh a heaven for me. She has a powerfully affectionate nature, and it used to worry her considerably for her father to take no notice of her; but the old gent died a few years ago, and before passing in his checks he sent for Mercy and forgave her—it's my opinion the forgiveness ought to have come from the other side. He sent for me, too; reckon he had found that I wasn't as black as I had been painted. I never did have much use for the old cuss, but I went through the prodigal son business just to please Mercy."

By this time we were within sight of the house, a neat-looking, two-story dwelling, with Virginia creeper and Madeira vines climbing over the rude porch, and beds of gaudy flowers scattered here and there throughout the yard, all bespeaking careful attention.

We alighted, and I was shown into the dimly-lighted, unpretentious parlor, while Zach went to find his wife. Again I found myself indulging in interested speculations with regard to the heroine of this little frontier romance. Not being able to reconcile my ideas of the eternal fitness of things with Zach's story, I turned to the centre-table, on which was placed with systematic precision the usual type of literature that accompanies hair-cloth furniture and green crocheted antimacassars. A well-thumbed Bible—Mercy was evidently of a religious temperament—the regulation album with its hideously smirking family photographs; the *Trial of Mrs. Suratt*, *Biography of Abraham Lincoln*, etc. Bent upon self-improvement, I had taken up the *Records of the Late War*, and was endeavoring to reconcile the remarkable statistics therein presented with the true facts, when Zach entered the room leading by the hand a boy of six or seven years, and followed by a pale, timid-looking little woman whom he introduced as his wife. From his air of proud possession one would have imagined they were a bridal couple instead of eight years married. Here, indeed, marriage was not a failure. Mercy, I perceived, was as neat in her attire as in her surroundings, and, although laying no claim to beauty, she had more sweetness and refinement in her face than is usually seen in women of the laboring class—very different from the coarse-voiced, red-elbowed female whom one would naturally picture as Zach's helpmate.

Truly Love is the greatest of all magicians; not only does he turn the dross of life to gold, but he blinds our eyes so that we see nothing imperfect in the object of our affections. Every day we find some new Titania endeavoring to hide the ears of some new Bottom and veil the ass with rose-entwined garlands of pure affection. Perhaps it is as well; a great deal of hypocrisy is necessary in this world in order to make it at all endurable. I saw how Zach's rude features took on a softer expression, and his voice a gentle tone, whenever he addressed his wife; she, in turn, appeared to anticipate his every wish, and read his thoughts almost before they were uttered.

Her sister afterwards told me that when Zach was away Mercy went about like one in a dream; she would stand at the door for hours looking down the road, seemingly oblivious to everything around her; very different from the busy house-keeper she was at other times. Shortly after our trip to the Mangas valley Zach came to my office and requested me to draw up his will.

"Not that I feel like passing in my checks and crossing the Great Divide just yet," he remarked by way of explanation, "but when a man has interests he can't be too careful."

I agreed with him, and in the will he left everything to Mercy unconditionally—his child was not even mentioned.

"What about your son?" I asked. "Don't you propose making any provision for him?"

"Lord bless you, sir, Mercy'll look after the boy; no need of my worrying about him so long as she is above ground."

That was the last time I ever saw Zach. A good opening in my profession having been offered me in my old home, I gladly shook the dust of S—— from off my feet, and soon, in the busy interests of my new life, both Zach and Mercy, and the little idyl in which they played a part, were forgotten.

Three years later I was on my way to California, and as it was a business trip combined with pleasure I concluded to stop over at S—— and revisit old haunts. Thirty-six months had wrought great changes; I scarcely recognized the rambling mining village I had left in the flourishing town that greeted my alien eyes, yet I missed many of the old faces.

The morning after my arrival as I was hurriedly turning a corner I almost ran into a frail-looking woman, dressed in deep mourning, whom I recognized as Mercy Wilson. I at once proceeded to make inquiries concerning Zach. He had been killed, they told me, shortly after I left for the East; the "Golden Nugget" caved in and several men lost their lives by the disaster. Zach was among the number.

"The shock went nigh on to killin' his wife," said an old miner who had worked with Zach and who was giving me the details of the sad affair. "For weeks the doctors thought she would die whether or no, but she pulled through. These sickly sort of women hang on the longest after all. She sold her place as soon as she got well and moved into town so that the boy could go to school, and now she takes in sewing and makes a pretty good livin', they say. Zach left her fixed mighty comfortable, but she won't touch a cent of that money—is a saving it all fer the kid. Fine woman that! It allus was a puzzle to me how she could have cared for sech a pore, ugly scoundrel as Zach Wilson."

I turned away moralizing. So many things are mysteries in life! I almost envied Zach the prize he had won, though now lost to him for ever—the wealth of a good woman's love.

LETTERS OF GANGANELLI (CLEMENT XIV.)

BY REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



THE best and most calumniated of the popes," as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* calls him, is mostly known to the general reader as the pope who in 1773 suppressed the Society of the Jesuits. In doing so, nothing can be too bad or too good to be said of him, according to the view taken of that act. Without going, however, into the question of the circumstances which led up to the suppression of the great society, we think that perhaps some points in the character of Clement XIV. which we can gather from his correspondence when a humble Franciscan, will go far to enable us to arrive at a fair estimate of what the man really was; and so give us grounds for weighing impartially what friends and enemies have said. Fortunately there fell lately into our hands a somewhat rare work: *Letters of Pope Clement XIV.*, in two volumes, a translation made in 1777 from the French. The correspondence dates from 1747 to April 2, 1773, though in this article we shall only use such letters as were written before the cardinalate. These letters used to be greatly admired, and indeed with reason; for they show that Ganganelli was a man of wonderful mind. Highly educated, he had a largeness of view which comes to one almost as a surprise; a simplicity of purpose which recognized only conscience as its guide; a plain, common sense view of religion; and an openness to recognize facts which are too often blinked at as "not edifying." He had no sympathy with that idea of edification which is not based upon truth; and has some remarkably sharp and well-deserved censures upon those who substitute walls of pietism for religion.

Just a word as to his life. Born, in 1705, at St. Arcangelo, near Rimini (his father was a physician), he entered the Franciscan Order at Urbino, being then in his eighteenth year. He was called to Rome to teach theology in the College of St. Bonaventura. Benedict XIV. appointed him a consultor of the Holy Office, saying "that he joined an amazing memory to extensive learning; and what is more agreeable, he is a thousand times more modest than the most ignorant, and so cheerful

that it could not be supposed that he had ever lived in retirement." Clement XIII. raised him to the sacred purple; and the messenger who went to acquaint him began by demanding, in somewhat an intimidating tone, if he were conscious to himself of having discharged his duty properly and if he had nothing to reproach himself with; adding "that a number of things had been said of him to the Holy Father; that from the dread of his being too much affected with it, he hesitated to inform him of the orders of His Holiness; but he could not help letting him know that it was the pope's pleasure that he should absolutely—yes, absolutely—be made cardinal." This was on September 24, 1759. Though raised to the highest rank, he preserved all his simple humility, living still in his convent—so much so, that an English peer who frequently visited him used to say: "I cannot find the Cardinal Ganganelli; I find only a friar filled with humility." His society was much sought after by the learned, and his geniality made him a universal favorite. He succeeded to the Papacy May 19, 1769, and retained all his old ways. When told that the papal dignity required him to keep a costly table, he replied: "Neither St. Peter nor St. Francis taught him to dine sumptuously," and in reply to the remonstrances of the head cook, he said: "You shall not lose your appointment, but I will not lose my health to keep your hand in." He was his own intimate councillor, saying that a sovereign who had a number of confidants was infallibly governed and often betrayed; adding, "I sleep sound when my secret is my own." Cautious, slow, and prudent, he let his mind take time over any serious business. "Our imagination is often our greatest enemy," he writes to Cardinal Stoppani; "I am striving to weary mine before I act." He died in his seventieth year, September 22, 1774.

Now to give some few extracts from his letters, written in the unrestrained intercourse of friendship. We only choose here such parts as illustrate points in his character. And we must exercise self-control, lest, where there is so much golden thought, we might be tempted to exceed the bounds of a magazine article.

To a Gentleman preparing to become a Trappist Monk (Oct. 29, 1747).

"We ought to deliberate well before we take up a new load of obligation. The Gospel is the best guide for a Christian; and to admit of one being buried in solitude, the vocation ought to be well tried. There is something extraordinary in whatever takes us out of the common road of life, and in

embracing the life of a monk we ought to dread some illusion. . . . Besides the difficulty of finding a great number of religious truly fervent, they ought to be apprehensive of injuring the state by rendering themselves useless members of society. We are not born monks; we are born citizens. . . . When at La Trappe, it is true, you will pray to God day and night; but cannot you direct your thoughts continually to him though in the midst of the world? It is not in words that the merit of prayer consists. . . . Many respectable writers have not hesitated to impute the remissness in monasteries to a tiresome repetition of forms of devotion. They thought, with reason, that the attention could not be preserved during too long prayers, and that bodily labor is of more advantage than continual singing of psalms. The world would not have exclaimed so much against the monks if they had been seen usefully employed. . . . St. Benedict was sensible that we ought to be useful to our country, and in consequence instituted a school for gentlemen at Monte Cassino. He knew what sort of laws the love of our neighbor inspires."

To a Papal Chamberlain.

"Gaiety is the true medicine for the studious; the mind and heart should be dilated when it has been contracted by obstinate toil. Blossoming is as necessary to the human mind as to trees, to make it recover its verdure and flourish; to us there are some folk like rose-trees without flowers, who present nothing to view but bark and prickles. When I meet such I do not say a word, but pass by as quickly as possible for fear of being stung! Gaiety retards old age; there is always a reviving freshness which accompanies gaiety, instead of the pale wrinkles that are the produce of cares. Benedict XIV. would not enjoy such good health if he were not always gay; he lays down the pen to give vent to some *bonsmots*, and resumes it without ever being fatigued."

To a Lady (January 2, 1749).

"True devotion, madam, neither consists in a careless air nor in a brown habit. Most pious people imagine, though why I don't know, that clothes of a dark color please Heaven more than those of a lighter and livelier hue; yet we find angels are always painted either in white or blue. I do not love piety which proclaims itself. . . . Observe, moreover, that the lady who talks scandal in company, or appears peevish or in an ill humor against mankind, is generally dressed in brown! Singu-

larity is so little allied to true devotion that we are ordered in the Gospel to wash our faces when we fast, that we may not appear remarkable. . . . The world would not have ridiculed religion so much had not its devotees given room for it. Almost always inflamed with bitter zeal, they are never satisfied except with themselves, and would have every one submit to their whims because their piety is often the effect only of caprice. . . . False devotees do little less injury to the cause of religion than the openly profane; . . . they have a restless, impetuous, persecuting zeal, and are commonly either fanatical or superstitious, hypocrites or ignorant. When you find no rancor in your heart, nor pride in your mind, no singularity in your actions, and that you observe without affectation or trifling the laws of God and the Church, then you may believe you are in the way of salvation."

To a Canon of Osimo (February 6, 1749).

"Religion will never be perfectly established till it has no other principle but charity; for neither knowledge nor exterior magnificence constitutes its merit, but the love of God alone. It is the basis of our worship, and if we are not persuaded of this truth we are only images of virtue."

To Mgr. Cerati (July 8, 1749).

"The pope only discharges his duty in vindicating the memory of Cardinal Noris. It would be cruel to declare a man a heretic because he follows the opinions of the Augustinians or the Thomists; that is to say, doctrines solemnly approved of by the church. But when we are impelled by fanaticism we see nothing and become deaf to reason."

To the Abbate Nicolini (February 28, 1750).

"Notwithstanding the dreadful consequences of this new philosophy, I am of opinion that we ought not to exasperate those who profess it. There are some people unconvinced who deserve to be pitied, because, after all, faith is a gift of God. Jesus Christ, who thundered at the Pharisees, said nothing to the Sadducees. Unbelievers will be much more easily led back by gentleness than by severity. They affect a haughtiness to those who wound them keenly; and the more so, because they are answered frequently with much more reasoning than is found even in their own discourses and writings. The most petty ecclesiastic sets about attacking them without thinking that, though his zeal is laudable, his understanding by no means

keeping pace with it, he may do more harm than good. Converts are not made by declaration or invective. Examples, reason, and moderation are wanted, and we should begin by allowing that religion has indeed mysteries which are incomprehensible and which cannot all be explained. . . . Every impetuous zeal which would bring down fire from heaven excites only hatred. The church has the reputation of being of a persecuting spirit, in the eyes of unbelievers, from many of its ministers showing too ardent a zeal. . . . If God bears with unbelievers, we ought to bear with them, since they make a part of his plan; and by them religion appears stronger and the faith of the righteous is exercised."

To Cardinal Crescenci (March 1, 1750).

"It is known that sorcerers nowadays are not supernatural agents, and that a belief in Black Magic (though according to Scripture the devil is a real being) is almost always the effect of superstition or the work of a troubled brain."

To a Gentleman of Ravenna (March 3, 1750).

"I could never have suspected that you would have applied to an obscure religious like me to decide a family dispute. . . . Besides my incapacity in this affair, I do not love to give advice in secular matters. I remember St. Paul forbids every minister of the Lord from interfering in temporals. A man who is dead to the world should not intermeddle in the affairs of it. Every religious society that neglects this maxim will sink into oblivion sooner or later; as every religious who intrudes into families to know their secrets, to regulate marriages and wills, is equally contemptible and dangerous."

To a Dominican (June 11, 1750).

"We reproach Fleury with being too zealous for the liberties of the Gallican Church. . . . See how difficult it is to write to please every government; but sensible men give up to the French and Romans their different pretensions, so that the faith be not affected. Every country has its opinions, as every individual his whim."

To an Abbess (November 10, 1750).

"I think like our Father St. Francis (pardon my sincerity), who said 'that God has debarred us from having wives that we may be inspired with a desire of being religious; but I am afraid the devil has given us sisters to torment us.' He knew how difficult it is to direct nuns. . . . Talk but little with

your directors and a great deal with God, and peace will flourish again in your abbey."

To Count — (a recent convert from sin), (November 20, 1750).

"If you look upon religion in the great, as it ought to be viewed, you will not find in it the puerilities of trifling devotions. Never open those mystical or apocryphal books which, under the pretence of nourishing piety, amuse the soul with insignificant ceremonies, leaving the mind without light and the heart without compunction."

To a Friar appointed Provincial (January 31, 1751).

"Employ no spies except to discover the merit of those who are too modest to let it appear. . . . I will not mention duplicity, unfortunately too much practised by the heads of religious houses. . . . You will never prefer a complaint against any one without having several times warned him of your intention or without previously acquainting him. . . . Be communicative, for we lose much of the good will of those we govern by disgusting coldness. . . . Have few confidants, but when you make any let it not be by halves, for they will divine the rest and will consider that they are not obliged to be secret."

To the Bishop of Spoleto (March 17, 1751).

"What your lordship wrote to me on the subject of the relics of saints does honor to your discernment and to your religion. There are two rocks to be shunned by all true Catholics: that of believing too much, and that of not believing enough. If we were to give credit to all the stories told of the relics which are shown in every country, we must frequently suppose that a saint has ten heads or ten arms. This abuse, which has procured us the name of superstitious, has happily only taken root among the ignorant. Thank heaven! it is well known in Italy (and the clergy repeat it often) that there is nothing absolutely necessary but the mediation of Jesus Christ; and that of the saints, as the Council of Trent has formally declared, is only 'good and useful.' . . . If there are more superstitions in Italy than elsewhere, it is because the people have a more lively imagination, and consequently are more ready to catch without reflection at everything that is presented to their minds."

To Cardinal Quirini (July 3, 1751).

"It must be allowed that we live in a strange age. Never was there less religion, and yet never was it more talked about ;

never was there more wit, and never was it more abused. Men would know everything, yet study nothing; they decide upon everything, and yet sift nothing thoroughly. . . . If many of our pastors would fairly examine themselves, they would admit that by their haughtiness and dissipation they have given room for murmurings and complaints. Wherefore dissemble what all the world knows?"

To Father Louis of Cremona (March 1, 1753).

"The mouth of the preacher is truly the mouth of God. Alas! then, what should be thought of him who can utter buffooneries and trifles from the pulpit?"

To Count — (December 31, 1751).

"The first book I would place at the head of your library is the Gospel, as the most necessary and most sacred. It is right that the book which contains the principles and basis of religion should be the foundation of your studies. It is there you will learn to know what you owe to God, and to the wisdom and goodness of the Mediator in whom we hope and who hath reconciled heaven and earth by the shedding of His Blood. . . . It is quite simple, all is within reach of every capacity, and all is divine."

To Count — (April 19, 1752).

"If scruples lay hold of you, you are ruined; you will either relapse into dissipation or serve God like a slave. . . . The vessel of clay to which our souls are attached does not allow of angelical perfection. Religion is degraded when we apply our attention to trifles. . . . Only false devotees are scandalized at everything and see the devil everywhere. Fulfil the law without laboring in spirit and without straining the imagination, and you will be pleasing to God."

To Mgr. Cerati (November 13, 1753).

"Cardinal Bentivoglio said we should see an Englishman when we wanted to think, and a Frenchman when we wanted to talk."

To Cardinal Spinelli (July 3, 1752).

"If Pharisaical zeal were allowed to govern, we should very soon have nothing in the church but trifling ceremony; and religion, which is so beautiful and sublime, would become a round of superstitions. People generally love things which do not reform the heart; and are pleased to grow old without

rooting out bad habits, believing a few prayers, repeated in haste, sufficient to carry them to heaven. . . . Pharisees have lived in all ages and will continue to the end of the world; . . . they lay the faithful asleep by amusing them with ceremonials which neither influence the heart nor the understanding. . . . Muratori said that trifling devotions for the most part resembled the compositions for taking out stains, which lessen the spot only in appearance but in fact make it larger."

To Cardinal Quirini (May 31, 1753).

"*The Scholastics* often perplexed everything from their solicitude to clear up everything, and often replied to nothing from their desire to answer all. . . . Nothing is so dangerous as to give as a matter of faith what is only a matter of opinion, and to confound a pious belief with a thing that is revealed. . . . A truth is never better established than by the universal approbation of all the churches, which is a circumstance the greater part of modern theologians do not sufficiently attend to. . . . Do not permit *your theologians* to support free will by denying the almighty power of grace; nor, by enhancing the value of the inestimable and entirely free gift, to destroy liberty; nor from too great respect for the saints to forget what is due to Jesus Christ. . . . The great fault of some theologians is a desire to explain everything, not knowing where to stop."

To a newly-appointed Bishop (May 30, 1755).

"Do not suffer the piety of the faithful to be fed with false legends, nor to be occupied in petty observances, but teach them (your priests) to instruct their flock to have recourse constantly to Jesus Christ as our only mediator, and to honor the saints only in reference to him. . . . It is an odious thing in a bishop to know none but those of rank and fortune in his diocese. The lower people murmur, and with reason, for they are often more precious in the sight of God."

To a Gentleman of Tuscany (August 16, 1753).

"It is not by attending to trifling ceremonies that you will make your children true Christians. Christianity is the greatest enemy to Pharisaical zeal and superstition. The church prescribes duties enough without our endeavoring to multiply them. We too frequently neglect what is of precept to follow what is only of advice, because we love rather to hearken to caprice than to reason; and because pride and singularity perfectly agree."



"CHARITY SWEETENED BY RELIGION BEST ALLEVIATES THE MISERIES OF HUMANITY."

MONTMARTRE AND ITS POOR.

BY REV. FRANK X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.



NY Sunday morning—in summer when "the risen day" paints its colors on every side, and in winter when "the gray-eyed" dawn "smiles on the frowning night"—an army of mendicants may be seen toiling slowly up the steps of the Rue Foyatier and the Rue Devret, which lead to the national votive Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre in Paris. Ragged and vagabond, they pass through a small door in the board enclosure of the Rue Saint Eleuthère, and direct their steps towards the crypt, going under the scaffolding which supports the platform above to the main entrance of the church.

Who are these conspirators in tatters? Do they come to a plenary assembly to elect a new king? No, these poor victims who have been vanquished in the battle of life come hither responsive to the invitation of Him who hath said: "Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

In this gay city of Paris, where evil seemingly rules, the good is not altogether disarmed, and this truth is manifest in the numerous acts of faith and charity daily and monthly performed without particular display or boastful clamoring. The state enrolls in its service an army of functionaries to direct the stream of official charity. The church has only to appeal to the devotion of her children, and benevolent works are forthwith multiplied under every form. Of these works one of the holiest is that of the Sunday Mass for the poverty-stricken in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart.

On entering the crypt the mendicants receive a hymn-book, and while sitting on the benches set apart for them, they unite their feeble voices in the plain chant of the office. Devout laymen direct the singing and lead in prayer for the congregation of beggars. These pious laics are, generally speaking, men of the upper classes of society, many of them favorites of fortune, and it is a touching sight to witness how interested they are in the physical and moral misfortunes of their beggarwards.

At eight o'clock Mass begins, and a salutary instruction is given; at nine o'clock these two or three thousand men (the number is fully that in winter) depart from the crypt, return their hymn-books, and receive a pound of bread with a bowl of soup. All this is done in religious silence and with perfect order. The Work, as it is called, distributes in this way 100,000 pounds of bread annually.

Thrice in the week these poor people are at liberty to go to the dispensary in the Rue du Mont-Cenis, where they may receive medical advice and remedies, and also a bowl of meat-soup.

Here catechists instruct these forlorn and often neglectful men in the principles of religion, long ago forgotten but now vividly recalled. A room for correspondence with letter-paper and envelopes is placed at their disposal, and the dispensary officials guarantee to post or forward the letters. As we readily see, these poor, disinherited beings obtain the bread of the soul as well as the bread of the body.

WHENCE THESE POOR?

Of what elements is this army of tatterdemalions composed? What catastrophes, griefs, vices have brought them to their wretched condition? These rags cover poor workingmen without work or courage, unclassified paupers, the infirm, the aged

and professional beggars. There are some of all classes, but the unemployed workingmen form the largest part of the contingent. While many of these indigent laborers are Parisian by birth, "to the manner born," the majority are haggard and disheveled workingmen who have come from all parts of France in the expectation of finding work easily. Their very dress and shoes bear the imprint of many unavailing journeys. Lacking work, Paris is only too often fatal to them. Disappointed in their quest for employment, they spend in drink whatever little money they have brought to the gay capital, for the city appeals powerfully to them in their depressed state, and strong liquors, such as brandy and absinthe, are the temptations to which they inevitably succumb. These despondent workingmen would be infinitely better off if they had stayed in their provincial homes. Yet these poor plodders roam over every portion of the French capital, their robust arms asking only for work, only to be disappointed, and their misery is indeed extreme, for this great pulsating city weighs heavily on the wretched, the feeble, the little, the poor defenceless creatures of the world. What heart-rending stories they who have been conquered in the struggle for life could tell to their more fortunate brethren!

The old, hoary with age, with tottering step, eyes dim and dull, are numerous also, and it is a pitiable spectacle to see these aged men seeking the benefits of religion, men without home, fire, bread, or children.

The unclassified as well as professional beggars are present in respectable numbers.

The unclassified, men who have seen the bright and the dingy sides of life, are easily recognizable by their language, their soft hands, and their poor attempt at a toilette. Many of these unfortunates have descended successively all the rungs of the social ladder and have stepped at last into the region of want. There may be among them men of the professions, notaries, lawyers, physicians, and reduced capitalists, but they are rarely met with. Paris and provincial France seem to be able to supply some occupation, however meagre, to those who once moved in the upper walks of life. Again, pride is a powerful factor in the career of French professional men; they are sensitive to a fault at ill success, and, as we know from the daily journals, too many of them seek in the throes of self-inflicted death freedom from what they deem dishonor in the eyes of the world, chill and hopeless poverty.

CHARACTER OF FRENCH PAUPERISM.

There is a marked difference between the conditions of mendicants in France and America. Here all professions and avocations are represented in the degradation and misery of our large cities; in the purlieus of want and crime are many men who have seen better days, and intelligent and well-bred tramps are often found in the vagrant multitudes who infest our highways, especially in the summer season. In France there is little of tramp-existence as it is portrayed in our American life, or as it has been since the close of the Civil War. Many reasons are suggested to account for the non-existence of *trampism* in France. According to some writers, a reason is that the relations of capital and labor are very harmonious; there is, comparatively speaking, in France a plentiful supply of labor, and the workingman earns a substantial and satisfying wage. It is a fact that a fairly extended strike occurred some months ago in Paris, and it was such an anomaly in labor and governmental circles that it created an excitement bordering on a revolution. Since the days of the Commune Paris never had such a public convulsion.

Besides, the stringent French laws, bearing on public begging and soliciting, tend in their enforcement to decrease the prevalence of this social eyesore, and the ready charity afforded by governmental, and particularly religious organizations, such as patronages, works, conferences, and charitable societies connected with the different churches, does away with many of the harrowing spectacles of penury and want observable in other large European and American cities. The votaries of the superior employments of life are not then to be found among that mendicant host who gather each Sunday on Montmartre to worship God and receive in his holy name the necessities of life. But, as the French proverb runs, "in the absence of thrushes, one will eat blackbirds," so we are satisfied to listen to the experience related by a former schoolmaster—a disciple of Diogenes—that is to say, a pupil of the Cynical school.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM.

As this not unhappy man sipped his small glass of *trois-six*, which he had invited his companion to take and also to pay for, he told his story in few and simple words:

"I was schoolmaster at B——, and had shone with great brilliance in the renowned family *universitaire*, until one day

an inspector of schools took it into his head to criticise my stock of learning and my methods of teaching before a full class of scholars. I answered him by throwing an ink-stand at his head. The authorities had the bad taste to turn me out of school for this peccadillo. I came to Paris, and I have since worked at all trades but the right one. I have written articles for newspapers, which the editors found incomprehensible; I offered my services to a stock broker, a frightful thief, who took the whim to suspect my delicacy of execution in his work; I have been a public scrivener, a dancer in a theatre of the suburbs, a dealer in notes and countermarks, and am now at last a beggar. The trade is not so bad. I manage to lead a free and independent life, and, with a certain amount of natural ability, I am able to lay by some few savings for my old years."

This sharp-witted man had made an art of mendicancy, and had acquired from experience a thorough knowledge of all the places where charity was dispensed, and had his own selection from them. Fortifying himself with more of the exhilarating liquor, he proceeded: "I know all of the religious communities in Paris," and he mentioned one religious establishment in particular. "The house," he said, "is a good one; the ladies who visit the chapel are liberal, but the topographical situation is very bad indeed for the poor beggars. What is needed there is a large porte-cochère to give us shelter in the inclemency of weather and also from the attention of the police." Think of an American beggar or tramp discoursing on his needs in this off-handed, almost philosophical manner! Imagine the impatience or the fury of an American citizen listening to such semi-impudent talk, and being compelled to pay almost perforce for liquor drunk by the beggar and not ordered by the payer! Thus spoke the sometime schoolmaster, who united in himself two classes of mendicants, the professional and the unclassified. He absorbed one after the other three glasses, and then he said in a most amiable tone: "Let us go—you pay; I must quit, because I have an important engagement. I shall buy the paper and read your article." This man was a type of a class to be met with often enough in the metropolitan city of Paris.

He had been cast out from his legitimate calling, and eventually became, through the exigencies of disappointment and hunger, a vagrant moving around a vicious circle in a city that ought to have given him employment. He seemed to

have lost all heart to work; he was even insensible to the social and political events happening around him. It was not that he lacked intelligence or was without some sympathy for human life. No, he was one of that generation of public teachers who were educated in a wrong groove. He was taught and forced to teach pure naturalism to the rising youth of France. His motto was "Sans Dieu," his catechism "les Droits de l'homme," his religion atheism pure and simple, and when severe correction was administered to him, his acceptance of it was a disgraceful act of violence, unheard of in a Catholic school. Crouching under a tyranny worse than any African slavery, he felt impelled to break his bonds and assert his manhood. As a consequence, he was expelled from his position of schoolmaster and blacklisted in every educational bureau of France. At last driven into beggary, he has no hope in life, save what is given him by the kindly offices of that religion which he despised in the days of his prosperity and which he taught his young pupils to revile. Besides affording him relief in his misery, the persecuted church will bless his dying hours with all the sacramental helps in her possession. Is there anything to equal the charity of God's holy church?

THE NEEDY AND HELPLESS POOR.

The generality of those who frequent the Mass for the poverty-stricken in the Basilica of Montmartre is composed of those who have fallen into unmerited misery: poor laborers without work, the aged and infirm, who form nine-tenths of the wretched throng. In the Oblate Fathers, who have charge of this magnificent votive church, in which the daily prayer to the Sacred Heart is *Sauvez la France*, these poor creatures find

"A heart for pity and a hand
Open as day to melting charity."

And it is only in a religious establishment such tenderness for God's poor is manifest. If the kind and benevolent feeling, that is the direct outcome of devotion to the bleeding Heart of the Saviour, were not warm and active in the breasts of these religious men, to constrain them to acts of compassion when poor strangers enter their church, would they not doubtless close the door against them, as is daily done by officials who are paid to dole out public benefactions to wandering mendicants, craving from legitimate sources of relief "something for God's sake"?

POLICE INSPECTORS IN RAGS.

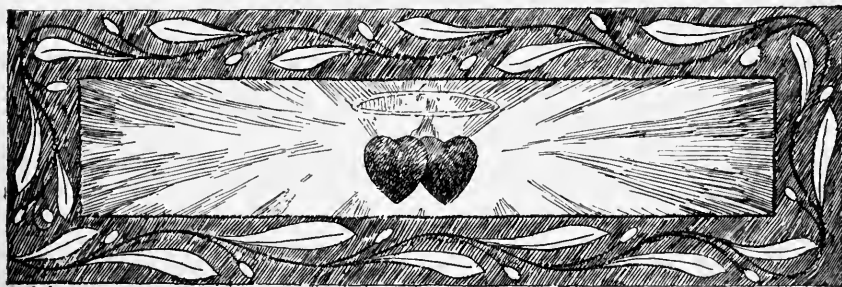
A word or two relative to other kinds of mendicants, who do not number a corporal's guard in this large army of the indigent. There is the police-beggar, who cannot be distinguished, in lack of decent dress and in outward dejection of manner, from the poorest claimant to Christian charity. The chief of police never fails to have his representative at these pious ceremonies. The espionage maintained by the police authorities of Paris is proverbial. There is no gathering, no meeting into which the police inspector does not penetrate. Paris is the hot-bed of revolutionism, anarchy, and thievery and swindling. Parisian thieves and swindlers are especially versatile. They are, to use a newspaper expression, "lightning artists in thievery and swindling." They adopt costume and manner to suit the demands of their ill-omened avocation. At Havre, not long since, Parisian detectives took into custody a famous swindler who was about to sail for New York. He dressed sometimes in a garb that was a cross between the dress of a Spanish serenader and that of one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys. He put on clerical soutane, and thus, as a priest or friar, obtained subscriptions for imaginary charities. Again, this expert in swindling was an officer of marines, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, with face bronzed by African suns, and he succeeded in borrowing large sums of money from military men among the Dreyfusards by representing himself as an officer who had to leave the army owing to his conviction that the sometime prisoner of Devil's Island was a victim of the Jesuits. The Parisian thief and swindler is like the traditional flea, now you have it and now you have it not, and the police authorities must be ever on the watch for this ubiquitous personage. Hence not even these peaceable and religious gatherings on Sundays at Montmartre or at the dispensary on weekdays are unattended by police inspectors clad in rags. But few conspirators are to be found among these wretched creatures, whose only thought is to worship, in their misery or old age, the God whom they have probably neglected all their lives long and to obtain the frugal help of religious benevolence.

There is also the beggar who is such for the love of Christ, and who follows in the footsteps of the great beggar-saint of this century, Benedict Joseph Labre, a Frenchman himself. Of this holy man the Roman Breviary says: "*Ita disponente*

Deo, ut beatus juvenis arctioris sequelæ crucis Christi in medio populi spectaculum fieret mundo, et Angelis, et hominibus"; and the biographer of our present Pope, Leo XIII., Mgr. de T'Serclaes, declares that the elevation of this marvellous mendicant, Joseph Labre, to the honors of our altars seemed to be an audacious defiance hurled against an age that was entirely sated with material progress and sensual refinement. What kind of a beggar is this imitator of the canonized vagrant who was the butt of ridicule, persecution, and ill-treatment in almost every European capital for Christ's sake? We do not answer, for we do not wish to penetrate too critically into God's designs.

The Mass for the poverty-stricken and its Work battle against the moral and material misery which is the parent of malice, despair, and crime. At first hunger conducts the mendicant to the Basilica of Montmartre; then his soul is moved deeply by the singing of the hymns, the exhortations of the priests, and contact with that charity which welcomes and relieves him, and he unconsciously is brought back in tears to the God of his First Communion.

The work of the Sacred Heart in behalf of the poor is a boon to French society, and a source of salvation for these outcasts of civilization.



THE PRESS AND THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

BY REV. GEO. McDERMOT, C.S.P.



SOME TIME, a distant one it is hoped, the Sacred College will be called upon to elect a successor to St. Peter; and one may venture to predict that that august body will disregard the pretensions of the states which claim a veto, as it is called, at the election. This pretension has never been acknowledged as a right. The election of Pius IX. of pious memory took place in disregard of it. The ambassador of Austria demanded that the conclave should not be held until his countrymen should arrive. The emperor held the keys of the Papal States, he could have occupied them to enforce his will—as, in fact, he entered into a part of them during the election, to put down revolutionary disturbances—but notwithstanding this danger to freedom of election the business of the conclave proceeded. This claim of the Catholic states to have an influence on the choice of the Sacred College, though a menace to the spiritual authority, is not without some appearance of propriety when we look on the surface at the relations between the church and the Christian commonwealth. But in these relations the secular power has been always trying to overstep the line which divides the things which belong to Cæsar from those which belong to God. It is in some such spirit of aggressiveness the pretension named has its origin. There is no authority for it in principle or practice similar to the acclamation or assent of a people at the coronation of a temporal king, like him of France before the Revolution. Christendom is not Italy. The king of the States of the Church is the pope. He owes nothing to the subject except—though the exception is everything in the best sense,—except what an enlightened conscience dictates to a father, a ruler, and a priest.

If Catholics object to interference on the part of Catholic states, what should be said of the forecasts, the criticisms, the language of the rationalistic and Protestant press of the world concerning the next conclave? The maxim, *Ne quæras quis hoc dixerit sed quid dicatur attende*, does not apply to the intrusive opinions, advices, and predictions of our enemies on this mat-

ter. We Catholics do not interfere, even when we have the constitutional right, in questions of church government and doctrine in England. No Catholic of either house of Parliament has joined in the discussions agitating sections of the Establishment in that country. I hope no Catholic will vote on any measure that may result from that agitation.

I regret indeed that modern toleration and historic criticism have no power, or so very little power, upon the Protestant or the rationalist when he comes to treat of a Catholic doctrine or moral principle, a Catholic saint or statesman; but at least he is within his rights in judging of them in his own way and according to his bias. If he prefers refuted charges and old misconceptions to exact explanation and historic truth, I am sorry for him, but I cannot say he is not free to use his intellect in that direction. He will exercise this freedom whether I like it or not; he will say I am blinded by unreasoning veneration if I should express the opinion that the church in the twelve centuries of her supremacy proved that hers was the best system of ecclesiastical polity, because she preserved authority and law where no other influence could have succeeded, and he will point out to me as a refutation the errors and the crimes of men. If I talk of the material progress of Europe from the fall of the Western Empire, when the church replaced all that had been destroyed, replaced over and over again the works which foreign or domestic war had overthrown, he will sneer at what he calls my enthusiasm of faith in not seeing that the church made this labor for herself when she paralyzed the controlling hand of Rome.* Even on questions of doctrine neither of them will permit me to rely upon the revelation of the Lord; one will tell me I derive the Resurrection and the Last Judgment from a pagan source, and both that I derive Purgatory from a custom acquired by the Jews from their Persian masters. Well, I allow them to so defame me, but I deny their right to kill the reigning pope and appoint his successor. We Catholics never think of appointing the state-prelate who is to sit on the throne of St. Augustine of Canterbury.

Indeed, it is a considerable time since Mr. Stead placed Cardinal Gibbons on the papal throne. In one of those vivid moments we understand so well he saw his Eminence revealed in the symbolical motto which stood for a future pope in a prophecy of St. Malachi, but which others have since applied to Cardinal Svampa. To do him justice, Mr. Stead had a

* Gibbon, etc., plainly; Guizot, etc., more guardedly.

theory which explained his overtures to mysticism, and at the same time his determining the succession to the supreme pontificate while Leo XIII. was still in the plenitude of physical and intellectual vigor. It was not in his case the wantonness of mere magazine or newspaper contempt for Catholic sentiment. There was none of the bald insolence with which the ordinary Protestant or the rationalist outrages Catholic feeling. Mr. Stead simply had his theory, which could not work until he whose symbol was "Ignis ardens" should be called from the Potomac to the Tiber; and therefore it was necessary to consign Leo XIII. to the tomb.

Nor, are we too sensitive in complaining of the opinions and the forecasts of journalists and publicists. We would not for millions deprive the king-makers and cabinet-makers who rule the world from their attics of this privilege, any more than of their inspiration. As long as for a penny we can read the mind of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Jewish *Daily Telegraph* we enjoy a cheap pleasure. It is good to know beforehand, from the *London Times*, the whims and flashes of the potentate who as Emperor of Germany forgets that Electors of Brandenburg only two centuries ago were the lackeys of Polish kings. We even can accept from *Reynold's Paper*—once the anarchical organ of Mr. Chamberlain—the opinion that the English monarchy will close with the Queen's reign; there is no undue punctiliousness in our way of looking at things—but we distinctly deny the right of an Italian infidel, a French Jew, an English rationalist or Protestant to insult us by presuming such an interest in the trials of the church as will leave her no liberty at all.

It may be said that Catholic papers and periodicals have for the last ten or twelve years been referring, at more or less length, to the health of the Holy Father and the events awaiting his death. I disapprove of anything of the kind, but at least the writers were his own children. Probably they felt bound to advert to matters so delicate and grave in order to remove errors or contradict inventions. Catholics must now and then break silence for the sake of those who might be misled.

We should prefer to be let alone. No work that has appeared since the Reformation has done us justice. No matter what the character claimed for himself by any writer outside the pale, he will be found tainted by prejudices which color his judgments if they do not warp his presentation of matters of

fact. M. Guizot is looked upon as a fair-minded man. He himself in plain terms states that he regards historical questions from a philosophic level. I find his *History of France* a Huguenot pamphlet inspired by Encyclopædism; as though the Encyclopædists could be taken as Catholic witnesses. We hear Mr. Hallam pronounced judicial. The *Constitutional History of England*, though in certain respects valuable, is an insidious argument in favor of the policy that oppressed the Catholics of England. If this be a correct estimate of writers supposed to carry the highest authority in the two nations standing in the forefront of liberal opinion, what is to be expected from the crowd who supply their impulses under the name of thoughts to the evanescent pages of reviews, magazines, and newspapers?

Mr. Gladstone in one of the pamphlets which added nothing to his reputation said the position of the pope was still a great one, though shorn of much of its power. No doubt the revolution in Italy, which owed much of its success to him, has deprived the pope of his place among European sovereigns; but for all that the ruler of Christendom must be the greatest influence in the world. Decius declared he would prefer to hear of a rival to the purple than to hear of the election of a Bishop of Rome. This judgment as to the influence of the office is still applicable. But the Bishop of Rome is the Lord's Vicar; we therefore submit, no one has a right to speak of the devolution of the office except Catholics, and they because it is their duty to pray that he who fills it may be the most worthy. For my part, I bore with great gentleness the news that the German Emperor had made himself chief bishop of the Lutherans. We only know of one question which can in appearance be matter for the opinion of the world, and that is the security for the exercise of the functions of the pope. In a recent article in a French periodical it was suggested that no one now would seek it unless a man free from worldly ambition. This is beside the question. The motives of a particular candidate—assuming there is such a thing as candidature—are in the recesses of his conscience. There can be something which wears the appearance of personal ambition in a man who honestly believes himself suited for a particular work in the church, or the most suited. I admit it is a dangerous motive; perhaps there is alloy in all motives, even those that seem the most purely spiritual. The missionary who goes to Corea with his life in his hand may have something of the human energy which inspires the volunteer of a forlorn hope; but these impulses

cannot be analyzed too nicely. I doubt if a contemplative with long years of experience will venture to distinguish with confidence between human impulses and the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

I have another objection to this view: it assumes that the temporal sovereignty was an object of ambition, and now, because it has gone, only spiritually minded men will covet the tiara. This is one of the plausibilities of Liberalism which capture well-meaning but inconsiderate people, and which are very convincing indeed to the insolent and corrupt whose blatant utterances are the war-cries of religio-economic faction. Such men as these care nothing for the character of a pope, but they see in the overthrow of the temporal power the first great step to the destruction of religion. "The abolition of the temporal power," says Mazzini, "manifestly carries with it the emancipation of the human mind from the spiritual power." "Our final purpose," say the leading Carbonarists, "is that of Voltaire and the French Revolution—the total annihilation of Catholicism and of the Christian idea itself." Guizot and Dr. Lea are with Montanelli in objecting to a theocratic tyranny over the legislation which deals with marriage and education. Our enemies are infinitely various with one bond of unity—their detestation of the Lord's Church. Their supreme see is hell and their invisible head the prince of this world. This may seem uncivil language, but what can I say when I find a public lecturer and a high functionary in a Catholic country* promulgating principles identical with those of the author of *L'Impero il Papato*,† and so with regard to all writers to whom religion is subordinate to politics.

With very great respect, it is a matter of no consequence, except to himself, whether or not a member of the Sacred College is actuated by ambition. I am not sufficiently Protestant, rationalistic, or infidel to claim authority over another man's conscience. If a particular cardinal should seek the place of pope through unworthy motives, God pity him! If he should desire it through what he may think good motives—he is not to be envied—I still say God help him! for he seeks an awful burden, a responsibility whose consequences of good or evil eternity cannot annul. But in the practical business of election the individual electors can only be guided by their judgment and conscience, though the judgment in its result is the act

* Guizot, professor of history in the faculty of literature at Paris and minister of public instruction.
Montanelli.

of God the Holy Ghost; but putting aside the result, and only considering the component parts of the Sacred College, I may be permitted to hold that the electors are not more dishonest than the members of an English chapter acting under the *cong   d'elire* of majesty informed by—say, a Presbyterian prime minister.

If the system in England be the most admirable instance of judicious compromise that wisdom and moderation acting on religious enthusiasm could produce—so its advocates say—and if no one thinks of anticipating the death of an English prelate and appointing as his successor one opposed to the opinions of his flock, there ought to be a similar reserve with regard to that place in Christendom to which two hundred millions of people must look—not merely may look—for guidance as to what they are to hold and to reject in matters of faith and morals. I deny the right of our enemies to say what ought or ought not to be done in a matter so intimately concerning us. This, I think, ought to be admitted where there is no question of the temporal power. It would be an unheard-of presumption for a stranger to dictate to a business man how he should conduct his concern. Then does the temporal power confer a right to criticise, to direct, to intervene? Four European states sent a missive to one of the popes of this century censuring him for misgovernment—Satan rebuking sin is not an uncommon form of consistency. The subjects of a successor of that pope, in pursuance of principles which the rulers of the states in question would deal very summarily with in their own dominions, flung off his authority. In these facts we discover nothing against the temporal sovereignty—very far from it; we only find brutal insolence on the part of rulers who presumed to lecture the king of a weak state instead of attending to their own affairs; and we see in the rebellion of the pope's subjects the Nemesis which is pursuing through the monarchies of Europe kings and ministers unfaithful to the true principle on which government rests—the authority conferred by the King of kings upon his vicegerents.* But the restoration of the temporal sovereignty, though not a principle within the domain of dogma, is a political necessity annexed to the exercise of the supreme religious authority, so that I cannot concede the consideration of its absence is a circumstance to be taken into account in judging of those members of the Sacred College who are called *papabili*.

* The infidel president of a French republic may be the vicegerent of God *de facto* and *de jure*, but I am at liberty as an individual to prefer that the vicegerent should be a descendant of St. Louis.

In the confidences which passed between Frederick the Great and Voltaire the king wrote as follows: "All the potentates of Europe being unwilling to recognize the Vicar of Christ in a man subject to another sovereign, will create patriarchs each one in his own dominions." He was acute enough to see that this would break in pieces the unity of the church and lead to realizing the Reformers' formula: the subject must profess the king's creed.* There can be no clearer way of putting the necessity of the pope's temporal power than the statement of Frederick. Loftier principles might be advanced to support it, more profound considerations within the domain of philosophic history could be presented to show that providence intended it, but the hard and unprincipled sagacity of Frederick supplies the argument which strikes the statesman to whom religion is a department of police for which nothing has yet been substituted or is likely to be substituted.

It is to be regretted that an idea has gone out that the Catholic press should henceforth take the place of France, Austria, and Spain† in influencing elections to the Papacy. Of course this could not take the shape of the veto, but it would act in what people understand as the formation and guidance of public opinion. The Catholic press is a section of the entire press, and if it enjoyed a license to dictate to the Sacred College one fails to see how it could possess a monopoly in the business of pope-making. It lays no claim to infallibility, and pressmen outside the church dispute its superior ability and knowledge. We should then, instead of the impudent and valueless opinions which have been appointing successors to Leo XIII. ever since his accession, have the semi-authorized foolishness of newspapers all over the world telling the cardinals what must be done if schism is to be prevented; we would have our faithful people wounded, mortified, and confused by the accusations, the retorts, and the libels which dishonor political conflicts. Holding as I do that no one should be elected unless a man determined to insist, so far as he can, on the right of the Holy See to the restoration of the usurped provinces,‡ I could not approve of the names of those great dignitaries being flung about in the gutter-press of Italy, shrieked

* *Cujus regio ejus religio.*

† Some authorities add Portugal.

‡ It is said that Cardinal Micara, in 1846, was in favor of giving the States of the Church to Italy. What was Italy but Mazzini? What is it now? However, it is possible that the "aspirations" of honest men, enlightened by the crimes of the revolutionary government, could be satisfied by a federation of Italian states exclusive of the States of the Church, the capital at Turin. But then to find the honest men!

at in the reptile press of Germany, scorched by fanaticism in England, held up to ridicule by the factitious and credulous infidelity of France, by virtue of any such concession.

Whatever pretence of propriety there was in tolerating the claim called the veto, there could be no justification whatever for that put forward by M. di Cesare on behalf of the press.* He is a man apparently acquainted with some of the inner workings of Italian policy, and may consider that giving the Italian press a mission like that of the political papers everywhere would tend to a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Why, the very words I use would remind a feudal lawyer of the peace which left a disseizor *vi et armis* in possession of the disseizee's inheritance of castle and manor. But it means a great deal more than that; the pope is only the trustee of the temporalities. He may yield to superior force; he may again go to the catacombs and rule the church like his far-off predecessors, the crown of martyrdom just hovering above his brow, but he cannot give away her patrimony. There is one thing, said John Chrysostom, I dare not do: Tell the empress I dare not commit sin. There are unalterable principles, there are duties which bind for ever, and though statesmen may intrigue, and armies march, and a ribald press defame, God's hour comes to repay his servant's fidelity. I put the question in a word: the pope must rule from a prison or a throne. Which do men choose for him? Have two hundred millions of Catholics no right to what belongs to them and their descendants against the few Italians who became wealthy in the ruin of their country and to the shame of civilization?

* M. di Cesare states that "an Italian minister for foreign affairs" was anxious that a programme of preparation for the next conclave should be submitted to him. This is probable and might have been done in good faith. He is the author of *The Conclave of Leo XIII.*

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE.

BY JEANIE DRAKE,

Author of "In Old St. Stephen's," "The Metropolitans," etc.

CONFEDERATE Major Norman leaned against one of the lofty, crumbling brick pillars which formed a widely open portal to the plantation of Rainford in the parish of Prince George, Winyaw. A pair of brilliant red-birds, after exchanging long, clear, eloquent whistles across the live-oak avenue, arranged a meeting on the frosty ground at his feet, and would have feasted on the crumbs which he absently threw them but for a sudden fluttering descent upon them of sere yellow leaves and small brown sparrows in whirling confusion. "Be off, you beasts!" cried the major, with more bitterness than the incident called for, and flung at the feathered marauders a bit of mortar taken from the pillar. With small effect it would have been but for the oncoming of a tall, very bony and very black old negro, who with grave ceremony handed to his master a soft felt hat.

"You'se a mighty nyoung-lookin' man for yo' years—*for yo' years*, Mass' William. But you oughter noo dose is too many for you to be out heah in de cold widout yo' hat."

The major, with visible softening of care-worn features, accepted the offering. "But where's your own, Abram?" he remarked, "for, *entre nous*, you're older than I am."

"Das true, sah, berry true. But de Lord done gib me ha'ar as bushy as Absalung's, ef 'tain't as long." He was, indeed, crowned with a thick natural mop of snowy, upstanding wool. "'Scusin'," he added hastily, "what mout look like a reproachin' ob baldness. But you has dat, sah, wid de prophet 'Lijah an' udder great men."

The major listened no longer, for his look dwelt in frowning gravity upon some fresh wheel-ruts along the avenue. "Time was, Abram," said he, "when we could shut our doors upon undesired guests. But Sherman tore down and destroyed more than my beautiful hand-wrought iron gates. It seems like yesterday," he went on, "that I found my way, foot-sore and famishing, back from Appomattox; and hardly knew my own home, such a wreck as it was! Furniture, pictures, silver, slaves, all

—all gone. All except you, Abram; and you stood by my dear mother, rest her soul!”

“Yes, sah,” said Abram, reflectively, “a imperdent Yankee says to me, he says: ‘Uncle, you kin cut an’ run des like de udders.’ An’ I says to him (wid de grand air ob we-all Normans), ‘Nyoung man, fust ting, I *ain’t* yo’ uncle; an’ nex’ ting, whar I gwine run *to*? Ef you ebber gits as good a place as I has at Rainford, you des *keep* it; but dat ain’t likely.”

This anecdote was probably not new to the major, his gaze remaining abstracted, and wandering across roadway and forest to where, beyond the creek, high factory-like chimneys showed themselves above the tree-tops. “I declare to Heaven,” he said, half to himself, “that I could have endured to the end without a murmur, if the smoke from that stranger’s works did not blow in my face with every wind to remind me that I was forced to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. It was surely hard luck, Abram, when we two had toiled all those anxious years to make a living out of the old place, and without proper tools or men or means to obtain them, that at the last—to get rid of the mortgage—I should let Randall have the half he wanted. And then to have phosphate found on his part only—and over there he piles up his thousands while we are as hard up as ever!”

“‘Scusin’ de libbutty, we ain’t,” said Abram, politely but with decision. “‘Stid o’ bein’ a fiel’ han’, I is now yo’ pusal ‘tendant, same like I was in Paris when yo’ pa sent you on de grand tower arter you done git troo college. An’ ef Esau was starbin’ o’ hunger when he ‘bleege to sell he birt-right, he done show some sense. Wha’ good birt-right gwine do a man when he *daid*? I dunno much ‘bout dese yere Randalls. Dey ain’t”—loftily—“ob our ancient regiment, an’ I ‘spec’ dey’s nuttin’ but canal; so you needn’t to bodder to study ‘bout *dém*.”

“It forces a little study, however,” said the major drily, “when canaille wishes to ally itself with the ancien régime.” Custom enabled him thus to interpret the French of Africa-atte-Winyaw which bore witness to Abram’s tour abroad. “You showed young Mr. Randall into my library this morning and those are the marks of his carriage-wheels on my avenue. My motherless girl has been your pet for so long, Abram, that I may tell you I let him know—and not for the first time—that I have other views for my daughter. Presumptuous interloper!”

He spoke with fire, but as he moved towards the house his old playmate and servant following noted that, the flush of excitement dying away, a weary look replaced it as of one whom life-long anxieties and disappointments had, in spite of great courage, overborne. Abram's old white, woolly head was slowly shaken; and when, his master going indoors, he went off across fields, himself hobbling a little, his sympathy was presently intensified by vexed surprise. For on reaching the orchard, where every afternoon it was his custom to exasperate the plantation youth by counting for their discomfiture the few belated apples still clinging to wintry boughs, he heard, behind the farther hedge, a murmur of voices. To step behind a tree-trunk was easy enough; and then, craning his long neck between the branches, to find a spying-hole.

But here were no thievish pickaninnies to pounce upon. The voices were low and restrained, and surely that was the top of his own Miss Alicia's graceful head; and it was young Randall who held her hand and was most earnestly urging some matter upon her! Abram gave three soft knocks upon his own pate with his bony knuckles, which was his way of accusing stupidity for not having before guessed the girl's inclinations in this affair. Was it not clearly his duty, in his master's interest, to hear what they were saying? He stole cautiously to a nearer sheltering trunk; then reflected: "'Tain't fittin' fur a *Norman* listenin' unbeknownst. 'Tis a low-down, poor white trash trick. Nubbless obleege," and shuffled with infinite precaution back to his first tree. Temptation's siren voice lured him forward again in the increasing fervor of the speakers' tones and gestures; and again he advanced, but stopped short once more. "Ain't you know, Abram Norman, dat 'tis as mean to listen at haidge-holes as to steal de coppers offen a daid man's eyes!" suggested the voice of "nubbless" within and drove him back. But a new glimpse of Miss Alicia's head, now upon young Randall's shoulder, added such fuel to devouring curiosity that, as he told himself later: "Satan mout a-played ball wid de poor ole man ontwell de day ob jedgment," had not the lovers' meeting now come to an end. Miss Alice went with downcast, pensive mien towards the house, and Uncle Abram, leaving the apples to count themselves, fell into a fit of musing, from which he roused himself to declare portentously to the landscape at large: "Yes sah, hist'ry gwine repeat heself. Hist'ry gwine repeat heself, onless Unc' Abram tek a han'."

He met his young mistress again next morning, as he led

forth from the front gate a little donkey to be loaded, at her request, with such leafy decoration for the dining-room as the January woods still afforded. "I gwine git it myself dis time," he declared. "Las' young fool nigger I sent for 'greens,' he done bring me collards ouden de cabbage patch!" He tugged at the bridle now, reprovingly saying: "Wha's de mattah wid you, Dandy! Shyin' at yo' own Miss Alice! Missus"—with a bow more courtly even than the major's, his model—"dis here donkey done tu'n aside like Balaam's from a angel in he path."

The smile which greeted his compliment was wan, and the girl's eyes looked as though the night past had been given to tears rather than to sleep. He shook his head once more, turning to watch her up the avenue. This prevented his observing the approach of a negro who, with the rude irreverence of untrained youth, ran into and would have upset him if Dandy's legs had not been stouter than his own. He glared at the offender: "Who 'low you, Amos Brown, for projeck you'self dataway into a gemman? Is you blind, or is you des crazy? Dese here nyoung niggers—please God, dey ain't got no manners! An' dey ain't git nuttin' else from dese here fine new schools but loafin'—an' sassiness—an' craps! Look at dat now," in a grumbling undertone, "ef dat imperdent nigger ain't done gib a note to Miss Alice, under my ve'ey eyes!"

The rest of that day his usual autocratic supervision of underlings was relaxed to an extreme and significant degree. If Alicia Norman had not been wholly and remorsefully preoccupied herself, she must have remarked the old negro's wistful observance of her every movement; which observance increased as afternoon brought again the hour of yesterday's interview at the hedge, and did not relax even when that time passed without another such. He was in the room when she returned to bid her father a lingering second "good night," and again a third; at which Abram pursed up his thick lips and knotted his bushy white brows.

When, all having retired for the night, he closed the house, as was his custom, instead of going to bed he inducted himself into a quite remarkably rusty great-coat and hat, and trotted out on the avenue and along the road leading to the Randalls'. Arrived near their entrance, he kept watch there for an hour or two more—a hard vigil for so old a man in the January starlight, with rheumatic twinges playing about his joints, while the cold forced him to keep moving about and flapping his arms painfully together. But at the end of this

time his watchfulness was rewarded by hearing the new and costly gates of this regretted part of old Rainford softly swung on their hinges and held open while a carriage was carefully driven through.

"Who's that?" guardedly called the voice of young Randall from the vehicle.

"'Tis me. 'Tis Abram from Major's Norman's," said the old man, a shadowy form, hat in hand, at the carriage step.

The occupant leaned out. "What is it? What do you want?" he asked low but in evident suspense. "Amos, hold the horses."

"Come dis way, sah. Now, dat Amos ain't a-listening'. You needn't to go ober to Rainford, sah. She ain't a-comin'," he whispered.

"What—what! Is she ill, or—or—"

"No, sah," with the emollient but final air of a plenipotentiary. "At de las' minute she des fine she kaint leab her pa. Not dis way. She de only one he got."

Eyes accustomed to the starlight might have perceived the young man biting his lip in deep chagrin. "Very well, uncle," he said after a pause, "I will write her. This is for yourself."

"No, sah," waving the offering away; "I done dis for lub."

"Ah, so did I," young Randall murmured involuntarily.

"No, sah," respectfully but firmly, "'scusin' de libbutty, dat ain't de right kine ob lub dat teks a nyoung lady secret-like from her folks to gib low-down trash a chance for talk about her."

Even from a poor old dependent's lips this stung. "Perhaps you don't know, old man, that I have been asking her father for her for two years."

"Jacob sarbe fourteen for Rachel," responded Abram, mildly. "But ef dat *do* seem a mite long for dese yere disgen'rate days, why, des keep on wid her pa, a-tryin' an' a-tryin'. An' ef I fine—ef I fine, mind you," magisterially, "dat de chile reelly done sot her heart on you—well, den *dis* time you has ole Abram's good word."

With a rueful smile at this, young Randall re-entered his carriage and bade the driver return. Then, before the astonished Amos could realize it, Abram had pressed a dime into his unwilling hand, saying with infinite condescension, "For holdin' de hosses while I done talk to your massa," and passed on with a sense of gratified revenge for the afternoon's affront. But the slow smile left his features in a few moments, as he

jogged homeward, knowing that the hardest part of his task lay before him. Near his own entrance he strained his eyes, peering here and there into the darkness; but it was just inside that a girlish, cloaked figure stood, and put her hand to her heart at the approaching footsteps.

"'Tis only yo' ole Unc' Abram."

"'Tis only yo' ole Unc' Abram," he told her soothingly, "dat brings you notice dat no one won't be a-drivin' here to-night. Come in outen de cold, chile, so I kin tell you all about it."

He led her quietly back into the house, and seeing her shiver, placed her near the library fire while he relighted the lamp. It was strange that this illiterate old fellow should divine that the immediate solace the waiting girl needed was assurance that her lover was no laggard. His first words proved this.

"Honey, I done met yo' nyoung Mass' Randall a-tearin' an' a-hurryin' here wid he horses a-smokin' an' a-snortin,' an' I des tu'n him back."

"Uncle Abram, how dared you?"

"I dare do more 'n dat for Mass' William, an' for he chile. Dat ain't a fittin' way for my nyoung miss to go to her weddin'."

The girl's wrath held her speechless for a minute. Then she said vehemently: "And you have the insolence to stand there and tell me that, when I know that you helped your Mass' William to carry off my mother to be married, and were a witness at their wedding!"

"Dar now! Das *des* what I want you to relude to, dat I kin tell you dat de *times is change*. 'Lopement was de right t'ing den for de ancient regiment, or *Abram Norman wouldn't a-been dar!* But de lub affairs ob *bong tong* ain't manage dataway now. Ef dar ain't nuttin' against de man, why den 'tis *commy fo* to hab some patience and tek time, an' argufy an' 'splain, an' git yo' way in de end. An' ef you has a good, wise, kind pusson ob 'sperience to help you, den you's mighty lucky!"

But Alice walked the floor in impatient anger. "You are an audacious old meddler!" she broke out.

Abram leaned his knotted hands on the library table, bending his gaunt body forward until the lamplight shone on the kindly, wrinkled old face with its crown of white. "Miss' Alice, chile," he said very slowly and quietly, "you ain't nebber spoke dat way to Unc' Abram before. Maybe you done forgit dat yo' pa an' me was boys togedder. Dat I nuss him when he wounded at Shiloh. Dat I wid him all dese years for richer

for poorer, for better for wusser. Dat I stan' by yo' ma when she dyin' an' promise for tek care ob Mass' William. Would *dat* be tekkin' care to hab somebody come een de night an' steal he one ewe lamb? Ain't you see how bad yo' pa look; how tired-like an' wore out? Ain't you see how he hug you to him to-night like you was his only comfort in tribulations an' disap-p'intments? An' dis de ve'ey season when he los' yo' ma, an' you gwine run off an' leab him in he old age an' loneliness!"

The girl's eyes drooped as though to hide a dimness; so she started when the speaker, with sudden cheerful change, called out: "Mornin', Mass' William! We gwine hab a fine day."

The major, in his dressing-gown, was silent until he laid his pistol on the mantel-piece. "I thought," said he, "that it was burglars, and here I find two owls conspiring. Alice, isn't it a bit late to give any orders, or to keep this old fellow up?"

And he never suspected why Abram answered for her boldly: "Dat he was glad to hand her over to her pa," and she could only cling to him long and lovingly in another good-night without spoken word.

After the late breakfast next morning, which Abram turned into a function, he laid before his young mistress a great bunch of roses, crimson, dewy, and fragrant. "Dese," said he, clearing his throat importantly, "am sent, wid he bes' compliments, from Mass' Lewis Randall. Me and dat nyounge gemman had de honah ob a few minutes' talk on de av'noo while you-all was soun' asleep. An' I mus' say"—quite regardless of his master's face of wrathful wonder—"dat he got mighty fine manners—mos' as good as our own class. Ef he ain't, as yet, quite de *savvy fare* ob de ancient regiment, dat ain't no reason he ain't gwine git it after some collusion wid we-alls. 'Tis a Christian juty for to gib him de chance."

"Was it cigars or just chewing-tobacco?" the major inquired with ominous dryness. But when Abram had taken his hurt dignity away and Alice her blushes and her roses, the major fell into a fit of musing in which some vision of the future must have intruded itself, for at the last he confided, resentfully, to his pipe: "So they have enlisted the 'ancient regiment' in their cause! Who knows to what I will be driven? for I know that old fellow's wearing persistency when he takes anything into his head; and, confound him, he's sometimes right!"

CHRIST IS THE NEED OF THE NATIONS.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. SMITH.



THE connection between history and religion is very close. It resembles the union of the soul and the body. For as history represents the whole social framework, so does religion manifest a special, divine presence which has always permeated society.

There are and always have been universal needs on the part of mankind with regard to things of the highest moment; there is a darkness in the human mind, an unfilled void in the human heart, a weakness of moral purpose.

Man strives to know the Author of this world and of his being. He fain would understand the origin and issue of life, the reasons for the ills that afflict him; what, if anything, gives life value and dignity, what presents a worthy object of happiness; what will stay and comfort him when called on, as he inevitably will be, to renounce this life; what secrets the future has in store.

As an everlasting love was God's motive in creating man, so is that love made constant and practical by his providence in teaching man, in forming, raising, maturing him for his destiny by all the happenings of life. The instrument, means, and guidance of all this preparation we call religion: religion in its true and fullest sense—a manifestation on God's part of his will and his relations, and, on man's side, knowledge, feeling, trust, a bond, a covenant fully warranted, freely accepted, generously welcomed, by which man is brought face to face with his object, in the exceeding great cry of unquenchable passion, of irrepressible aspiration and possession by which his soul says, "Thou art my God."

GOD DEALS WITH NATIONS AS HE DOES WITH INDIVIDUALS.

The same methods which God uses towards individuals he uses towards nations, for "He made all things that they might be and he made the nations of the earth for health"; he is their sanction and support. Like individuals, nations have their varied gifts and endowments, their temperaments, habits, ideas, their virtues and vices, a determined moral character; like them,

they have their youth and their decay, they move forward, they abide for a time, they flourish and pass—only, as we count the life of the individual by years, we mark the span of nations by centuries.

Read in its broadest outlines, history shows us that however manifold, complex, minute, or hidden the government of God may seem to be, yet nations form the most part of it. They are the helpers, willing or unwilling, of his designs; the ministers of his will, the participants of his favor, the instruments, or the victims, by transgression, of his vengeance.

Standing on the vantage-ground of the present, with the accumulated knowledge of the ages, if we summon up the nations of antiquity, as they pass in review we see that four great empires, the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Græce-Macedonian, and the Roman, are the central figures which deserve most particular notice.

The unsurpassed genius, the mighty resolves and heroic execution that welded them, the pomp and cruelty, the ambition and purposes, influenced by some conception of truth, the oscillations forwards and backwards, the thousand tendencies and counter-currents, the onward course to ever-deepening abysses of confusion, error, and revolt, to newer and more degrading beliefs and practices,—we see them through it all struggling, rising, profiting by a divine education, by an overruling Providence, which had a two-fold object, to impress upon man the keenest sense of his own misery and helplessness, and also to fit him for divine truth and life: this is the vision, this the interpretation, this the commentary on the past. Surely the very slowness of our Lord's coming, that delayed manifestation not given "until the fulness of time," is the proof of his religion. It came to a dying world given over to despair, to peoples enveloped in darkness and bound in inextricable error, to man passive from the failure of his efforts, submissive with the exhaustion of his struggles, yet to man enlightened by the acknowledgment of his weakness and purified by the intensity of his desires for help from on high.

Dealing with these needs as shown in their utmost urgency, in their typical and recognizable form, I need only allude to the general preparation of the Gentile nations, in which by the voice of conscience, by the rights of nature, by oral and written traditions, by the uncovenanted ways of his mercy and power God left not himself without witness. Nor need I speak of the special preparation of the Hebrew people, since they

stand apart, having an origin and character, a *rôle*, evident from the pages of profane as well as sacred history, a mission the purpose and failure of which is summed up by St. John, viz., "That He came to His own, and His own received Him not."

Cyrus, Darius, Alexander the Great led up to Rome; the Cæsars in their turn labored to build up Roman domination for ever, only, as we know, to make final and fitting preparation for that great spiritual, world-embracing empire of which Jesus Christ is the monarch.

THE FINGER OF GOD IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

The existing obstacles which have opposed the diffusion of Christ's kingdom have been—the multiplicity of warring states, the diversity of language, and natural barriers, mountains and impassable forests.

Alexander the Great, in the manifestation of his warlike genius, had carried civilization eastward to the confines of the known world and had also placed the standard of intellectual endeavor and excellence; while his countrymen or subjects, making every fair isle and safe harbor in the *Ægean* and Mediterranean seas their own, had transported their industry and genius, Hellenic culture and ideals, westward to the pillars of Hercules. Greece, fair but unfortunate, though resigning her civil independence to Rome, still preserved the palm of mental superiority and her conqueror became her disciple. Meantime, a new and the greatest centre of human achievement was set up in imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, the home of majesty, valor, order, of all-embracing law. Thus Greek remained the language of arts and letters; Latin, the instrument of domination, and so the barrier of language was removed.

Again echoed the world in due subjection: to expedite her incessant military movements Rome had constructed highways radiating out from herself, crossing and recrossing in strategic network; her legionaries were but the pioneers of the apostles, and the roads which had known only the blare of trumpets, the onward path of the conquering eagles, shortly and swiftly carried the glad tidings of redemption, the message of peace and pardon to the whole earth—"Exivit sonus eorum in omnem terrani et verba eorum in fines orbis terræ."

As Rome epitomized the world, if we would know the universal need of Christ, must we consider its condition. Its greatness lay in its power of assimilation and government.

She took the nations as she found them: not destroying local existence and institutions, not suppressing, save when compelled, native rulers—rather she moulded them by contact with her own civilization, protected them with her promise and power, inspired them with desire to merit the title than which none was greater, "*Civis Romanus sum*"; for her unique idea was the common weal—the city with its municipal privileges—under imperial genius. And God, who uses the visible in preparation for the invisible, allowed her to do her work, to share her majesty, and then he turned the current of men's thoughts to a kingdom of which Rome should be the centre, of which she had the outward form, but not the substance nor the spirit.

Thus was the world made ready historically, geographically, and politically for His coming.

THE MORAL LIFE OF THE WORLD NEEDED A SAVIOUR.

And now what was the state of life? How far did the outward correspond to the inward condition? Amid so much greatness, splendor and power, did content, justice, morality flourish? The very reverse is the truth. The hour of Rome's greatest strength was that of her most abject need: that energy, restless or resistless activity were but the workings, the result of a fever that was consuming her; exalted above any previous estate of human glory, Rome in truth was the ante-chamber of hell, a land of darkness, where no order save that of force and selfishness reigned. The end, the greatness of a nation is attained if, where material plenty, order, authority flourish, there too are found the helps, the guarantees for man's moral life, the absence of obstacles, the presence of freedom and aid to seek his true destiny. But in Rome all these were wanting. The fundamental truths upon which life rests, by which its dignity and happiness are promoted, these were gone, overlaid with falsehood, submerged in a bottomless mass of corruption, ignorance, cruelty.

Knowledge of God, his creative act, his providence, had died out, and men in consequence suffered irreparable loss, were debased to the level of brutes; the belief in the immortality of the soul, its freedom, man's rights and duties, were unknown or ignored. Authority, whose principle is God, rested upon the irresponsible will of an individual, or lent itself wholly to the forceful demands of the state, to the exclusion of all other rights, divine or human. Whether we judge from the testimony of its own historians and satirists, or from the arraignment of

St. Paul, life had no redeeming features; men were without God in this world, without hope and given over to all unseemly desires in the blindness of their minds. Life in Rome was darkened and crushed by the despotism of its mad and monstrous rulers, hardened by the cruelty of the amphitheatre, defiled by the excess of the stage, pauperized by imperial largess to idle multitudes, and terrorized by insolent soldiers and a tumultuous, exacting, thoughtless populace. The rich lived in terror which they alleviated with unbridled depravity; the poor, amid surroundings in which every abomination showed forth in its native vileness, unattractive, hideous, unrelieved by concealment, or shame, or taste. The slave population far outnumbered the rest, and their condition was without consideration, honor or humanity; chattels not men, brutalized and ministering to brutality, subject as regards life and limb to each passing cruel whim of their masters.

THE MESSIAS COMETH.

Human life could touch no lower depths. Sickened, surfeited with lust, hate, and fear, in their darkest hour Jesus Christ, the Day-Star from on high, at last shone upon them, and in his light they at last began to see light and to live. His kingdom came not by observation—here a few of the better sort, a once stern soldier, a patrician lady, a handful of slaves—but speedily, and the attractions of his sweetness, the help of his grace, the blessedness of his teaching consoled, uplifted, strengthened souls, until in a little more than a hundred years a Tertullian could say: “We are but of yesterday, and we fill your streets, your forums, your courts and palaces.” And what a change! Light instead of darkness, worship of the Father in spirit and truth instead of idolatry, purity for foulness, hope in place of despair. As a polity Rome could not be saved; it had done its worst, its hour had come, it was unwieldy and overburdened. Though later Constantine gave the church freedom and protection, the empire broke under the burdens of its past crimes.

True, all that was best survived; literature, laws, the traditions, the ability for government, all these were preserved by the church. In Rome sufficient prominence was left with him who was its chief personage and later its ruler, the successor of St. Peter; sufficient power to overawe and correct the new world which rose on the ruins of the old; he was able to protect and save them not by the arm of the flesh, but by the

compelling power of truth and goodness which attached to his office as spiritual and visible head of Christ's Church. In the times immediately following, men admitted and revered the beauty and holiness of the church, they experienced her beneficent help and gave her her lawful place; for she was *Alma Mater*, a sweet nursing mother. Christian principles were the characteristics of all, individuals and nations; and Christendom, the domain of Christ, was formed, and a many-tinted garden sent up to heaven the fragrance of its piety. For then the pope ruled with power the whole flock, and even in things temporal, by common consent and public law, was the arbiter; then kings defended the church, knights fought for her, saints and scholars made her glorious.

THE REVOLT AGAINST AUTHORITY.

But lo! a change came. After centuries of unity and concord a frightful upheaval and revolt began, the direful effects of which last until our own day. The church's doctrines were attacked, her authority defied, her mysteries mocked, her possessions sequestered. Men no longer would have the unity, the harmony which Christ willed; they no longer admitted the distinction, the supremacy, the independence of the spiritual over the temporal—to Cæsar what is Cæsar's and to God what is God's—and so Cæsar came back to lord it in both domains, in church and state, over their subjects. Kings usurped spiritual headship; ancient and glorious churches, illustrious portions of the Church Catholic, became national, mere departments of state; Catholic sovereigns also intruded themselves into the holy precincts and confined the church in a gilded slavery. And here we have, whether kings be sovereign or the people, the cardinal point of most of the present ills of nations, viz., the constant, persistent rupture between church and state, the two whom God joined together for the betterment of mankind.

THE SPECTACLE OF THE MODERN WORLD.

As to-day we look upon the world a spectacle meets us which has scarce had a parallel since the days of ancient Rome. Nations are expanding, boundaries shifting, and whole peoples are being buried with unlooked-for and unsought political influences and combinations. Asia and Africa, continents which in some sort had dropped away from the map of the world, had kept aloof from friendship and interests, have been opened up, rediscovered as it were, and appropriated. Civilization has reversed its course, and now the West is bringing

light to the East; the isolation of ages is a thing of the past, barriers are broken down, the rapid facilities of travel, interest, not to say commercial advantages, make all men fellows; the lately born passion for acquisition, the requirements of modern industry, seem to demand the whole earth for its possession, its market, its field of exercise. As for these heathen and uncivilized peoples, since the Gospel has hardly reached them and multitudes are sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, their need of Christ is imperative. What solemn responsibilities, then, what sacred duties to provide for this enlightenment, devolves upon the Christian nations who have made these inroads and conquests! I shall not put this duty too high, nor expect an ideal performance; I shall willingly admit in the scope of their acts merely human considerations, commercial advantages, extension of trade, new markets; but do they reflect, that by conquest and dominion all Christians become their brother's keepers, if he through ignorance, through no fault, is lost to God? Do they suppose that these pagan, brutalized lives are to be ennobled only by commerce? to be made better, holier by adopting the drudgery and care of gain which is the characteristic of Western existence? Can we take away their ethical moral standards and substitute nothing? Must the Western nations find out at this day that man does not live for and by bread alone? Can it be truthfully, hopefully asserted that this solemn conviction of their spiritual needs and our duty enters into the policy we, together with other nations, are committing ourselves to? As to European nations, it will be hard to see aught else but greed, jealousy, rivalry for territory. They make no pretence even of humanitarian motives; they uphold even the unspeakable Turk, though his victims be numbered by untold thousands of Christian lives—and why? Because they are not agreed upon the division of his spoils.

CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC NATIONS.

When we turn to consider more attentively the nations of Europe, they divide themselves into those which have nominally or really preserved allegiance to the Catholic Church and those which in the sixteenth century rebelled against her authority and teaching, and further, those which in earlier times were lost to church unity by schisms. In the condition of Catholic nations there is much to give their well-wishers and co-religionists apprehension and grief. If it be true that decadence has set in, to what shall we attribute it? Is it simply a period of

lassitude, the ebb of the tide? Is it that these institutions do not suit the temperament of the people; that parliamentary, republican, constitutional, free rule has failed; that real parties do not exist, only factions, and hence that among them government is inefficient, corrupt, legislation partisan, taxation unbearable? These may in part be causes, but the common Father of Christendom finds and proclaims with paternal reproof and increasing warnings that the main cause is disloyalty to Christ and to His Church. The Pope insists that neglect of God and of their solemn obligations, laxity of morals, transgression of law, accommodation to false and un-Christian liberalism are the causes of decay, disorder, the sundering of all the safeguards of the body politic. They need Christ, his truth, his love and grace; for with a people gathered round his altars and devoted to the spirit of religion thrones are secure, laws just, national prosperity secured, national honor safeguarded. "Why have the nations raged and the peoples devised vain things: the kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and his Christ?" The reason is that they have broken the bonds which bound them in unity with the Apostolic See; they have resolved to cast away the yoke of allegiance to Christ and his church; they have sought a false independence, and to obtain it they have robbed the Christian world of its patrimony, have put restraint upon the Vicar of Christ, have allowed him to be made a prisoner, insulted and outraged him; and what have they profited? Reverence is denied them, they live in fear and trembling, their lives menaced, their states a prey to socialism and anarchism, and to them the command is given: "And now, O ye kings, understand and receive instruction, ye that judge the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto him with trembling. Embrace discipline, lest you perish from the right way."

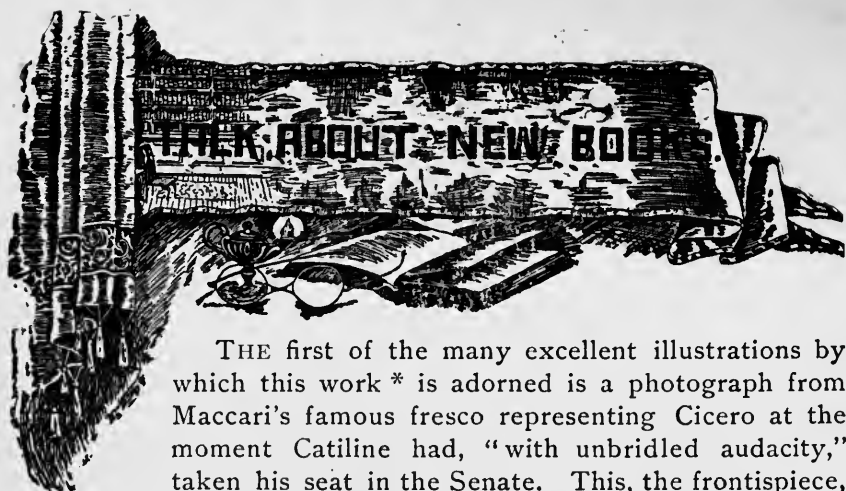
WHERE WEALTH INCREASES AND MEN DECAY.

Nor, if we attentively look at the condition of non-Catholic states, shall we find much to envy or approve. For consider not the favored few, not the classes but the masses: the direful poverty, the unremitting, ill-paid toil, the growing narrow lives unsweetened by religious motives, the cold abandonment, the indifference, the rejection of religion. Have we not read in the Scriptures of those who have sold themselves to Mammon and received the price?

Considering those things, namely, that such prosperity may have too great a price, where wealth increases and man decays, where the young and strong are idly consuming the products of the earth, where human ingenuity and the results of science are taxed to devise death-dealing machines, where countries are made camps, and the supernatural has died out of life and of government, and we shall say their need, too, is Christ. For unless history has lied, unless God has abdicated and changed his dealings, unless Christ has come short of his promised inheritance, the only remedy is return to him, and a full return to him and to his church. The main cause of these ills is disloyalty to Christ and his church—that unholy ambition, greed of worldly success, laxity of morals, insubordination of soul, transgression of the laws of God. They need Christ, his love, and his truth.

Sometimes the assertion is made that states which are Catholic are stationary and retrogressive or decadent, whereas the non-Catholic countries are found to be strong, expanding, imperial. This assertion, based as it is on defective, unscientific comparison, need not trouble us for answer—it is not true in the terms of those who urge it; but nowhere did Christ promise worldly prosperity as the reward of obedience to his Gospel; rather his spirit and his words point to other rewards. We are bidden “to seek first the kingdom of God and his justice.” There is, however, nothing in the institutions, laws, and teachings of the Catholic Church to hinder the truest and highest civilization; rather these favor it.

As for these United States, if in theory and in reality our relationship to the order which God has decreed be not ideal or most perfect, at least in God’s providence it seems to be the best possible under the circumstances. We are not, as a nation, in revolt against God, nor in concealed hostility to his church. Our form of government does not provide for such alliance, but it leaves us free to follow conscience, to serve God, to obey the church, and nowhere has the church shown such vitality, nowhere has the Apostolic See more freedom, nor more devoted children. The gates of Empire, by an unexpected combination of circumstances, swing open to us; a war undertaken to uplift humanity has brought unexpected responsibilities. Let us first make sure they have been imposed, and that our duty as well as our ability combine to rightly discharge them.



THE first of the many excellent illustrations by which this work * is adorned is a photograph from Maccari's famous fresco representing Cicero at the moment Catiline had, "with unbridled audacity," taken his seat in the Senate. This, the frontispiece, gives an idea of what preferences in subject and treatment underlie Mr. Willard's views; at the same time there is a fine spirit of candor throughout which, to the ordinary reader, would mark him down as impassive or coldly judicial. He is fair but not judicial, and in this answers Guizot's requirement of what the historian ought to be; a requirement which even in his philosophy Guizot himself practised to the very letter so far as not being judicial.†

Upon the whole we are inclined to think he has proved, against his will, that there is a decadence in the art of Italy. Rome is no longer the capital of the art world. Venice, Florence, Milan, and Genoa are no longer great centres of art. They used to be—we may say this with a qualification with respect to Genoa, which was looked upon as a sort of Bœotia—although their promising students invariably went for a time to Rome to obtain that finish which its technique and unparalleled collections afforded.

We see that Mr. Willard has an admiration for "classicism," though he endeavors to show it has a tendency to sterility; he praises the performances of Preraphaelitism and Romanticism, but he does this because they are a revolt against Classicism; the bias of his mind is in favor of realism, or, as we think he prefers to call it, Naturalism. Yet his realism is idealism when we come to examine it; and it, in truth, makes out the case for the Romanticists as well as if he held a brief for them.

We suggest that the history of art should be looked at as

* *History of Modern Italian Art.* By Ashton Rollins Willard. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Guizot condemns Dr. Lingard for what he calls indifference. This, in our opinion, would be better stated by saying Dr. Lingard had a true perception of the equity of history.

a whole. The changes of the conceptions and treatment are manifestations of latent impulses and not unconnected, cataclysmic phenomena. The abnormal is a form of evolution as distinctly as the graduated, the decadent as the progressive. Shakspeare did not step from heaven, nor were the titanic creations of Michelangelo flung upon the world as the miracles of an unknown power.

Among the illustrations we have a photograph of Clement XIV. from the marble of Canova. This great work is viewed as the finest expression of the classic style, and yet we think this can only be held on some such principle as that which regards sculpture as the form in which that taste revealed itself. If anything could be idealized realism, it is the figure of the pontiff in the robes of his office, his hand blessing and protecting the world. Pure classicism loves the toga, the laurel crown, the drapery which shows the grace or strength of the limb. It is this sculpturesque preference which constitutes what is understood as classicism in painting. We must say, however, that the chapter on Canova and his contemporaries is very instructive and suggests thoughts on the effect of external influences in determining taste. Canova was peculiarly susceptible to impressions of the delicate, graceful, and sensitive, and he found them in classic art.

We have in the relation between Tenerani's works and Bartolini's an instance of evolution which did not proceed along the normal lines of development. Both of them belonged to the period of transition from Classicism to Naturalism. Tenerani had been a pupil in a school where the other had been a teacher, but the pupil stood against the teacher's ideas. He introduced into his conceptions a Danish element from the influence of Thorvaldsen, but despite all this, his work suggests that of Bartolini. This is one method by which a new variety comes upon the stage. Personal dislike caused resistance to the master's ideas, this produced the effect of taste in sending the pupil to a different source of inspiration, and the result, to a large extent, was the soul of Thorvaldsen in the chisel of Bartolini.

In Vincenzo Vela Naturalism attained its highest development. At the moment Romanticism was losing its hold on European literature it entered into art. It would be interesting to treat the reciprocal influences of literature and art. We pass with the remark that at least up to the French Revolution Rome was not only the art capital of the world, she was the arbiter

on all questions of literary conception and method. We have among the illustrations in the book the replica, now in Washington, of Vela's "Last Days of Napoleon." There can be only one opinion about this work, but its pre-eminent success is due, in our opinion, to a departure from what is understood as the principles of Realism. These require the man to be face and form as in the model, the animated clay if you like, and apart from any lesson to mankind—in other words, a human brute ugly or shapely, but a thing without an interest in the struggles of the past or of the future, an atom of the countless millions that were born and that died amid the immensities. In the marble, the emperor is in his last hours, seated in a chair with relaxed limbs but an intellect ablaze with the passions of hate and pride directed by profound policy and inexorable will. The map spread upon his lap, with the hand clinched on Russia and Prussia, is hardly needed to enlighten us as to what is passing within that brow of Jove or seen by the eyes which awe as might a fate's. It is very curious that, while recognizing that the effect of "commonplaceness" is produced, despite their admirable execution, by almost all the other works of this sculptor, Mr. Willard does not perceive that this is due to the principle which treats man as a soulless being. His Dante is only saved from vulgarity by his mediæval costume, but surely we ought to have that turbulent, unresting, feverish, unhappy but glorious spirit living in the marble. Popes and emperors, Neri and Bianchi, falsehood, fidelity, statecraft, and the low-lying rays of the Renaissance dawn should come to us at the sight. Instead we have a gentleman of the fourteenth century, like that kind of banality in exhibitions so often catalogued by the legend "Portrait of a Gentleman." We ask our readers whether at the sight of such pictures they have not had murderous and destructive impulses?

When he comes to the painters, Mr. Willard begins with Vincenzo Camuccini, the leader of the classic movement, of whose "Death of Cæsar" he gives an illustration from an engraving. Against this school Preraphaelitism was a revolt and so was Romanticism—which may be found, in principle, a form of the latter. Where these forms appeal to identical principles of taste is in their abstraction from the individual. Classicism was called an appeal from the mediæval individualism of the Renaissance; it should be looked upon as mistaken criticism which confounded individualism with the individual, but which possessed an advantage in suggesting to the mind new forms of

thought and supplying to a public tired of one kind of production conceptions which affected it like an introduction to a new world. All the phases of intellectual activity from age to age, which are generally described as changes of taste, are to our mind the seasonable discovery made by acute intellects that a particular vein has been exhausted. The period of transition from one standard of taste to another is the time of difficulty, and there is a temptation to men who mistake recklessness for boldness to jump an abyss. It is in the highest degree probable that words are taken for ideas; that is to say, that criticism couched in words is frequently supposed to be judgment formed from a survey of the whole field of contemporary and past art. The old Romanticism gave prominence to one figure, a dominant intelligence swaying all by the superiority of his gifts, but that is not individualism. The underlying thought of that form of conception was not the man himself, but the incarnation of a principle. It might be called realistic too, for whether the central figure in which the principle had earthly life was a good man or a bad one, it was what we would believe he looked like. This will in brief show the reader that criticism is often a jargon, and that we are led along by words which express the confusion rather than the distinctness of the critic's ideas.

Like the social and political movement in England known as Young England, the Romantic movement in art seems to have been, as Mr. Willard says, first of all an emotional one. Its characteristics were the selection of subjects of passionate human interest instead of the cold themes of the classic school. In a valuable note the author points out that this movement was literary in its origin. The impulse began in a reaction against Classicism, but obtained its force from the conceptions of the school inaugurated in Germany by Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, published in 1773, and further advanced by Schiller's *Die Rauber*, published towards the close of the decade. Scott's translation of the first work started a tendency in Britain which was maintained by himself, Byron, and their contemporaries. The poems of Byron became very popular in Italy and supplied themes to the painters. In Germany the illustrations prepared for Goethe's *Faust* were conceived in the same spirit. The cold severity of the classic school—so marble-like and dignified—could have no place in a world into which entered the intense vitality, whether in good or evil, of this startling literature.

A little remains to be said of the Realistic school. It is our

opinion, from the instances presented by Mr. Willard, that any success which attends this phase of art is due to idealization. We have already hinted as much; a better illustration than that of the sitting statue representing the last days of Napoleon is Podesti's picture, called the Martyrdom of St. Thomas.* A difficult subject was saved from the suggestion of the ridiculous by idealized treatment of the gridiron. This, we think, is a fair instance of the true province of art rising superior to the dicta of schools.

What a chilling influence is the sceptical spirit of the age in which we live! We are not sure that deference to it improved the first conception of Morelli's Christ after the Resurrection. In its first state this picture showed the figure of Satan sinking into the earth, and from the accessories by which the thought was to be interpreted, one would fancy this a valuable detail. He, however, rejected it on reflection, because nineteenth century minds would only sneer at an embodiment of the principle of evil. So we see there is a sterility produced by unbelief, as well as by the use of traditional ideas and methods. We cannot help observing, as we have often done before, that the tyranny exercised by scepticism is a more cruel restraint on the exertions of genius than the control of legitimate authority. A classic myth, a theme from nature, may be treated without reserve; scenes and ideas from Holy Writ are to be estimated by the hypotheses of the Higher Criticism.

Upon the whole, we are pleased with this work. The anecdotes come in seasonably to brighten minuteness of detail. With regard to these we are inclined to think the author is too much given to the testing of their authenticity. We thought so, for example, when he rejects the story of the model for Vela's marble, *La Desolazione*. Every story of the kind assumes an artist is made indifferent to another's mental suffering when he has in view his object; just as a vivisectionist is in the interest of science. Indeed, psychical vivisection has been a study dear to Italians as well as to Easterns—quite as much as physical torture was the amusement of the hardy North and the savages of America and Africa.

We close by the remark that, in careful review, Mr. Willard has hardly named six painters of very considerable ability, two or three, at most, of exceptional ability in the present generation. Of the last, Niccolo Barabino, born and trained in

* Strictly he was a painter of the transition period.

Genoa, is one, and we claim him as a representative of our views of art, an idealist, if anything, and such an one as alone of his time would command the respect of Raphael and Correggio, if for an hour they could look upon the works of their successors. We have no space to speak of the chapters on Architecture; but we can say they will be found interesting by students, and possibly by general readers, as a testimony to the boldness and power which still seem to survive in one branch of art among Italians.

When the author of the present volume* produced his *Boyhood*, it met with a few criticisms which, as he himself remarks, are likely to be repeated in this instance. Against the first, that he pronounces boarding-schools an unalterable necessity, he has quite successfully defended himself. As to the second, his treatment of questions of purity, we think he has a claim on the considerate judgment of all broad-minded, sensible, experienced persons.

The whole book is replete with thoughtful, practicable suggestions toward a more profitable education of our young men. The wide common sense and large experience of the writer come plainly into view in every page; now and again a side remark may evidence an opinion on religion or ethics with which we cannot agree, but taken as a whole we heartily commend the spirit and pronouncements of the author.

By far the most significant is the chapter on Purity. It will take generations to train society generally to that open and wholesome treatment of a disagreeable question, but we cannot but commend every move towards this consummation. There is not an unworthy word or idea in the author's mind, and what else should we criticise harshly? Hardly a boy that lives but would be the better for reading that chapter or being drilled on the lines it suggests. What the writer, unfortunately, cannot dilate upon is the all-powerful weapon that the Catholic school can, through the confessional, bring to bear on this insidious enemy of social welfare and lovely morality; only his necessary lack of knowledge on this particular point could justify his silence, for in the world at large—among the medical profession, for example—unstinted praise is bestowed upon the church's successful efforts.

For those who cannot rid themselves of the notion that

* *Through Boyhood to Manhood: a Plea for Ideals.* By Ennis Richmond. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

openness is nastiness, and that to be ignorant is to be modest, we commend the reading of Coventry Patmore's essays on *Ancient and Modern Ideas of Purity*, which, if somewhat striking and novel, will throw some light on the question of the characteristically Catholic notions about this subject. A good, manly, instructive volume is the present, and we bid it prosper.

A great deal of practical, common-sense talk—such as Miss Conway's experience renders weighty—and strong insistence on preservation of lofty ideals, such as her title in the literary world makes us expect—these are the predominating characteristics of her last publication.* Many an ambitious young woman can learn some useful and important lessons, without the cost of bitter experience, if she will take to heart such chapters as "Making the Best of It"; many a down-hearted plodder will see bright gleams of encouragement in such as "Statutes of Limitation."

Quite in the spirit of the other books in the series, this volume deserves the warm praise already accorded them. Its bright, readable style, and clear, unostentatious tone will catch many a young reader's eye, and gently win her to conviction that she may profitably follow the writer's advice.

In contrast with unmeaning, narrowly-conceived books on devotion to the Blessed Virgin come works like the present, an English rendition of the sermons of the great French scholar and preacher.† The learning, the logic, and the piety of the preacher are splendidly preserved, all the better, perhaps, because the translator has attempted no literal translation. Out of Bossuet's score of sermons selection and condensation have produced a set of perhaps half that number, and the reader will be hardly the loser by it, except in so far as implied in translation, though to be sure a hearer would tolerate nothing but the preacher's own language. In strictly theological passages literal translation has been made carefully and well.

The book is not unneeded, for Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, may learn therefrom that devotion to Mary is something more than sentimental trifling, and that, if deeply studied and adequately considered, Mary's relations to Christ and his Eternal Father are integral portions of theology. It might not

* *Bettering Ourselves*. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co.

† *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. By Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. Translated by F. M. Capes; with an introduction by the Rev. William T. Gordon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

be unwise to remark that Bossuet's explanation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, so long anticipating the Vatican Council, will strongly impress some of our dissenting brethren.

This new edition of Mr. Potter's *Bible Stories** encourages the belief that daily the love of Scripture-reading goes on increasing and spreading, and gathering together new classes and types. We cannot have too much literature on the Bible, as long as standards are kept high, and there is a reverential handling of the sacred text; for there is a constant development of interest in one or other direction, which calls for a steady stream of publications. It is good to see those publications placing themselves in evidence on the student's shelves and in the preacher's bookcase, and even in the children's tiny libraries. And the last is not least significant, for interest in Scripture that has come with nursery tales is the likeliest to root deep, and live long, and thrive well.

The book before us is admirably adapted to make the young familiar, not only with the stories but with the very language of Sacred Writ, for the text is preserved almost verbatim, with the mere elimination of such sentences of the original irrelevant to the story presented. Good judgment is displayed in the selections made, the illustrations are attractive and appropriate, and the book is, as a whole, a very presentable and instructive volume. Perhaps some of our own *may* follow this plan, substituting the Catholic version. We think such a book would not be slighted by our Sunday-schools..

In an article entitled "Washington's Farewell Address and a Century of American History," published in the *Outlook* of February 25, the distinguished John Bach McMaster, professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania, writes as follows:

"How, after a hundred years, has that full and fair experiment resulted? To the wise men of other lands endurance seemed impossible. In their eyes we did not possess one element of permanence. We had no established church; therefore we were an immoral and irreligious people. We had no king, no royal family; therefore we knew not what loyalty meant. We had no nobility; therefore we could not have a stable, well-balanced government. We had no entailed estates; therefore property would not be safe. Our President was but a leader set

* *Bible Stories in Bible Language*. By Edward Tuckerman Potter; with an introduction by Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

up by the mob to do their will; therefore, not principle, not a high and honorable purpose, would guide us in our conduct towards foreign powers, but the love of the almighty dollar and the passing whims of the hour. But what a commentary has time made on this prophecy of failure! Where else on the face of the globe has man set up a government better or more stable than is provided by the Constitution of the United States? Where else during the nineteenth century has property been safer? Where else has absolute religious toleration been combined with the deepest religious feeling and the highest morality? What other form of government, at any time, in any land, has ever been more firmly sealed in the affections of the governed, has ever inspired greater loyalty, has ever prompted to greater personal sacrifice in moments of supreme trial?"

The wonderful development of a true national and a true religious life in the American people, of which Washington spoke in his Farewell Address, emphasizes the wisdom of the founders of the American nation, and places a high value upon their constructive work of which they themselves were not aware.

But if the American experiment is to-day a confessed success in the matter of nationalism and religion, it is no less a success in the important field of education.

A review of Provost Harrison's report of the University of Pennsylvania for the year 1898, which has come before our view, impresses us as few such documents have done with the marvellous growth and development of this educational institution from the day when it was an academy in Philadelphia, shielded and nurtured by Benjamin Franklin and a coterie of like-minded public-spirited citizens, to the present time when it holds its rank among the four great universities of the land, and has given to the country a long line of illustrious scholars and citizens, among whom the name of the distinguished professor of American history, Mr. McMaster, from whose recent article we have already quoted, is not the least.

It is this article by the professor of American history, and a review of the report of the Provost, which has called our attention to the truly national work which is being accomplished in the education of the three thousand students in the University of Pennsylvania, which a hundred and fifty years ago was Benjamin Franklin's academy in Philadelphia.

The Miracles of Antichrist,* by Selma Lagerlöf, is described on the title-page as a novel by a Swedish writer, and the edi-

* *The Miracles of Antichrist*. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

tion before us is an English version by Pauline Bancroft Flach. It is like an allegory, but it is not one; and though it has a purpose, it is as unlike the priggish productions which are called novels with a purpose as anything can well be. We fear it will not be appreciated, and we regret this, as much for the sake of the reading public as for that of the writer. The whole meaning of the book is suggested by a quotation from a Sicilian legend which is a form of the Lord's terrible prediction of the rise of false Christs in the latter days, combined with what St. John saw in the Apocalypse. "When Antichrist comes," says the passage quoted, "he shall seem as Christ. There shall be great want, and Antichrist shall go from land to land and give bread to the poor. And he shall have many followers."

The writer has gifts, but we do not think his power lies in the insistence of principles, and their consequences, under the incidents of a work of fiction. There are many things which, as Catholics, we object to, but there is a healthy tone through the work which makes it an incomparably safer source of relaxation in the idle hour than most of the books our hard-working young people get into their hands. It would be, however, most decidedly the kind of reading we should recommend to the wealthy and idle classes of this country, and the same classes everywhere else. We shall be much surprised if the wonders wrought by Antichrist, the miracles performed by the spirit of the world in every age, do not afford some gentle excitement to those excellent people who fancy they are worshipping God, when in reality they are followers of Antichrist. Again, the "hardy sons" of toil, "the horny-handed," and so on, through the entire litany of misleading epithets the hired agitator or the loud-voiced emissary of discontent has on his tongue-tip when he addresses the people on their wrongs—again, we say, the people will get just a hint of the value of the prophecies of better days, the miracles of social amelioration which Antichrist, the king "of this world," will bring to them.

There is nothing in the shape of a story, but the fortunes of certain characters, like the one or two great ones in *Gil Blas*, supply the human interest, upon which the suggestions of the author's principles, religious and political, are based. We cannot refuse recognition of the power which invests the images of the "Christ-Child," the false one and the real one, with that spell of influence on the intellect and heart to express

which we know no better word than glamour. The purpose that runs from end to end is the fanciful working out of the idea that a "redeemer" or "reformer" was needed for the human race, and will be for ever needed. Now, the great Reformer came only once; all the others are Antichrists, or, as we should prefer to put it, pseudo-Christ. But these pseudo-Christ are miracle-workers, thaumaturgists of social amelioration, prophets of reconciliation between kings and peoples, masters and servants, rich and poor.

Augustus sees in a vision the birth of the Lord, just as his flatterers are about to consecrate on the Capitol an altar to him among the gods of Rome. As he gazes on the miserable stable, the kneeling shepherds in the open door, the young mother on her knees before a little Child, the sibyl's big, bony fingers pointed towards that poor Child: "Hail, Cæsar!" said the sibyl with a scornful laugh. "There is the God who shall be worshipped on the heights of the Capitol."

We are informed that a mighty spirit fell upon the prophetess, and—after some effects upon her appearance produced by its operation, such as causing her "dim eyes" to burn, and giving her a voice which "could have been heard over the whole world"—"she spoke words which she seemed to have read in the stars":

"On the heights of the Capitol the Redeemer of the world
shall be worshipped,
Christ or Antichrist, but no frail mortal."

The next day Augustus forbade the raising of a temple to himself "on the Capitol," but built instead of it a sanctuary to the new-born God-Child and called it "Heaven's Altar," Araceli. From this legendary origin of the sanctuary we have the monastery on the Capitol occupied by "Franciscan monks," standing near the basilica "Santa Maria in Araceli"—the basilica built because the sibyl had caused Augustus to see Christ, and the monastery because they feared the fulfilment of the sibyl's prophecy: that Antichrist should come to be worshipped on the Capitol. The monks watched and prayed against the coming of Antichrist, their only comfort was the miracle-working image of Christ kept in the basilica. This image was the representation of a little babe, but it had a gold crown upon its head, gold shoes on the feet, the whole dress a blaze of jewels, all the offerings of persons in distress who had called

on the image for help. A rich Englishwoman obtained possession of the image by getting an imitation made, which she substituted during a moment or two in which she had been left alone with it in the shrine. In order to be sure which was the real image or "Christ-Child," she scratched with a needle on the crown of the false one the legend: "My kingdom is only of this world." The history of this false image, its going about from place to place, its various fortunes, and its rather singular connection with rich Englishwomen are the allegorical suggestions interwoven with the fortunes of Gaetano and Donna Michaela, Don Ferranti and Donna Elisa, and all the rest who pass before us in actual life or in the clouds of a vivid imagination, and are seen through these actual characters—a method in which the author presents them as you see ghosts in a play or the far-off accessories in the background of a picture. The allusions of others, the conversations, the fears, the resentments of others, and so on—all these expedients of the fancy the author uses with consummate skill.

Don Ferranti is one of the actual persons, but he is introduced in a sentence or two which tells the impression produced by him and his circumstances on Donna Michaela. We take it as a specimen of the writer's power of making us see people through the minds of his living men and women, or, as we described it, in the clouds at the background. We are told he was found to be no ordinary shop-keeper in a side street. He was a man of ambition, who was collecting money in order to buy back the family estate on Etna, and the palace in Catania, and the castle on the mainland. If he went in short jacket and pointed cap, like a peasant, it was in order the sooner to be able to appear as a grandee of Spain and a prince of Italy.

The great bandit, Falco Falcone, is reproduced in this manner, brought as it were in the clouds, and with him the social aspect and the landscape of Sicily in the later seventies. It is an Antichrist time, from which we might infer Selma Lagerlöf is not a Garibaldian; and looking back to our earlier page, we think that writer finds in revolutionary France pseudo-Christic influences all-abounding. The false image is taken from a rich Englishwoman, and her carriage is dragged to a barricade in Paris to form part of that kind of defence in street-rioting for which the beautiful city so long bore an unenviable reputation. A curious thing the power of this poor image of elmwood dressed out in brass rings and glass beads! for wherever it came the authority of Christ diminished. One of those defending the

barricade was not a workingman but a man of education who had passed his life in study. This is one of the instances which try men—the case of a pure-minded enthusiast, whose learning, together with the spirit of a gentleman and knight, many noble gifts and acquirements, are sacrificed to the powers of darkness because he starts upon wrong principles. To make the application the false image is on the barricade, and whenever the smoke of battle cleared away this scholar saw it high up, “unmoved” amid the tumult. Oh! that little image was his leader, and the words “My kingdom is only of this world” the war-cry of himself and the wild crowds who alternated rebellion with robbery during the intervals when they had possession of the streets. One cannot help a pity for the enthusiast, who knew all the want that tortured mankind, whose heart was full of sympathy, and who continually had been seeking means to better his lot. The last words of the book are spoken by the “old pope”: “No one can save mankind from their sorrows, but much is forgiven him who brings new courage to bear them.” This, we fear, is like that hysteria which is called Neo-Catholicism; but we suspect everything, and are not sure of Selma Lagerlöf’s pope any more than the one of the French emotionalists.

Mr. MacManus,* who is the author of some books containing sketches, narratives, and verses illustrating characteristics of the Irish peasantry, is a Celt to the core. One impulse, more or less, we know not which, would have made him a Greek of the days when kings were the pastors of the people. His fancy is a Land of Youth—*Fir nan oge*, we think they call it. We mean his fancy is a realm where gray hairs and bent frames are signs of the passing onward, and not the tokens of defeat; so that they disappear, as it were, and the strength of manhood comes back in the heart. And youth is a time of gladness beneath soft skies, and surrounded by the influences of nature imparting sweet and generous impulses. The language of the peasantry in his hands is a melody; we have not read anything at all so racy, except in the *Heart of Midlothian*. The reader will remember how the passion of the peasant girl’s pleading for her unhappy sister affected Queen Caroline. But when the emotion is not intense, even Scott cannot make the Lowland dialect altogether pleasant to the Southron ear.

* *Through the Turf Smoke.* By Seumas MacManus. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

Carleton is often harsh, Lover unlike, Gerald Griffin has a touch of this music, but not altogether free. Now, in most instances of domestic narrative, Mr. MacManus makes the brogue of his Donegal people like a lyric. The humor he possesses is genuinely Irish. Americans have in a countryman of their own a case of successful acquisition of its half-sly, half-sparkling, and wholly kindly quality in Washington Irving; and he, we think, drew the spirit of his humor largely from his favorite Goldsmith. The justness of the comparison will be recognized in the passages where the author does the telling himself; for the novelty of the brogue to American readers may check the cadence at first. The sketch, *The Prince of Wales' Own Donegal Militia*, is a case in point; it is *Knickerbocker's History of New York* transported to the proper stage, and the fun in Irving's heart was that of the humorists whom he unconsciously reflected,* and not that of the good, heavy Dutchmen he quizzed.

Where all over the world could such queer, racy things be said as in Ireland? An omnibus belonging to a keeper of post-cars was employed in any business for which it might be hired. It was a private carriage when "the major" drove in it to church. When it carried a corpse to the grave the school-master spoke of it as an "impromptu hearse." On Tuesday it carried the sheriff to the court-house, and on Wednesday bore poteen to Donegal, and so on, winning from the same learned man the descriptive title of "a versatile arrangement." A ballad in the piece, entitled "Dinny Monaghan's Last Keg," tells of a cow drinking all the poteen in a still. The ballad was sung by one of the party at a spree which was held in celebration of a successful distillation of the unparliamentary liquid named. The expression of opinion at the point of the ballad which told who had drunk most of the poteen was, we think, correct: "The sorra take her, but she was fond of the sperruts," and did not deserve the rebuke it received; except so far as it might be regarded as an interruption of the song. The whole of this paper must be read to be properly enjoyed. The comments on the conduct of the cow after this performance are very amusing; for instance: "The poor baste, she acts so nathural like, just for all the worl' like a daicent Christian,

* We are only dealing with one characteristic of this most charming writer, but Mr. MacManus, we trust, has that great ally, time, to help him in making a name to be as widely known as Irving's.

axin Paddy to thramp on the tail of her coat, an' all that, an' then repentin' next mornin'."

The advice given to one of the distillers by another is good: "Dinny *aharsge*, take yer warnin' from that song, an' raise up your cows in the way daicent cows should be raised," etc.; and the retort to the threat that the Black Sergeant had sworn that he'd make one of them pay the piper yet. "Well, maybe it wouldn't be the first false oath he swore, if we'd believe all the people say."

Jack who was the Ashypit is introduced in the old story-telling way: "Wanst on a time when kings and queens was as plenty in Ireland as good people, and good people as plenty as kings and queens." Of course the meaning on the surface is that these royalties were as plenty as fairies, but the inner meaning is to suggest some difference between them and good people. The Ashypit starts off to make his fortune, and, being tired, is about sitting down, but observes "a flock of big black flies, an' he ups with his stick and kilt three and thirty of them—for he counted them, an' wan o' them was a dale bigger nor the others. 'Now that's what I call a good blow,' says Jack; and gettin' an old rusty nail, he wrote upon his stick, 'With wan blow o' this stick I kilt a clargyman an' two and thirty of a congregation.'" With this bit of satire on the well-fed appearance of the clergy we shall leave Jack to his adventures of the old folk-lore kind and conclude by recommending this little volume as the best picture of Irish peasant life we have come across for many a day.

Under the title of *My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses** has been published a selection of poems of which neither writer nor verses themselves are unknown to our readers. But the selections are cleverly made, and the gifted authoress is seen to best advantage in them. Sweetness and grace may be declared the general characteristics of the volume, but in the *finale*, "The Within Thee Blind," a deeper note of tragedy and doubt is struck, and a masterly one too. Music and rhythm are very nearly in their perfection in these little gems, characteristically religious or national, sparkling with bright fancies and delicate imagery. "My Lady's Slipper" is—well, we can but say "exquisite," and quaint withal.

* *My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses*. By Dora Sigerson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

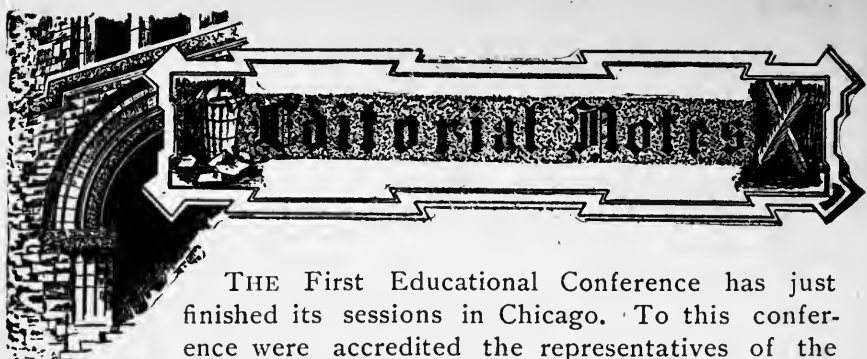
BUSINESS GUIDE FOR PRIESTS.*

A good deal has been said, in one place or another, about the crying need of a business education for priests, and especially for priests engaged actively in this country. Now, as a matter of fact, it is of immense utility for a priest, especially an American priest, to be a perfect master of nearly every department of knowledge; for there is scarcely one in which he may not have occasion to use his science. But it is going rather too far to expect the achievement of any such useful plan. Rather, it is expedient that we economize, as far as possible, the very brief period of time at present given over to the acquisition of a summary knowledge of sacred science.

The proper way to set about mastering the matters foreign to his actual professional course of study, is that the priest should be supplied with such details as are necessary through the agency of some little manual or guide prepared by a learned, skilful, and experienced clergyman. This is what Dr. Stang has done in his present publication; any one who understands the modicum of the book-keeping art here outlined will, in all probability, know sufficient to insure successful management *if he lives up to it.*

It is a splendidly succinct compendium, but after all, as the writer says, it is the religious zeal and tireless patience of the pastor, and his unselfish attention to details, rather than any technical business training or experience, that will make him the successful manager of a parish.

* *Business Guide for Priests.* By Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.



THE First Educational Conference has just finished its sessions in Chicago. To this conference were accredited the representatives of the Catholic colleges of the United States. They had important questions to handle, and from the published "Program" of subjects the topics were approached in a broad-minded way. This fact augurs well for the success of the work. That this convention is able to command a universal interest, and that it can write down among its delegates representatives of all the teaching bodies, as well as the educators of any prominence in Catholic colleges for men in the United States, is a fact of considerable note. This could not have been done before the establishment of the Washington University. One of the best results accomplished by the University is the co-ordination of collegiate education. The college now, instead of attempting an impossible task of giving a universal education, is circumscribed by limitations. It has a defined field, and with any ordinary ability it can cover it well. There has been no more hopeful sign in the educational world than the assembling of this conference of educationists.

The Peace Congress has been virtually strangled in its birth. It has shut out from its deliberations the only great peace-making factor in Europe, the Holy Father. Without religion men are savages. The spirit of religion, like the breath of the warm wind from the South, soothes and mollifies. It stands for far more than selfish interests. It lives a life all its own, far above the strife of battle and the clash of steel. In this spirit of religion the hope of arbitration lives, moves, and has its being. To shut the door against the historical representative of the spirit of religion in the world, is to banish that factor which alone can bring the deliberations to a successful issue. It would be a fitting thing if the delegates from the United States would ask that the Holy Father be represented in these deliberations.

Let us Christianize Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, is the cry going out through the Protestant missionary societies. When the missionaries get there they will find more solid Christianity among the people of these islands than we have in many places in the United States.

By what standards do you measure Christianity? Is it by the prevalence of morality? The missionaries will find the people sober. There is not one iota of the drunkenness there that there is in our Christianized land. They will find the women virtuous, good mothers, faithful wives; they will find all the home influences well established, and the family life intact. As to the virtue of the women in Cuba and Porto Rico, ask the American soldiers. Possibly the Protestant missionaries may teach the people the tricks of the divorce court.

They will find the people good church-goers. They attend church far better than Protestants do here in New York. Do you measure your Christianity by the variety of your churches? Go to our new possessions in this spirit, you will simply teach denominationalism, a religion torn in shreds by contentions—not the blessed religious unity Christ prayed for.

The best thing you can do is to stimulate existing agencies. If you think the Catholic Church has failed in doing its full duty, go and poke up its officials to greater endeavor.

Your present plans will simply result in making a few infidels but not Protestants.

It is not without its humorous side to witness the efforts made by our friends to explain away the hard, cold facts which Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, brought to light in his Fast Day Proclamation. They say in the country districts religion is not declining. The governor is perfectly right, and any consideration of the realities will bear him out in his statements. What Governor Rollins says of rural New Hampshire Dr. Rainsford says of urban New York, only he adds, shrewdly enough, that unless some means are devised whereby a half an hour's instruction in religious matters is provided every day in the school, this lamentable decadence will go on.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

CAPTAIN JOHN J. LEONARD, U.S.V.

Captain John J. Leonard, commanding Company G, Second Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, was born May 22, 1856, in Alden, Erie County, N. Y. His father, Michael Leonard, and mother, Ann Mungovan (both dead), were born in County Clare, Ireland.

When about thirteen years old his parents removed to Springfield, Mass. When sixteen years of age, he was employed for about three years in a clerical position by the B. & A. R. R. Company. He then became a clerk in his father's store, and at his father's death continued the business until 1887. His duties as tax assessor demanded his entire time. Captain Leonard was elected to the assessorship in 1884 to fill a vacancy, he having already served for five years as an assistant assessor, being thus eminently qualified for his official duties. Two years later he was re-elected to a full term. His re-election to the same position in 1887 and 1890, and again in 1893, at the latter time being made chairman of the board, is a speaking tribute to his fidelity and ability, and a wise expression of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens. He was re-elected in 1896 and again in 1899 for full terms. The honor thus accorded him is all the more appreciated by himself and his friends when it is remembered that he is a staunch Democrat in politics, and that the city is a Republican stronghold.

For twenty-two years he has been the secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the Diocese of Springfield, and has been a delegate to fifteen national conventions of the C. T. A. U. of A. Captain Leonard was the chairman of the general committee that managed the monster field-day of the Springfield Union in 1892, which was one of the largest Catholic temperance demonstrations ever gotten up in America, and at which event thirty-three thousand people were present at Hampden Park, Springfield, among whom were the governor, lieutenant-governor, and other distinguished guests.

Captain Leonard is one of the governing board of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, a member of the A. O. H., and many other useful and charitable organizations.

The military record of Captain Leonard reflects credit on his practical judgment and wisdom. Joining Company G,



CAPTAIN JOHN J. LEONARD, U.S.V.

Second Regiment Infantry M. V. M., April 11, 1877, as a private, he was appointed sergeant two years later, and in 1880 was promoted to be first sergeant. June 27, 1882, he was elected first lieutenant, holding the rank until March 7, 1887, when he was promoted to captaincy, a capacity in which he has since served with efficiency. The inspector-general's department of Massachusetts, as the result of the annual inspections of the militia of Massachusetts just prior to the war with Spain, says of Company G: "Command rated very good. Discipline, drill, and general instruction most commendable. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men thoroughly earnest and efficient. Books, records, and papers in faultless condition, models for imitation throughout the service. Great credit is due and should be given officially to this company."

. At the opening of the Spanish-American War the Second Massachusetts Infantry was among the first to volunteer their services to their country. It was the first volunteer regiment

in the United States to reach Florida, the seat of active preparations for the Cuban campaign. Captain Leonard's company led the Second Massachusetts through the campaign up to July 7, when the captain was detached from his command to serve as commander of a battalion—the first battalion, of which G company was a part, becoming the third battalion. The regiment landed at Baiquiri June 22, taking an active part in the battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill, July 1 and 2; G company's losses being two men killed and three wounded at El Caney July 1, and one man killed at San Juan Hill July 2. The company did its share of trench-digging, being attached to Brigadier-General Ludlow's First Brigade, Second Division of the Fifth Army Corps. The brigade occupied the right of the corps during the siege of Santiago, and had five different positions between the third and fourteenth days of July, when Santiago surrendered.

The disease period was a trying time for the whole Fifth Army Corps, the Second Massachusetts having its share. Captain Leonard's battalion consisted of one-third of the regiment, but his losses from disease were less than seventeen per cent. of the loss in the regiment. The theoretical knowledge of warfare acquired by long service in the militia of the commonwealth of Massachusetts assisted Captain Leonard and his officers very materially in caring for and directing the men under them. The regiment reached Montauk August 19, was furloughed August 27 for sixty days, and mustered out of service November 3.

Following is the comment made by the chief mustering officer of the State of Massachusetts on the United States records of Co. G, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, in a letter to Captain Leonard: "Allow me to compliment you on the appearance of your company, books and records, which were by far the best turned in by the Second Regiment, and are excellent in every respect." Captain Leonard re-entered the service of the militia of the Massachusetts commonwealth, on which list he will undoubtedly rank as major, but by reason of the ill effects of the Cuban fever will soon ask to be retired.

Rev. John J. McCoy, P. R. of Chicopee, Mass., speaking at a recent banquet tendered Captain Leonard and Sergeant O'Connell by the Sacred Heart Total Abstinence Society of Springfield, of which Captain Leonard is a charter member, said, amongst other things, a close acquaintance with Captain Leonard for nineteen years gave him ample opportunity to judge of his worth, and he reiterated the statement that the captain was worthy of all the honor done him. He recalled an

incident that showed the character of the man. At the time the regiment was called to undergo no one knew just what, he met the captain's pastor, and the latter had shown him a letter from the commander of Company G asking for the prayers of himself and his men in the struggle that was before them. Here was a man, the speaker added, who, filled with zeal and anxiety of a noble sort, made it one of his first duties, when it became evident that his company was to see actual service, to reverently request his pastor to pray for himself and the men under him. It was typical of a man whose life was good and noble and uplifting.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

To the Editor of the Catholic World.

SIR: In Mr. Sidney Lee's recently published *Life of William Shakespeare* the biographer says emphatically that Shakespeare was a Protestant.

The only person within a century of Shakespeare's date who ever made a statement on the subject, one way or the other, verbally or on paper, was Archdeacon John Davies, the Vicar of Daperton, in Gloucestershire, England, a clergyman of the Establishment.

In or about the year 1703, Archdeacon Davies made some autograph notes upon the Diary of the Rev. William Fulman (also a clergyman of the English Church); and, among these notes, is the following direct statement:

"He (Shakespeare) died a Papist."

Now, as Archdeacon Davies was a Protestant clergyman, this statement is what lawyers call "a declaration against interest," and therefore one to which great weight is to be reasonably given. Moreover, the use of the word "Papist," instead of "of the old Faith" or "Catholic," shows that the statement was made reluctantly and with feeling. Even if contradicted, these considerations would favor it. But it stands uncontradicted!

In cases of a conflict of documentary or of oral evidence, or of tradition, a historian has undoubted right to use his own judgment to a certain extent, or, at least, to give his opinion as to the burden of probability. But where there is but one statement of fact, either way, and that statement is unimpeached, an expression of judgment personal to the historian seems, to say the least, uncalled for.

Of course, Shakespeare was obliged, like every other subject of Elizabeth, to outwardly conform to the two "Acts of Uniformity" which obtained during the period including Shakespeare's natural life.

But Archdeacon Davies' statement leads to the conclusion (and I, for one, can arrive at no other) that, toward the close of his life, Shakespeare sought occasion, in some form, to publicly announce his attachment to the religion of his fathers and of his race.

It is urged that, had Shakespeare been a Catholic, he would not have been buried in the chancel of a Protestant church. But Trinity, Stratford, was a church of the old faith, long before Henry VIII.'s date, and, as the parish church, had not changed its legal Foundation. As part owner of Stratford tithes, Shakespeare was a lay-Rector of the Foundation and so entitled to sepulture in the chancel.

Yours respectfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of the New York Shakespeare Society, April 5, 1899.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Catholic Summer-School, located at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, will hold a session of seven weeks from July 9 to August 25. Among the speakers there will be representatives from the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and from many of the leading colleges. Systematic courses of lectures are arranged dealing with the progress of social science; recent developments in the study of biology; will power in the domain of ethics; character studies of authors and statesmen; episodes of American history, including the war with Spain; and a number of talks at the piano illustrating famous musical compositions.

During six weeks special provision will be made for instruction on approved lines to secure the professional advancement of teachers. The main object kept in view by the management is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study. The opportunity thus provided of combining different classes of students for mutual improvement will be most acceptable to professors and lecturers who wish to have an appreciative audience to enjoy with them the fruits of the latest research in history, literature, natural science, and other branches of learning. All these branches of human learning are to be considered in the light of Christian truth.

Applications for copies of the prospectus to be issued as soon as possible should be sent, with a two-cent stamp enclosed, to 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

*

*

*

From the New York *Times* we take the following account of a book that is having a large sale and has provoked much discussion:

The Rev. William Barry is a writer of smooth and scholarly English, and handles his subject with power and clearness. In *The Two Standards* he has given us a forceful romance that it is a pleasure to read in spite of the introduction of many disagreeable characters therein portrayed. The title *The Two Standards* is somewhat misleading, and its significance does not appear until late in the story. The first standard is money and lawless love, the other is righteousness and equity. The one is expounded through five hundred and odd pages; the other and better part is meanwhile conspicuous by its absence. The plot lingers and is a laggard in unfolding, but the character-drawing is perspicuous and powerful. The heroine, Marian Greystoke, is the headstrong daughter of a worldly, speculating country vicar, and the other members of the household are quite unlovely. Mr. Barry's picture of this English clergyman's life is not a pleasant one, but it is a faithful portrayal of a type. We may sincerely trust that the class is a small one. Marian's mother is a canting Calvinist and en-

tirely out of sympathy with her daughter. The family has been reduced from a comfortable competence by the stock-gambling of both father and mother, and has nearly reached a state of absolute penury. This is particularly harassing to Marian, who, obstinate, proud, and selfish, has great social ambitions. She goes on a visit to London, and there, for the first time, comes into contact with the life of a great city and with people of wealth. She is fascinated by all this, and by means of her fine voice obtains *entrée* to the homes of some few families of position. In this way she meets a wealthy speculator and promoter, whom she marries. He is temporarily fascinated with her voice and personality, and for a time is very devoted. Marian speedily finds, however, that gold does not always buy happiness, and through trial and suffering she learns her lessons as surely in her palace as was the case in her former home in the country curate's house.

The later development of her character is thrilling and pathetic, and many times enlists the reader's sympathy, though frequently now and again inspiring disgust. Marian does credit to her early training and environment, and runs her inevitable course. Nearly all the people in the book are either sordid in their motives or scheming for self-aggrandizement or revenge, and they are far from being altogether lovely. Miss Raby, a woman physician, the friend Marian visits in London, is as near being unselfish and lovable as any one in the tale. She is the only one who appears to act from disinterested motives. There are several artists and musicians who figure prominently, but rarely to their credit.

The Two Standards is a novel of parts, to be read for its artistic construction and beauty of diction rather than for entertainment. Its tendency is rather depressing, and its ethical horizon can hardly be called elevating, although the moral to be drawn from the career of Marian and her husband is unmistakable. The book has a distinctive atmosphere entirely its own, and is clever to a degree. The musical element therein is not without alluring representation and symbolization.

*

*

*

In that excellent paper, the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, a writer using the signature C. N. has stated a most important truth in these words:

Literature is fortunately, or unfortunately, one of the most untrammelled of arts, wherefore it appears so easy and tempts so many; upon the writer's artistic perception, knowledge of life and good taste, depend what he eliminates and what he presents, and how and with what effect. We know that humanity can never be totally depraved, and we read with this reservation in our minds. If Protestant writers, in seeking the quaintness of another age, delight in such subjects as "The Madonna of the Peach-tree," that is partly because everything then existing, good and bad, was necessarily Catholic—and Catholicism is so seductive that no one, friend or enemy, can ever leave it alone—and if the bad is picked out by preference, magnified, and dwelt upon—well, it is a personal choice.

We Catholics have a more proportionate view of the robust iniquities of our robust forefathers, because we remember that the same epoch gave the church those brilliant saints whose intellectual activity and purity of life are our example, and we cannot read any local history without meeting the lesser but widespread rank of good men who have left a fair repute behind them within their more restricted scope.

No doubt, a Catholic author could not write without the risk of unkind comment such a book as, say, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Besant. We might have expected Protestantism, being modern, with its loud-voiced protestation, its Bible, its tract-distributing ladies and street-preachers, to set us "misguided Papists" a very admirable example indeed in Christian perfection, instead of deliberately reviving the backslidings of its ancestors, and needlessly pointing out where Christians have fallen short of their high ideal in a manner generally misleading, often offensive. But let us be indulgent, we who reside in touch with the vivifying heart of the church, who never loses her power of rebuking and reforming the children that sully her outer garment. We may watch with impunity, as we often have the opportunity of doing, the pot calling the kettle black, since we know that the kettle holds pure water.

*

*

*

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D.C., has done excellent service in teaching correct history through the daily papers. With a full knowledge of the facts he contends that it must appear to any person of common sense that not even one-tenth of our white population is of English descent; and even if that fraction was of such descent, any person who is not blind may easily see for himself, no matter where he goes in this country, that the dark-haired type of our people is at least in the proportion of seventy per cent. to the remaining thirty per cent. of light-haired people. It therefore goes without saying, even if we should accept every light-haired American of English ancestry as an Anglo-Saxon, that this fraction of the English element in our make-up is too insignificantly small to be worth the trouble of seriously considering as a factor either in the past or in the present of our national development.

Is it not about time to call a halt on these Anglo-maniacs who imagine that they are greater and worthier than the overwhelming mass of their fellow-citizens? I think it is time. No one has a right to intrude his ignorant balderdash upon the reading public about "Anglo-Saxons" when he cannot even name and prove a single characteristic of the alleged Anglo-Saxons or describe ethnologically or physiologically the mental traits which distinguish the Angles and Saxons of England from the Britons and Celts of England. If he can do this, what is the result? Simply this: that the Angles and Saxons are still a comparatively insignificant element in the make-up of the English people, and infinitely more insignificant in the make-up of the American people. The language we have is undoubtedly a Germanic tongue—a brave language—but its mother would not know it to-day. Like the Angles and Saxons themselves it was developed and refined by the ennobling and civilizing influences of Celtic, Greek, and Roman letters and literature, and the Mediterranean arts, sciences, and institutions of the so-called Latin race.

If predominance of race is anything to be proud of as a factor in the development of our institutions and national progress, certainly the so-called Anglo-Saxon element cannot for a moment be considered as other than a very small fraction of that factor; and just as certainly the dark-haired race—"Celtic," or whatever you may call it—must be awarded the honor and glory of making America what it is to-day, and of making the "English-speaking peoples" throughout the world what they are to-day.

M. C. M.





"He was seen by Cephas ; and after that by the eleven. Then was he seen by more than five hundred brethren at once : of whom many remain until this present, and some are fallen asleep" (I. Cor. xv. 5-6).

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 411.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY BRYAN J. CLINCH.

THAT there are Catholic churches and priests, and even bishops, in the Philippines is known, but the popular impression is that those priests are something quite different from Catholic priests in the rest of the world. Special correspondents have described the islands as overrun and plundered by a crowd of lazy and dissolute monks, who own most of the land and live in luxury on the tributes of their native tenants. Even some Catholics share, to a degree, these ideas. A friend of ours now serving in Manila expressed surprise at the great number of priests there, not advertg to the fact that the great majority were fugitives, driven there by the events of the last few months in other parts of the country. We have heard others conclude, from the butcheries committed by savage mobs on priests and monks, that Catholic priests must be odious tyrants and hated by the population. They wholly forgot that similar massacres have been committed in the most civilized countries within the present age. The murder of Monseigneur Darboy and his priests by the Paris Commune was no evidence either of offence given by the victims or hatred of Catholicity by the French people at large. We believe the same is the case in the Philippines to-day.

THE COUNTRY IS NOT AN UNKNOWN LAND.

It has been subject to civilized laws and visited by European traders, travellers, and scientists during a longer period

Copyright. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK. 1899.

than the existence of any European settlement in this land of ours. Its actual condition can be ascertained as easily as that of India or Chili or Poland, if one only takes the pains to seek the same sources of information in the proper places. The impressions given by a flying visit to Manila by either soldiers or correspondents, ignorant for the most part of either Spanish or the native languages, are not such sources. The writer resided for some years in the house of a gentleman born and educated in Manila at the beginning of the century. He is acquainted with at least one scientific explorer of the group who visited it forty years ago, and he has met and conversed freely with Spanish missionaries who had spent years there in different parts of the islands. From the knowledge thus gleaned, and from a study of the historical works published within the last ten years in Manila itself, and the official returns published before the insurrection of Aguinaldo, as well as from the records of the various Catholic religious orders available to any student, he has drawn the facts concerning the Church in the Philippines which he now offers to the reader. In this he has been materially aided by the Rev. Father Doherty, C.S.P., who accompanied General Merritt to Manila last year as a Catholic chaplain.

ANTI-SPANISH PREJUDICES.

The character of the Spanish friars is a favorite theme for charges such as defamers are accustomed to make against the Catholic clergy of our own country, and equally devoid of truth. The worst of it is, that between the hostile feeling to everything Spanish which prevailed so widely during the past year, and the want of knowledge of the islands among ourselves, many Catholics have been disposed to give some credence to the wildest calumnies, unsupported by a shred of evidence and set afloat by men directly interested in the plunder of the church in the Philippines.

The New York *Herald* purported to give the authority of an unnamed Catholic priest for the following extraordinary statement :

"The peace treaty provides free exercise of religion in the islands and a guarantee that the property which belongs to the church shall not be taken from it. There is, however, a vast quantity of property, especially in the Philippines, which nominally belongs to the church, but to which there are many claimants. . . .

"If the islands are to be held by the United States, as is now almost certain, it is to be expected they will be placed under the hierarchy of the United States.

"The government will not look with favor on the proposition to allow the Spanish priests to *remain in power and office* in these islands. While they are cordially disliked by a large body of the natives, they are still very influential, and their presence there (though guaranteed by treaty) would be a constant menace to the interests of this country, and a hindrance to the work of Americanizing the islands.

"Two priests accompanied General Merritt when he sailed for the Philippines. One of them expressed himself in vigorous terms as to the character and habits of the Philippine priesthood. They are totally different from the priests of this country! The priests are almost all friars, being members of powerful religious organizations. As the organization never dies, they (*sic*) accumulate wealth very rapidly. In this case they have been assisted by the government, which gave the church vast wealth which had been left behind by the original owners, who fled to escape punishment by the rebels. These lands the church holds on a tentative title, and it is expected [by whom?] it will be compelled to surrender a large quantity of it either to the *government of the United States* or to the original owners."

NEW YORK HERALD'S MISTAKES.

If this statement came from any of the common run of "no-popery" lecturers it would only excite a smile of contempt. Though one of the two priests may have expressed himself in vigorous terms as to the methods of the Spanish in the Philippines, neither of them made the remarkable assertions credited to them in the context.* The vast property nominally belonging to the church needs some further definition before its non-existence can be affirmed, but the expectation that the islands will be placed under the hierarchy of the United States is grotesque in its ignorance of Catholic Church law and practice. The hierarchy of the Philippines has been organized on the common law of the Catholic Church for over three centuries, and will remain the same whatever the changes in government of the islands. The church does not submit its laws to the whims of politicians, be they Russian, German, or Anglo-Saxon. The hierarchy of Canada, of Malta, and of Ireland is not *under* the hierarchy of England, nor will the hierarchy of

* This is on the authority of one of them personally, the Rev. Father Doherty.

the Philippines be under the hierarchy of the United States, whether the two countries be joined politically or not.

As to the government of this country having anything to say as to who shall exercise the pastoral office among Catholics, the writer wholly forgets both the constitutional prohibition against establishing a State Religion, and the treaty obligation guaranteeing natives of Spain expressly their full personal rights in the islands. If a parish priest of Spanish birth, who has been regularly appointed by his bishop, has not the full right to retain his post, regardless of the favor or dislike of the administration at Washington, then indeed liberty of conscience must be a dead letter in this land of ours. As to their remaining in "power and office," an elementary acquaintance with the country would have taught that the priests of the Philippines for the last four years have absolutely no official power beyond that of consulting membership in the parochial councils or juntas. The hatred to them supposed to be entertained by a large body of the natives may be true, but we would like some better authority for it when coupled with a groan over the influence they enjoy notwithstanding. That it is a menace to the interests of this country is hardly to be believed by any intelligent Catholic in America. That the majority of the Spanish missionary priests are friars is true, and also that religious organizations do not die; but neither warrants the conclusion that they are totally different from the priests in this country, or that orders invariably accumulate wealth very rapidly. There are Franciscans and Dominicans and Augustinians and Jesuits here as well as in the Philippines, and if they are accumulating wealth very rapidly in consequence, their neighbors are not aware of the fact. The final statement of the remarkable means by which the religious organizations have been assisted by the government in the accumulation of wealth is very wide of the mark. If it means anything, it must imply that the Spanish authorities, when blockaded in Manila, confiscated the property of its own subjects opposed to the rebels and handed their lands over to the church at the moment when its priests were being massacred through the island. The hint that the United States government would grab this supposed property for itself, in defiance of treaty obligations, supposes that the administration has the morality of a buccaneer. We have dealt with this utterance at more length than it deserves in itself, because it shows an ignorance of the condition of the Philippines which may exist

even in the minds of some American Catholics. We shall try to give a more accurate sketch.

THE CHURCH ORGANIZATION THERE.

The organization of the church in the Philippines is in essentials the same as in every other Catholic country. The Archbishop of Manila and four suffragan bishops have the same spiritual authority over the priests and people of their respective dioceses as the Archbishop of New York has over the priests and people of New York, or the Archbishop of Dublin over those of Dublin. The relations between the Philippine bishops and their clergy are, indeed, more strictly defined, but it is only because the general canon laws of the church are established there, which make parish priests irremovable unless for cause given and proved. The peculiarity in the Philippines is that the larger part, about three-fourths, of the regular parishes are entrusted by long established law to various religious orders, Augustinians, Franciscans, Recollets, Dominicans, Benedictines, and Jesuits. Each order, as a corporation, has the right of presentation to certain parishes. On the death or removal of a priest in those parishes, the head of the order submits three names to the bishop or archbishop, who chooses one, and gives him canonical appointment if himself satisfied of his fitness. If not satisfied he may require other names to be submitted, but in practice little difficulty is found in the selection. The Augustinian or Dominican priest in charge of a parish is subject to the bishop in everything relating to its administration and to his own conduct as a priest. He is not released from his vows as a religious, however, and may be removed at any time by the superiors of his order, besides being bound to the observance personally of its special rules. Such an administration of parishes is not peculiar to the Philippines. It is known in the United States, in England, the West Indies, and in other missionary countries. It is only that it is more extensive in the Philippines than elsewhere that gives a peculiar character to the church there.

WHY THE FRIARS ARE SO NUMEROUS.

To account for this predominance of religious, or friars, as the Spaniards term them, in the Philippines we must go back over three centuries. The Spanish kings of that day regarded as a duty the conversion of the savage races within their dominions. The Philippines, when Legaspi established the first

European settlement in Zebu in 1564, were peopled by Malay races in about the same condition as the Hawaiians were when first visited by Cook. They had no central government nor towns, and they were engaged a good deal in piracy. Legaspi settled his first post and afterwards Manila without bloodshed, and in fact there has been little fighting in the whole history of the Philippines except with the Sulu and Bornean pirates on the south, or the English and Dutch rivals of Spain. Philip II. applied to the Augustinians for some of their priests to instruct the natives in the Christian religion and the ways of settled life. Eighty years of experience in the American colonies recommended the choice of friars rather than secular priests for such a task, and the result has justified the selection. The Augustinians were followed by other orders, anxious to share in the work of conversion. When Manila had become a place of some importance it was made a diocese like any other part of Catholic Spain, but the friars continued to attend to the instruction of the wild natives. By orders from Rome, the districts converted were left under jurisdiction of the mission orders even when a hierarchy was established of four, now five, bishops. The last vestiges of heathenism have long disappeared from most of the islands. A few Negritos and Igorotes in a condition like that of the Sioux of the Western prairies a generation ago are still found in Luzon. In Mindanao there is a large Mohammedan population, perhaps half a million. Through the rest of the group the whole population is Catholic, but the friars up to the present continue to furnish pastors to the descendants of their original converts.

Where sanctioned by the Holy See, as in the Philippines, there is nothing abnormal in such a condition of affairs. The majority of missionary countries in Africa, Polynesia, and the West Indies are to-day administered by religious orders or congregations, from which bodies both priests and bishops are drawn. A similar course was followed by the church in the conversion of Europe. Anglo-Saxon England is a well-known historical instance. The heathen Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity by the Benedictines and the Irish monks of Columbkil's order, and down to the revolt of Henry VIII. the monastic orders retained the right of providing pastors for a very large part of the parishes of England, and even bishops for several dioceses. It is worth remembering that in the whole Asiatic continent and its dependencies, at the present day, the Philippines are the only country which can be called Christian, though

Christian influence has been supreme in a large part of it for nearly four centuries. There are three times as many Christians in the Philippines as in the whole of British India.

It does not detract in the least from the credit of the men who have built up this Christian population that the Catholic Filipinos are different in political institutions and material civilization from European or American Catholic nations. Christianity is a spiritual not a material force. It teaches men of every race their common destiny, and the laws of conduct towards God and man which will enable them to attain that destiny; but it does not attempt to mould them on any particular political or social lines. In earlier days a common faith did not make Catholic Frenchmen the same as Catholic Germans nor Italians, in social life or national character. It does not make the Malays of the Philippines Europeans to-day. They have much in common with their fellow-Christians of other lands, but they are still Asiatic in temperament and intelligence. Christianity united Jew and Greek and Roman in a common faith and common Christian morality, but it did not give the Jewish convert the artistic temperament of the Greek nor the political genius of the Roman; neither has it given the Filipinos the energy nor the political instincts of the Indo-European races. The latter may or may not come in the course of time, but their development is not the task set to preachers of the Gospel by the Church and its Divine Head.

ARE THE CHRISTIAN NATIVES, THEN, A CIVILIZED PEOPLE?

The question was put to a priest who had spent many years among them in active work, and who had been born and educated in the north of Spain. "Civilization is a very elastic word," was his first answer; but after a moment he added unhesitatingly, "Yes, I can say they are." He then described briefly the points on which he founded that opinion, which we shall give as he gave them, letting our readers draw their own conclusions:

The bulk of the population, about six millions roughly estimated, is of the Malay race, divided into three nations. The largest is the Tagal, which occupies the greater part of Luzon, and numbers about three millions. The Visayas, who occupy the islands to the south, of which Panay, Zebu, Samar, Leyte, and Mindoro are the chief, are about two and a half millions, and the Pampangos between six and seven hundred thousands. Each division has a distinct language, but none ever had a common national government. Their social organization when

the Spaniards first came to the Philippines was a number of small tribes under the rule of chiefs, mostly hereditary, but none of any extensive dominions. In becoming Christians their mode of government was little changed. The friars endeavored to group them into villages to a greater extent than they had been in their savage days, but the chiefs, under Spanish names of *capitan* or *gobernadorcillo*—little governor—continued to direct the common affairs of each pueblo. A Spanish governor in each island or province controlled the general administration, and the governor-general at Manila was practically the absolute ruler of the whole group, subject, of course, to the laws of Spain and the will of its home government. The natives are nearly all farmers or fishermen, the first class owning their own lands subject only to the taxes imposed by the general government. Having no political traditions and little intercourse with the outside world, they have for generations found sufficient occupation for their energies and thoughts in the quiet routine of daily life in a fertile country and under a tropical sun. The parish church has been the chief centre of their social life. They have gathered around for worship on Sundays and holy-days, they have come to it for baptism, for marriage, for burials and ever-recurring periods, and they neither know nor desire political assemblies, nor the contest of parties. The schooling of the children is provided for by at least one school for boys and one for girls in each pueblo, and if any of the pupils desire to follow higher studies there are colleges in the towns, and a university at Manila which receives whites and natives alike to its courses. Some time ago the university was credited with two thousand students preparing for the different professions, law, medicine, and the church. Lawyers and judges and doctors of pure Tagal or Visaya blood are found, though not numerous in proportion to the native population. There are also rich planters cultivating large estates by hired labor, but the great majority of Tagals, Visayas, and Pampangos are small farmers. The Spanish friar stated that the proportion of the natives that can read and write is larger than in many European countries, and includes the majority of both men and women. It may be added that slavery is wholly unknown and has never existed in the Philippines under Spanish rule.

THE MESTIZOS ARE THE NATIVE POLITICIANS.

The white population is very small, not exceeding fifty thousand, or one per cent. of the whole, excluding the army. The

half-breeds, or Mestizos, are several hundred thousand, but the majority among them are not of Spanish but Chinese origin. From the first settlement the Chinese element was conspicuous in the population of Manila, and to-day the Chinese half-breeds form the bulk of the population there and in the other trading towns. The character of the Mestizos is different from that of the Malay country population. In business intelligence the Chinese can hold their own with the shrewdest traders of the white race, and they have transmitted their character to their Christian descendants in the Philippines. The Mestizos have, besides, the advantage of acquaintance with a European language and schooling. The Chinese are also as a people fond of forming secret societies among themselves. This trait has been inherited by many of the Mestizos. As a body they are more intelligent and less moral than the Tagals or Visayas; much as town and country populations even of the same race differ the world over. They furnish the largest part of the native professional men and clergy, and nearly the whole of the politicians. It is with this class almost exclusively that Americans or Europeans who visit Manila or other towns come in contact and form their ideas of the Philippine natives.

THE SURPLUSAGE OF BIRTHS OVER DEATHS.

What has been said will give a clearer idea of the natives as they are than general reflections about their advancement or backwardness in civilization. They are Asiatics, and have the general Asiatic characteristics of calmness of disposition, resignation and obedience to established authority, without any thought of changing the legislation under which they have been brought up. If leading orderly lives of regular labor, respecting the lives and property of those around them, and practising the observances of the church of the largest part of the civilized world, entitles them to be called civilized, they are so. If lack of modern machinery or ways of government debars them from that name, they are not civilized; but then the same might be said of the French habitants of Canada or the early settlers of most of the United States. It is needless to discuss the point further. One thing certain is, the Catholic Filipinos, Tagals, Visayas, and others, are a rapidly growing population under the Spanish régime. The returns of 1896 gave an annual increase, by the surplusage of births over deaths, of about a hundred and sixty-five thousand in seven millions of population, or twenty-five per cent. increase in ten years. In British India

the increase by the last census was about ten per cent., in England and Canada about twelve, and in most countries of Europe lower. In our own country the increase is almost the same as in the Philippines, though at least a third of it is due to immigration.

CONTRAST HAWAII WITH THE PHILIPPINES.

In order to understand the significance of these figures, it should be noted that nearly all the islands of the Pacific, inhabited a hundred years ago by races allied to the natives of the Philippines, have been almost depopulated since the appearance of European civilization. Hawaii, which received its introduction to civilization under the guidance of American ministers, as the Philippines received it from the much-maligned friars, is a striking example. When Messrs. Bingham and Thurston were entrusted with the destiny of the Hawaiian natives by the widow of Kamehameha I., their first care was to take a census of the people. It gave over a hundred and forty thousand. Sixty years of Protestant civilization and teaching had reduced the number to thirty-eight thousand, with only a couple of thousand American civilizers to take their place. In 1750 the population of the Philippines was given at nine hundred and four thousand, exclusive of infants under seven. In 1896 a detailed census gave the number at nearly seven millions, who had grown up under the instruction of the Spanish friars, and in the Catholic morality taught by them. The Protestant missionary colony in sixty years had, by its own statement, possessed itself of nearly all the land and wealth of Hawaii, and it ended its mission by rising in arms and seizing the government on that very plea. At the present moment over four hundred friars in the Philippines are lying in prison in tropical jails, liable at any moment to the death which has already come to more than fifty at the hands of fierce mobs, for the sole reason that these friars are natives of Spain. Yet writers in the American press do not blush to talk of the greed and laziness and immorality of the Spanish friars, even as a Hawaiian missionary in Honolulu reviled the memory of the heroic Father Damien, and hinted at personal immorality as the reason of his death in the Molokai leper settlement.

FRIARS SECURED RESULTS.

To gather together a people of seven millions out of a few tribes of pirates and uncivilized barbarians, to instruct them in

the doctrines of Christianity in their own tongues, and to furnish them regularly with all the sacraments and rites which form an essential part of the life of every Catholic, is not the work of laziness, and that work has been done by the friars of the Philippines without peradventure. To pass life in almost solitary work in a tropical climate among men of a foreign race, without family, without personal property, and without the choice of even his own field of work, is not a prospect to attract idle or dissolute or greedy men. Yet such is the prospect for every member of a religious order who devotes himself to work in the Philippines. Nothing is easier for unscrupulous men than to throw out reckless charges of immorality, and few things are harder to refute when neither names nor dates are given. But why, it may be asked, should Catholic men, believing the doctrines of the church, deliberately bind themselves by solemn vow to life-long chastity, simply to gratify immoral tendencies. The records of the Philippines do not warrant the charge.

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.

In every country the number of Christian marriages annually solemnized is regarded as a fair, if not absolutely sure, test of the general morality. It is a stronger test in Catholic countries, where divorce is unknown. General poverty and general immorality are accepted as the natural causes of a small proportion of marriages among any population. Applying this test to the Philippines, it would appear that the morality of its people bears comparison with any other land. In 1896 the official statements of the various countries showed that in the English colonies of New Zealand there was one marriage to every hundred and forty-two individuals, in New South Wales one to every hundred and forty, in Scotland one to every hundred and thirty-five, in France one to every hundred and thirty-three, in Prussia and England one to each hundred and twenty-five, and in the Philippines, in the districts served by the friars, one to every hundred and twenty persons. Incidentally, this statement, taken directly from the parish church registries, which are scrupulously kept in every parish under charge of the friars, disposes effectually of the common accusation that the natives are kept from marrying by the exorbitant fees required by the Spanish priests. By the ordinary church law of the Philippines, as of other Catholic countries, the priests are bound to bless all lawful marriages

without fee, if the applicants are too poor to pay one. In other cases, a very moderate "right of the stole" is prescribed by the common law of each diocese.

COMPARATIVE NUMBER OF PRIESTS AND PEOPLE.

The "swarms of lazy friars" that form a picturesque if rather unkindly feature of so many pen pictures of the Philippines are even more mythical than the exorbitant fees collected by them. We have already mentioned the reason why so many are found at the present moment in Manila, but the official records of both the religious orders and the government, published long before Dewey entered Manila Bay, show that in no Catholic country is the number of priests so small, compared with the population, as in the Philippines. The priests are fewer than in almost any diocese in the United States compared with its Catholic population. In 1896 the whole clergy of the islands only numbered nineteen hundred and eighty-eight priests between all the orders and the seculars combined. The secular clergy amounted to seven hundred and seventy-three, of whom about one-half were of the native races. These had charge of a population of over eleven hundred thousand. The archdiocese of New York last year had five hundred and ninety-seven priests for less than a million of Catholics, St. Louis three hundred and eighty-eight for two hundred and twelve thousand, and Chicago four hundred and fifty-nine for over half a million. The secular priests of the Philippines are almost exactly in the same proportion to the population as are the priests in Chicago, which certainly is not the happy hunting ground of swarms of idle clergymen.

THE CASE OF THE FRIARS.

The argument is far stronger in the case of the "friars." The whole number in the Philippines, Carolines, and Ladrões was only twelve hundred and fifteen, including Jesuit and Dominican professors in the colleges, those in charge of the Manila observatory, and the missionaries among the Mohammedans of Mindanao and the heathens of the Carolines. The latter occupied a hundred and five of the hundred and sixty-seven Jesuits, the other sixty-two being in Manila in the usual scholastic work of their order. Two hundred and thirty-three Dominicans supplied the religious needs of three-quarters of a million of Catholics. That the task was not a nominal one is shown by the registration during the year of forty-one thousand baptisms,

eight thousand marriages, and twenty-nine thousand interments with the funeral rites of the church. The Jesuits and Benedictines, besides their literary work, attended to the parish needs of nearly two hundred thousand Christians.

The Franciscans, properly so-called, had two hundred and forty priests in the Philippines, and this two hundred and forty attended to a population of over eleven hundred thousand. The Recollets had three hundred and twenty-one priests for a million and a quarter of Catholics. The task of the Augustinians was the greatest of all. Three hundred and twenty-seven priests, including the superiors and the general administrative force in Manila, attended to the religious wants of two million three hundred and forty-five thousand Catholics. In the year they baptized a hundred and fifteen thousand children, buried with due rites fifty-one thousand Catholics, and blessed sixteen thousand seven hundred marriages. Add to this the celebration of Mass and other public church offices for over two million Catholics, the preaching, teaching, hearing of confessions required by them, and all the other details of the life of a Catholic parish priest, and let any discerning man say whether it was a work that left any chance for lazy self-indulgence.

THE FRIARS ARE NOT WEALTHY.

The wealth of the friars is another favorite theme for our press-men. It is commonly asserted that the orders own as much of the land of the Philippines as the New England missionaries have acquired in Hawaii. The actual facts are, that the only property owned by the orders are a few estates devoted to the support of hospitals and colleges. In the missions the buildings of the church and presbytery, with a garden attached, are the sole landed property held by the clergy. Their support is provided for by a salary paid by government in the same way as in most European Catholic countries. The usual amount is five hundred dollars a year in silver, though in some large parishes eight hundred dollars are allowed. Unless a pueblo or parish has more than ten thousand people, the salary for only one priest is allowed it by the treasury. The friars in many cases employed assistant priests, generally natives, to help in the administration of large parishes; but the support and salary of these assistants had to come from the one salary, or private charity. As the friars are bound by their vows to accumulate no private property, any annual savings they might make were handed over to the superiors for the common needs.

The revenue would not permit the accumulation of the fortune of a Vanderbilt or an Astor, even if an order never enforced the vow of poverty. Allowing the highest rate of salaries to each Augustinian employed on the missions, he would receive an annual revenue of ten cents a head from the people entrusted to his charge. The taxes, it must be remembered, are not collected by the friars. They are raised by the native "capitan," who transmits them to the Spanish provincial governor, who in turn forwards (or rather used to forward) them to Manila. The total amount paid to all the missionaries for the religious service of nearly six millions of Catholics was much under a million dollars in silver annually. We think the Episcopal Trinity Church of New York could nearly equal that figure, and Trinity certainly has not the spiritual care of one per cent. the number ministered to by the Spanish religious in the Philippines.

NATIVES ARE SINCERELY ATTACHED TO THEIR PRIESTS.

As to the disposition of the natives of the country towards their pastors, we were assured by all the exiled Augustinians who passed through San Francisco this year that it was one of sincere attachment. Two of them, when arrested by the revolutionary emissaries in their residences, had been delivered by their parishioners, and another assured us that in nine different pueblos he had witnessed the general grief of nearly the whole population on the arrest of their spiritual guides. As he told the story, the arrest and murder of so many priests (there were over fifty put to death and more than four hundred are now captives) was the work of small revolutionary parties, backed by the power of the revolutionary government set up by the Manila Mestizos. In a way the course of events was not unlike that of the early days of the French Revolution under Jacobin rule. The capital dominated the provinces more by fear than sympathy. The Philippine country folk are wholly unused to arms or violence. A missionary assured us that before the revolution the number of murders committed in the island of Panay, with a population of over half a million, hardly averaged one in the year. In Manila among the Chinese Mestizos it was worse, but even there the amount of public crimes was much less than in most American cities. It is easy to understand how among such a population a few armed bands, claiming to be backed by the army of Aguinaldo and the American fleet, were able to pillage and slay at will. In many cases the jails were

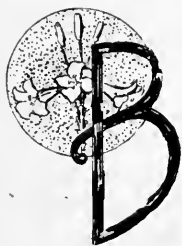
emptied and the released convicts, maddened with drink, atrociously maltreated and murdered priests and religious; but these were not the acts of the population at large. It might be asserted with as much justice that the French Catholic people sympathized with the murders of the Commune, or that the latter showed the grinding tyranny of the murdered archbishop and his priests.

One thing appears clear, and that is that the expulsion of the Spanish friars would convulse the whole social system of the Philippines to an unknown degree. Religion is intimately connected with the life of the natives, and for nearly six million the friars are the only teachers and guides. The Philippine languages—the only ones in use—are practically unknown outside, and it would take generations to train up an adequate supply of priests from the native populations, even were vocations numerous enough among them. Spaniards or not, the friars cannot be dispensed with unless the Philippines are to risk the fate of San Domingo during the last century, and their population be thrown back into barbarism.

NOTE.—In regard to the allèged immoralities of the friars, we have a personal statement from the Superior-General of one of the religious orders in the Philippines, that during his term of office, which has extended over a number of years, not one case of any grave breach of discipline has been reported to him, and this would have been the case had any occurred. As may be supposed, the same high standards of conduct prevail in the Philippines as prevail among the more highly civilized nations.—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.



O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!



Beloved Host, Lord Christ Incarnated,
Thy Benediction speeds from sea to sea,
Divinely swift, as by the King's decree,
Niag'ra's crystal whirl, through æons dead,
In purpling foam has swept its vaulted bed
Auroral mist Thy incense wreathing high,
From sea and surf to opalescent sky,
And Thou, O Word, the Sacramental Bread!
Enthroned in humble mystic emblem still
Omnipotence works out its mystery,
In answer to a yearning world's desire:
The Word, God's ancient promise to fulfil,
Becomes our blessed daily Bread, and Thee,
O Saving Host, a clay-consuming fire!

CLARA CONWAY.

Loretto Chapel, Niagara Falls.



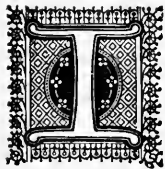


"IT HAD ONCE BEEN PAINTED RED—MARGARET'S FAVORITE COLOR."

THE RED-HOUSE.

BY P. M. EVERS.

I.



It stands at the foot of the winding steep that leads from the valley to the meadows on the uplands. It had once been painted red—Margaret's favorite color; but the wind and rain have stripped the covering from the planks and left them black and gray. The bricks of the chimney have been eaten away by the storms of half a century, and the broad, old-fashioned shingles are moss-coated and decayed. The porch has disappeared, and the two diamond-shaped windows are choked with cobwebs that tremble in the wind which rattles the laths and broken plaster of the walls.

There is a feeling of loneliness about the place that pains the heart. It is strangely quiet and drear, just as it was when they carried poor Margaret's body down the garden path to the black hearse on the roadway. But even on that day I remember to have heard the crying of a dog that had crawled

beneath the cedars of the hedge. To-day there is no sound, and the place seems dead; and not one of those that now toil in the fields on the upland, or that spin in the valley below, know the story of the red-house; nor have they a memory, as I have, of a sad-faced woman, whose heart-tragedy lies buried with her in the grave on the hill, bending over the tulips and lilies along the garden path.

Margaret's garden, at the front, is hidden by a rank growth of weeds. In the old days a well stood by the hedge, and the honeysuckle grew thick and sweet along its latticed sides. To-day there is nothing left except a gaping hole half filled with rubbish, and a gate lies beneath the cedars rotten from the rain of years.

The door of the house hangs upon one hinge; when you push it open the scratching of the rusty iron echoes shrilly along the storm-streaked walls. That room to the right, with its window facing the meadows, was the kitchen. Long ago there was an open fireplace at the northern end, a tall clock standing against the opposite wall, and close to the hearth bricks, where the fire-irons lay on the yellow stone, stood two rush-bottomed chairs. That room across the hallway was Margaret's. The window faces the west, and at sunset the narrow panes of glass shone through the green hedge like tongues of fire. It was here that the woman kept her watch for the home-coming of the reapers who came down the steep from the uplands with a song on their lips, and the steel of their scythes swinging red in the fires of the sun. The room is small; but it was a world for her, and within its walls the touch of life's tragedy came upon her with the desolation of death.

The furniture of Margaret's room, like the kitchen, was scant and simple. In one corner by the window stood an arm-chair that had been in Margaret's family for years beyond her memory. Once, long ago, in that chair she waited for the coming of the searchers from the marsh, whose burden, cold and stiff, was her own son. In that same chair they found her keeping her long, last vigil for one whom she was never to see again.

In that corner stood an old-fashioned bed, with a tick filled with chaff; Miley's trundle cot was pushed close to its foot; a figure of the Crucified One hung above it on the wall beside another picture of Margaret herself when a girl. To-day the rooms are bare and chill, and the bleak November sky throws deep shadows into the corners. The yellow plaster lies in broken chunks upon the yielding floor, and through the

ragged holes in the roof have blown rain-soaked leaves that cling in masses along the basement board. The air is musty and thick; but you can still make out the spot where the bed stood, for the floor there is not so dark as the rest, and above, stained into a clinging piece of mortar, is the pale impress of the cross. The fire-place is choked with fallen bricks; and the kitchen shelf, hanging on one nail, swings in the sudden gusts that blow down the chimney's vent. The furniture has been gone long since; there is nothing left except dust and wreckage, memories and silence.

There is very little in the life of the poor beyond hope and sacrifice and weariness. Their dreams are of rest and peace; and the pathos of their heart-tragedies is never fully revealed, nor even known, to the richer ones of earth. The broken shelf in Margaret's kitchen, mouldering in the damp gloom of this November day, could tell a tale as full of love and sorrow as the tumbled stones of a king's palace.

It was in that chair I loved to watch Margaret Thane, with Miley in her strong young arms, and she crooning to him one of those wordless lullabys that only young mothers know. Her face was rounded and fair, and her eyes were as black and deep as night shadows in the valley. Only once did I see the love-light flash into them, and that was when, at the father's coming, she held out in her arms their first-born—Miley. In such days, when the keen gladness of being is upon us, the sternness of life and its crosses generally lose reality and become like a vague dream in the night—improbable and forgotten. But in Margaret's song there was ever a strain of sadness, though I never knew the cross that dragged upon her soul till afterward.

Beside the old seat with its covering of woven horse-hair stood a small pine table, with a cloth of patchwork that Margaret had made long ago when a girl. A woman's work-basket rested in the centre, and more than once in the after days, when sorrow weighed upon the worker's soul, I had seen her hand steal beneath the skeins of wool and draw forth a tiny pair of woollen shoes. They were Miley's, and the touch of the woman's hand upon them was reverent and tender. Fifty years ago, when the tulips and tiger lilies blazed along the garden path and the cedar tops were green as spring grass, I saw a woman knitting those shoes as she sat upon the steps of the porch. Her hair then was the color of rush-tops in autumn, and her low, sweet song came over the hedge clear as the

notes of the unseen lark at daybreak. In the after years she sang no song, and the strands that showed beneath her cap were thin and white.



II.

Fifty years have passed since Richard Thane first set his forge on the valley slope. He it was that built the red-house. It was finished in March when the ice-floes were crashing down the river, and the stiff cedars on the bleak uplands were lashed by the northern wind ; and at the break of spring, when children were making their hunt for first violets, there was a wedding in the chapel on the slope, and Margaret Kiel became Mistress Thane. Two weeks later, Geordie Moore passed through the valley of Burnley, and I saw him no more for many years.

The school was closed earlier than usual, and the hill-folk were glad, for there was always work for young hands on the meadows. The last day was dreary and wet and the sky sheeted with rain-mist ; but toward evening the sun burst through the cloud banks* and

blazed a path of gold and crimson across the marshes and the strip of sea beyond. The dull, gray light that hung along the valley slopes in the morning was weighted with loneliness. I missed the trailing notes of the bobolink running down the wind; the storm hung over the glen like a gray blanket, and the hills loomed up bare and lifeless. Geordie once told me that on days like this he felt a touch of death lurking along the slope, and the dead who slept under the sods of the upland seemed to troop along the paths and by-ways. I thought it was this mood that hung upon him the day of the "reception." I knew better years after.

I sat in front of Jimmie Brame, whose daughter Nellie was "prize lass" of the year. At my right sat Margaret. At the closing, Jimmie leaned forward in his seat and whispered: "Henry, the master's no' well the day, think ye so? I'm thinkin' he's older lookin' too!" At that moment Geordie began to speak, but his words were without energy or life. Margaret was looking straight at him, and pity shone in her eyes. Not once did the master look our way; but as the woman held out her hand to him in parting, a light flashed into his eyes such as I have seen upon the face of a young bride when she passed from the church on her wedding day.

Dr. John and I watched Geordie go down the slope that evening, and as he passed the red-house a dog ran out and barked at his heels, but he took no notice. His head was bowed, his hands clasped behind his back, and his steps slow and difficult like those of a wearied reaper laboring painfully through the night-shadows homeward.

"Some trouble at home," said I to the doctor. "Nay, not that, lad; it's here," placing his hand over his heart. When Geordie reached the turn of the road he paused and glanced backward. From the red-house the bluish smoke of a fresh wood fire curled upward. The sun at that moment struggled through the cloud rifts, lighting the hills and glen with broad tongues of fire. The man's form, outlined sharp and clear, paused for an instant, then turned and passed from sight.

Jimmie Brame's first greeting the following morning was: "Have ye seen the master, Henry?"

"Not since night."

"It beats all, man; but I'm sore troubled of a dream. Ay, I know he's no' well, and I've been fearsome the whole night. Mistress Hayes says he's no' been home the whole night. I've

been thinkin' maybe he's sick doon at the village, and I'm on my way there noo."

Jimmie spoke fast, and, without waiting for my answer, went his way. Something must have befallen the master. Never had he been absent from home at night. It was Nancy Hayes's boast to the women of the parish that Geordie, who lodged with her, was a "trim man for the house." "Ay, ay," she would say, "he reads by the first rush, an' he smoket by the second, and then he's awa' to bed, and he's oop by the first glimmer o' morn."

While Jimmie was gone to the village I searched along the marsh path, for the bogs were treacherous footing at night, and especially when the sea tide was rolling in. There was no trace of the master, and when Jimmie returned, hours afterward, a dozen voices were calling: "Did ye find him?" The look on the man's face was enough, but he answered with a sorrowful shake of his head: "He's gone for aye; he sailed awa' i' the night packet. It waur unkind, not a man o' us to be wi' him at the goin' and call him God-speed." Then the sexton turned suddenly homeward; his cheeks were wet; I saw them in the sunlight.

That night Jimmie came to my home and in his arms were two bundles.

"Ay, ay, Henry, he's gone for aye!—see for yoursel'. Tell me, man, what means it all? I'm no good i' the sight ony more." With that he handed me a letter, and it read:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I had always hoped that your hand would be in mine at the parting, but it could not be. I will not return to Burnley. Do not seek the cause. Keep my better part in your memory, and forget my going. It was hard to leave without a greeting, but it was better so.

You will keep the book wherein you find this note as a memory of me. The letter within the smaller package you are to give to Mistress Thane. Take the roll-book to Henry Carey. Give the keys to Dr. John.

GEORDIE MOORE.

For many days after the master's going I heard no song from the garden at the foot of the steep. When the school doors were opened the next term a new master sat in the chair at the desk. With the passing of the years Geordie Moore was almost forgotten except by a few, and these in time died and were buried among the cedars on the hill. One



“ HE WENT DOWN THE BROAD WAY EVEN TO THE LAST STEP.”

day when the sound of the sickles crept among the grain, and the lassies were busy laying the winnow-sheets on the hill slopes, I came upon Margaret sitting on the school-house step. Miley, a sturdy chap of nine, was playing with pine cones in the grass, and the woman was reading from a bit of paper that lay open on her lap. It may have been fancy, but I believe to this day that she had been crying.

"The days are growing short i' the light, Henry," she said.

"Ay, surely they are," I answered.

"And the leaves are turned in the valley, and the marsh is brown."

"Ay, but they're trim for a' that."

"They are, Henry, and Geordie loved these days. Do you mind how he worked wi' me in the lang meadow? Ay, Henry, but I say his sickle did most o' the work. I could no' help but joost stand and laugh at him. And sometimes he would look at me so sad-like. Ay, he *waur* a good man. Do ye ever miss him, lad? But we'll no' see him again—no, never again"; and the woman's voice grew soft and low, and her hand unconsciously crushed the paper on her lap. Two months later a cry of fear stilled the song that hung upon the woman's lips, and the tragedy of Margaret's life swept upon her with suddenness and terror.

Miley had gone to the marsh for turf and had not returned. By night-fall the sea wind was hurling clouds of snow across the lowlands. For two days they sought him, and for two days a half-crazed mother sat by the window peering out upon the dreary marsh where the driving snow and sleet sheeted the waste of dead grass. I kept the pitiful watch with Margaret. Once she tried to pray, but her heart was out in the storm with the searchers. At night her pleading eyes never left the doorway. At every shriek of the wind, as it rattled down the chimney, she would start in fear, and once when a log in the grate cracked with a loud noise she leaped upright from terror. It was two hours after midnight of the second day when sleep came to her; and an hour later the searchers, with Richard at their head, laid their gruesome burden, stiff and cold, upon the kitchen floor.

Long years have not taken from my memory Margaret's awakening. Richard was on his knees by the quiet form of his only son, sobbing like a child. He began to brush the coating of ice from the upturned face of the dead, when a noise made the searchers look up. There in the doorway stood Margaret. One hand grasped the post for support, the other was pressed to her forehead. Even in the yellow glare of the rush-light her face shone with that strange pallor of fear. There were no tears in her eyes. It was only at the burial of the lad among the cedars that those blessed drops saved her mind from ruin. For an instant she stood thus—then she came slowly across the room to the fireplace and stopped beside the corpse. Her

eyes met those of Richard. A pause for another instant, one heart-shriek—then unconsciousness.

They say that the lustiness of youth can rob death of its terrors, but time never turned the edge of Margaret's sorrow. When they lowered Miley into his narrow home of clay among the cedars the woman's heart went with him, and the shattering of the dreams that came to her as she sat knitting the shoes on the porch was as keen a tragedy as the fall of a princely kingdom.

From the day when that funeral train made its way homeward slowly to the red-house, Richard Thane became a changed man. His forge was silent for days at a time. And for many nights together Margaret waited in vain for his home-coming. The victory of the grim conqueror against the home at the foot of the steep was as nothing to the desolation that the tavern beyond the headland wrought in that man's soul. He went down the broad way even to the last step.

The flowers along the garden-path were uncared for. Time and again I saw Margaret wandering alone through the cedars on the uplands. One day when the hills were white with winnow-sheets and the chaff blown about by the wind, Jimmie Brame met me on the slope and, pointing to the red-house, said: "Richard's gone to sea."



"TWO HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT OF THE SECOND DAY SLEEP CAME TO HER."

For many days I did not see the woman. The house was silent and the fires of the forge were cold and dead. It was the third week of harvest when I met her in the glen. She was sitting on the school-house step, and a letter lay in her lap. Once before I had seen her thus, and her words came back to me: "But we'll no' see him again—no, never again." As I came near she hastily put the letter into her pocket, and this time there *were* tears in her eyes.

"Ay, Henry, it's like an awfu' dream to me that Miley's gone for aye, and that his father's i' the drink. I do no' care for the home any more, lad; there's no fire i' the hearth, nor a good man to come for his sup. I'm all alone now, and my heart's oop there"—pointing to the graveyard among the cedars. As I turned to go the light from the sun fell upon her, and I noticed that her hair was white as snow.

III.

For two years the woman kept her dreary, hopeless vigil in the house at the foot of the steep. Often I have seen her thin, drawn face pressed closely against the western window at sunset, and her eyes, dim with weary watching, were always turned to the bend of the village road.

"I'm tired, lad," she said to me once. "To see Richard again, that's all I ask. Then I'll go home to Miley. Ay, but my heart's sore for the Father's house, and peace."

It was a day in early harvest-time. I was passing Jimmie Brame's garden. He was tying the tall green stalks of the holyhocks to poles he had driven into the ground. Nellie was watering the flowers that grew along the path's edge. Her hair shone like the grain that falls beneath the reaper's blade, and on her clear face glowed the flush that plays on the leaves of the hedge rose. A low thrumming of insects came from the fields, but not a spear of grain was bending. The leaves on tree and shrub were drooped and parched. White, dry dust lay thick upon the weeds; the sandy path gleamed hot and yellow in the sunlight, and over the waste of marsh hung a purple haze. Out beyond the slender headland narrow strips of white lifted upward from the blue line of sea. They were the sails of the fishing fleet making ready for a night trip to the banks.

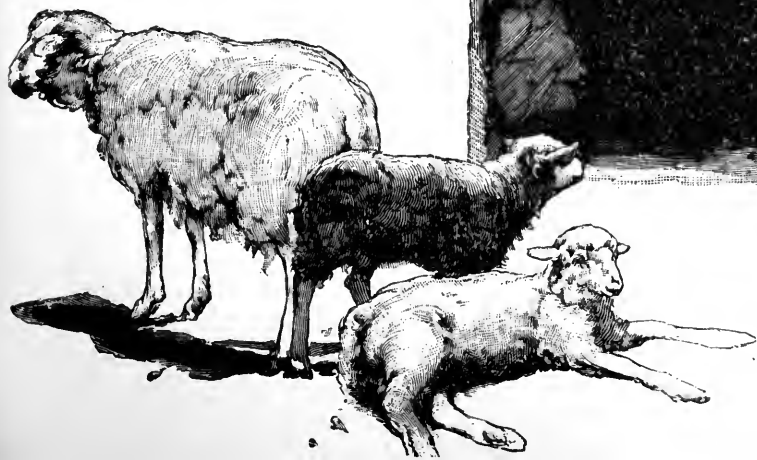
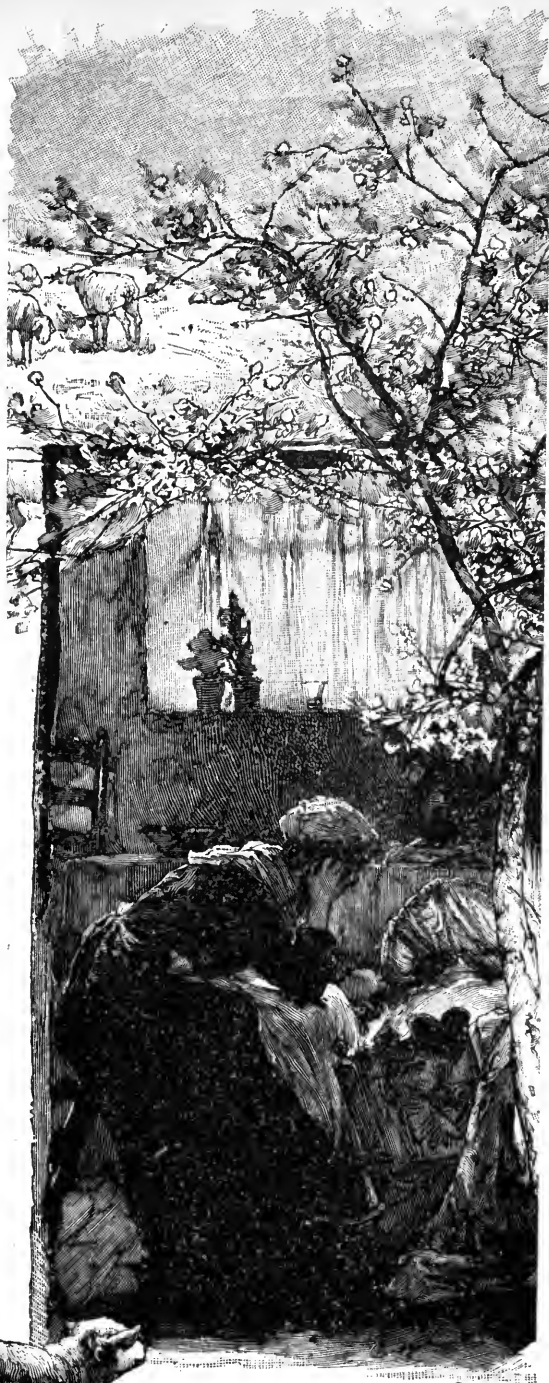
As I came to the hedge I called out: "We need rain, Jimmie."

"Ay, Henry, that we do; an' I'm thinking we'll ha' it plenty

when it comes." Then in a lower tone he added: "Margaret's sick i' the bed, lad, an' I'm thinking she's no' long for the valley. She'll be goin' home soon."

When I entered the red-house that afternoon I saw Doctor John sitting in the great arm-chair. Margaret lay moaning with fever. Through the open window came a warm breeze from the hills, burdened with the scent of the wild roses and the chant of the reapers' song.

That night I kept the watch by the restless woman, whose mutterings were at first confused and rapid; but in the deeper part of the night they grew more clear, and after a lull she began: "Ay, why did ye no' speak, Geordie? I loved ye, ay, wi' my whole soul! Could ye no' see it all when ye were cutting the grain wi' me above? I hungered for ye, lad; but I thought ye could



"I HEAR A WOMAN'S
LOW, SWEET VOICE
DRIFTING THROUGH
THE GOLD MIST OF
BUDS."

never care for me, and I had no right to tak' ye any way—no, no!" There was a pause.

"Poor Geordie, an' he loved these days." She moved uneasily for a second or two.

"Ay, Henry, I could no' help but laugh at him, an' he would look at me so sad-like. An' he'll no come again; no, never again." A long-drawn sigh escaped her lips. Her hands moved feverishly over the covering as though in search of something. Then she began as though reading from a letter. Her words came slowly and with quick breathing:

"Ye must forget all that I've told you. Ye must no' think o' me any more. I'll go awa' from here, an' ye'll no' remember my words. I loved ye well—ay, my heart was alwa' longin' for ye; but ye have followed another's footsteps, an' I've lost ye for aye." Here the thin, feverish hands were pressed to the dry lips as though she were kissing the letter from which she read. For an instant there was silence—then a half-sob came from her lips, and she cried out: "O Geordie! I loved ye too well, too well, lad—ay wi' my whole heart; I waur too proud to look at ye, but I loved ye all the time. Forgive me, lad, it's hard for me too—but ye mus' no' ask me to forget ye—no—no. I could no' do that—no' that—I." . . . And then the poor lips trembled, the frail hands were clinched tightly in the bed-clothes, and she shrieked aloud: "O God, Miley! Dead! Dead—my God, ha' mercy!" Back upon the pillow she fell exhausted. And when the first streaks of red were staining the east I went up the steep homeward.

They told me afterward how she died. Toward evening of the next day she grew slightly better, and persisted in sitting in the arm-chair by the window. There they found her with her face pressed close to the glass—her open, sightless eyes staring down the roadway. And there in the midst of her last vigil the angel touched her, and the watch was ended.

Five days later a man came up through the valley of Burnley, his face shining with a love-light that had never wholly died. He came with a two-fold message. One of death, and one of life. The first told of Richard's death at sea off the banks of St. Pierre; the other story lies buried in the man's heart. The light that was on Geordie's face as he picked his way across the marsh came too late—Margaret's eyes had been sealed for ever; and while the man went down through the valley at the close of day with the shadow of death pressing upon him, the woman's heartaches were over for aye.

Once in the after years, at the break of the roses, a gray-haired man came to Burnley, whose face-lines told of a tragedy worse than death—the tragedy of living. He came in the early morning when the blue smoke from the valley homes was cutting the air straight as an arrow's flight, toiling up the long, steep hill that leads to the quiet acre on the uplands. At the set of the sun he came down the steep, and as he passed the red-house at the foot he plucked a bit of the greening cedar from the hedge. In the dusk, I saw him glance backward at the old house in the shadows; then Geordie Moore passed from my sight for ever.

The two mounds in the graveyard on the hill are overrun with ivy and wild grasses, and the sleepers beneath them have been forgotten these long years. It is only when I pass the old house at the foot of the steep that the past with its dead comes back to me. Then it is that I hear a woman's low, sweet voice drifting through the gold mist of buds in a love song to the child at her breast. I can see again the longing and tears in Margaret's eyes as she sits on the school-house steps. And it all ends with the vision of the funeral train toiling its sad way up the steep to the cedars on the uplands. Through the gray mists of rain comes the sound of the priest's chant, doleful as the wail of wind at midnight—"Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison."



FIDELITY.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I HAVE no fear lest love forget,
Though spaces vast should intervene,
And years, like mile-posts dim, be set
So far the outmost stands unseen.

There is no here nor there to love ;
It flies as far as souls can fly,
And swift-returning as the dove,
Brings back a token from the sky.

Forget ? Ah ! love knows not the thought ;
Nor love nor heav'n can change its hue.
There never was a soul forgot,
That held its faith serene and true.

My own shall always be my own,
In whatsoever realms or lands.
And some time, ah ! what bliss unknown,
What clasping of the outstretched hands !



GERMAN HUMOR.

BY CARINA B. C. EAGLESFIELD, B.A.



SOME have doubted the existence of my subject, and no less a personage than Mme. de Staël, who in most respects left so true a criticism on Germany, may be counted among these. We regret that she did not know Heine, though she may not have considered him a German at all—only a contradictory mixture of Greek and Jew. The Germans themselves seem to have had their doubts of the quality of their own humor, and Germany's greatest humorist, Jean Paul Richter, scores his countrymen in the following fashion: "I know the Germans; like metaphysicians, they wish to know everything from the bottom, very accurately, in large octavo, with no excess of conciseness and few citations. They rig out an epigram with a preface, and a love madrigal with a table of contents. They determine the course of a zephyr by a sea-compass, and the heart of a girl by conic sections." Richter evidently appreciated and enjoyed the limitations of his fellow-citizens.

The quality of German humor may not compare favorably with that of other nations, but that the quantity is surely sufficient for the needs of the people, the good digestions, the merry faces and genial appearance of the average German will attest as a fact. That remarkable series on "International Humor" which has lately been inflicted upon the public shows how useless it is for most people to try to understand or laugh at the jokes of other nations. The humor of one country may be so entirely unsuited to that of another as to remain a sealed book; it may even be quite out of range of their understanding. Yet that humor which is true to life seems destined to last, only local and narrow manifestations being doomed, and its written record is as imperishable a part of man's spiritual possessions as is poetry, providing only that record be the real reflection of life.

This inability to penetrate into the inner life of another nation is a serious reflection on our limitations, and we never cease to be amazed by it. The French point quite as proudly to Alphonse Daudet as we do to Mark Twain; yet the same laughter-loving, humorous Daudet could see nothing funny in

the American humorist, even failing to laugh after his jokes had been laboriously spelled out to him. Professor Boyesen once told an anecdote illustrative of the vast difference in national point of view. While teaching German in Columbia College he gave to each student of his German class the task of writing a short autobiography, and what was his surprise to find that every American but one had taken it as a joke and made up fictitious, and in most cases very funny, autobiographies of themselves. But the Germans and Scandinavians, to a man, told their story in the most matter-of-fact and prosy way. Boyesen concluded that humor was the most prominent trait in the American character, the only one common to the entire nation and differentiating it from all others.

The study of a people's humor will bring us in closer touch with them than the same amount of investigation in any other direction. The value of jests to the student of ethnology is little appreciated, and a study of jocular literature would do much to throw light on this phase of national development. Consider how defective our knowledge of the ancients would be without Aristophanes, Horace, or Juvenal! The ability to laugh at the same jokes which stirred the risibles of the Athenians does more than any learned exposition of their customs to bring us near to that people.

Humor seems to be a development in every nation, and the farther we go back in history the graver we find men. Indians are proverbially serious, and they represent an early stage of development. In some nations humor grew more rapidly than in others, and particular varieties characterize every nation. The Greeks incline to wit, the French to badinage and *bons-mots*, the English to humorous writing, and among the Germans humor seems to have been developed only when the nation rebelled against the spirit of the times. We have Luther's humor directed against the prevailing abuses of the church; Lessing's wit against the Philistines in art; Richter sends his shafts at the artificialities of society, while Heine makes his bitter protest against the enslaved political condition of his beloved Germany.

Being a development, we are not going to look for very brilliant specimens in the early German writers, and so are not disappointed in finding little which will bear transplanting out of its age and circumstances. Almost the earliest humor (excepting the story of Reynard, which is now supposed to go far back of the German version) is that of Hugo von Trimberg, and I have no desire, after wading through his horse-play, to

give it wider circulation. To us moderns there is no humor in Trimberg, though he appears to have amused the Middle Age burghers most satisfactorily. Hans Sachs is more readily understood, and his verses on "St. Peter's Lesson" still raise a laugh. It is, however, directed at St. Peter, and there is a certain flavor of malicious pleasure derived from the old saint's dilemma which we do not now associate with pure humor. The childhood of a people is undoubtedly more cruel than its manhood, and its jokes must sting with practical application before they are enjoyed. A cruel, joke-loving boy often grows into a gentle though witty man, and when it suggested itself to me to test their ancient quips and witticisms on some children I found that they were heartily appreciated. In fact peals of laughter were evoked by a reading of Grimmelshausen's *Raid on the Parson's Kitchen*, and the broad allusions and irreverence were entirely lost on their pure young ears. The humor of Grimmelshausen is the best the seventeenth century can show; it is moreover as broad as Homeric laughter, and so racy and native to the soil that it must truly represent the life of the period. The colors are all dashed in and there are no fine lines, but then the people of that day did not probably understand nice distinctions, and a humorous etching would be lost upon them.

The growth of individualism in nations is steady and constant, suffering few interruptions. In art we see it in the changing character of the human face. All mediæval painters gave a certain uniform type to the face and even figure, and the literature of humor proves them true to life in so doing. Men looked more like each other then than now, and sharp distinctions in feature and expression were not so commonly seen. Knights had a certain expression, priests another, burghers still another; but each class looks astonishingly alike. As types multiplied and blended into each other, the humor grew more individual and less uniform, till we find its culmination in the dialect sketches of Reuter and his followers.

Does this not partly explain why we find so little humor among Oriental nations? Individualism is not and never has been cultivated by the Oriental. The tendency of their religions is to suppress personality, and their highest ideal of happiness is summed up in the word "Nirvana," which is a merging of the individual into the godhead, an entire forgetfulness of separate existence. This view of life is inimical to the evolution of humor, and as we grow away from it the humor of the race is bound to improve.

The Germans think that their humor has come from external impulse, and I doubt whether the highest quality can be thus developed. Humor to be of the lasting kind must smack of the soil, of the people, and give a true picture of their life. The Germans are predisposed by temperament to the humorous view, and the reason may lie in the deep seriousness of their outlook upon life. The practical struggle for existence comes too near to them; they see the incongruities of things, but are so deeply moved thereby that tears, not laughter, are evoked. One step further would lead them into the calm region of humor, but as yet that step has not often been taken, and we look to the new civilization in Germany to lead the people into a higher development of the humorous faculty. The wonderful strides which Germany has made in the past few years in the commercial world, her expansion of trade and the increased ease of living, all tend to give the nation a chance to cultivate its innate humor. A certain amount of comfort and freedom from carking cares are essential to the humorous view, for a man does not incline to joke when he is half starved or in danger of being arrested for "*lèse majesté*."

A nation which can boast of such music and poetry must be intensely emotional, too much so for humor to be generally exhibited. When one considers the extravagance of emotionalism in the Werther period, one is tempted to think that a nation which could at one time be so silly, so sentimental, and so wise can have no sense of humor. Yet, when the revolt came, the nation, and with it Goethe, the author of the Werther craze, was sane enough to laugh.

There is deep wisdom in the humorous view, and the strongest minds are most capable of seeing the ludicrous: but Emerson has expressed the high function of humor so much better than any one else that I will quote the entire passage. He says: "A perception of the comic seems to be a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure, an essential element in a fine character. Wherever the intellect is constructive it will be found. We feel the absence of it as a defect in the most noble and oracular soul. The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy between other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, nothing can be done for him."

The value of humor for all sorts and conditions of men is

immense. It strips the unreal from religion, social conventions, and art; and every one needs above all else a sense of humor to help him to support life. The appalling rate of suicide in Germany would doubtless be lower if the iron of circumstances had not eaten so deeply into their national character as to weaken this saving quality.

The highest expression of the German intellect is found in Goethe, and he combined humor with his most tragic creations. He is almost as full of humor as Shakspeare himself. Schiller, who is more typically German, had little humor, and is much like the English Wordsworth, though Schiller shows his superiority in wishing he had more, while Wordsworth is not known to have regretted the fatal lack.

We are indebted to Cicero for this apt simile, that "a jest-book is like a salt-pit, out of which we can extract salt to sprinkle where we will," and we fail to find anything which is not improved by the salt of humor. It is significant that the most unfruitful periods in German literature have been those in which the ebullitions of wit were most rarely heard, and their great intellectual eras have invariably been ushered in by the outposts of humor. Luther was a wit and a humorist, though of an exceedingly coarse variety. Lessing was the forerunner of the classical period, and his weapons were polished wit and biting irony. Poor unhappy Heine helped to pave the way for German unity, and his patriotism scintillated and flashed like a two-edged scimitar.

But the German sense of humor is best shown in their humorous tales, in which the pathetic verges on the comical, and one vacillates between smiles and tears. Dickens had this German aspect, and his stories have an immense following with them. Just such stories as Dickens delighted in writing are frequently met with in the German, though no German novelist has as yet equalled Dickens in his knowledge of the storyteller's art. He had the supreme ability to tell a tale, and that is what the average German novelist has not.

Till we reach Wieland, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, we find little or no humor which seems to deserve mention. Wieland, however, had several qualities which are too rarely found among his countrymen, light and graceful humor, and keen, satirical wit. He will be remembered longest, without doubt, because of his romance of the "Abderites," a story dealing with the follies and foibles of provincial life under the guise of ancient Greece. The story is full of effective

satire, and there are in it many excellent hits. One episode deserves quoting: "There was only one surgeon dentist in Abdera, who travelled in a lowly way from place to place with a donkey and hired driver. It was a terribly hot summer day, and the doctor was crossing a wide heath where there was no shade from bush or tree. So he was glad to sit down and rest awhile in the shadow cast by the figure of the donkey. Against this appropriation of his donkey's shade the driver objected, saying the dentist had not rented the shadow of the donkey when he rented the services of the animal. The dentist must come out of the shade or pay something for the use of it. He refused and a lawsuit followed. The best lawyers were employed on both sides, and soon the whole town was divided into two parties, styled respectively 'donkeys' and 'shadows.' So bitter was their enmity that a 'donkey' would not sit down at the same table with a 'shadow.'"

From Wieland to Richter is a long step, but no other writer seems to possess enough humor to justify being lifted out of his well-earned oblivion. Bayard Taylor, whose knowledge of and sympathy with Germany was deep, believed that much humorous writing was done by Lichtenberg and Fischart, but I feel sure that his judgment was too partial. Richter stands alone, head and shoulders above all other Germans. He was called, even in Germany, "der Einzige"—"the only one"; and Schiller once remarked that Richter seemed to have fallen from the moon. In passing judgment on so bizarre a creature one is reminded of the old proverb: "What is most extraordinary try to look at with your own eyes." And this I have tried to do, yet no man ever appeared so difficult of analysis. At times he seems a German of the Germans, at others no country on the face of the globe could claim him, so strange is the jumble of fancies which he sets before us. But at all times he is a genius, there can be no doubt on that score, and a genuine humorist. His fame began in 1796, when he stormed, as he called it, "the sacred citadel of Weimar," going there to make Goethe and Schiller a visit. This fame rested on his book *Hesperus*, though he had previously written some satires, which he called "the product of his vinegar factory." But Richter's nature was alien to satire; was too gentle and kindly, and too deeply moved by the sorrows of human beings, to excel in this style of writing, and, fortunately for him, he understood himself so well as to soon abandon this field. Mr. Lowell once said that "true humor is never divorced from

moral conviction," and in Richter we find the essence of his humor extracted from his sound morality and love for his fellow-men. Everything he touched was transformed by his humor, sometimes so grotesquely that the likeness is perverted and the picture only a caricature. Carlyle recommended Richter to universal study, and if it is given to any one to reproduce Richter's style, Carlyle was the man to succeed. His lack of form is almost as striking as Richter's; and both men felt that they had the privilege of taking any liberty they pleased with their mother tongue. The most serious defect in Richter's genius is this lack of form. If he can be said to have any style, it is so entirely his own that it comes under no rules of criticism. He luxuriates in the wildest liberty of expression, and the result of his vast reading is given in season and out of season, in the body of the work, or in foot-notes which bear not the slightest connection with anything previously said. It is difficult to gather an idea of the exuberance of his humor from a mere extract, but to establish good our claim I have selected *Von Kabel's Last Will and Testament* as offering an example which can easily be appreciated by any nationality. It seems that Von Kabel was a very rich old philanthropist who did not intend leaving any of his vast fortune to his greedy relatives, yet on his death they all appeared, and the story turns on the reading and contents of the will. Seven heirs came to the funeral; after leaving millions to the town, the last clause read as follows: "I leave my house to that one of the seven gentlemen who, in one-half hour from the reading of the paragraph, shall outdo his six rivals by being the first to shed a tear over me, his deceased relative, before an honorable magistrate, who shall register the fact. Should there be a drought at the end of that time, then the property goes elsewhere." The struggles of the "seven dry provinces" to weep within the prescribed time are irresistibly funny, and the humor is spontaneous and natural. The victory is finally awarded to the poor school-master, Flasch, when he rises, saying: "I believe, gentlemen, I am weeping." He then sits down and lets the tears run cheerfully down his cheeks.

The transition from Richter to Heine is as abrupt as though one were to turn from a garden full of lively, happy children to the fever ward of a hospital. The two men had nothing but genius in common, and that each had in abundant measure. What Richter lacked in form Heine had in perfection, and the German language under the magic of his touch loses all traces of its customary stiffness and harshness, and be-

comes flexible, musical, witty, and pointed. Heine, in fact, recreated German prose, and his style has ever since been the coveted model of every writer. There is something of a universal genius in Heine; his wit is understood by every nation, yet one does not perceive the national flavor in it to the exclusion of its clearness. His humor appears best in his prose, though he lets its bright shafts gleam in many a lyric. Sometimes indeed he spoils a beautiful poem by his fatal lack of seriousness and coarse irreverence. His mind was undoubtedly diseased, and his pathological condition will explain his frequent lapses from good taste. Heine's humor is never persistent, Richter's was too much so; we grow weary of being caught in its interminable meshes, and long to hear something positively sad to drive the laughter from our faces. Heine's *Pictures of Travel* bear the test of time better than any other piece of humorous writing in German. In them we traverse the entire circle of humor, wit, poetry, and prose. The turns he makes from pathetic to tragic, from lofty flights of beautiful fancies to baldest statements of facts, are like nothing so much as glittering sheets of summer lightning. Many an exquisite picture is sacrificed to the mocking demon of his wit, and in this evil propensity Heine resembles Byron, though so superior to him in lyric genius. It seems as though he dared not take himself seriously, lest the agony of living break his heart. Heine is always making fun of the Jews and of his apostasy to Christianity. Of his school-days he says: "I could never get far in Greek; it went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, though they to this day have crucified my good name. In fact, I could never get as far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had a much more intimate intercourse with the pawnbrokers than I, and in consequence acquired many Jewish traits; for instance, it would not go on Saturday." And in another place he says: "I will say nothing against Gumpel's nose, for it was evident from it that he was of high nobility and descended from that ancient world family into which the Blessed Lord himself once married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days the family have come down a little; in fact are often obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and lottery tickets. But they have not lost the hope of some day coming into their own property, or at least obtaining emigration damages with interest, when their old legitimate sovereign keeps the promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose ever since. Perhaps this leading them about by the nose is the cause why the latter has

been pulled out to such a length, or it may be that these long noses are a sort of uniform whereby Jehovah recognizes his old body guard; even when they have deserted." Heine's anomalous position of a converted Jew was awkward and mortifying, and his sharpest stings were directed against his childhood's faith.

Till the present century one could count on the fingers of one hand all the humorous productions of the first class in German, but the last fifty years have brought forth many genial and witty writers. None, it is true, equal Richter or Heine, but each is doing his own particular work with patient fidelity to nature and genuine natural endowment. Most of the very modern humorists use so much dialect that it is almost impossible to get anything like a good translation. Reuter wrote in Platt Deutsch, Eckstein is full of school-boy slang, and Stinde, the greatest of moderns, uses the Berlin dialect so generously that one must have lived there to enjoy him. He is the Mark Twain of Germany, and is considered by many his superior. But Scheffel and Raabe and Hauff can be translated, and their humor bears the test.

The Germans frequently make the statement that much of the newspaper wit of America comes from German papers, and it would be interesting to make a comparison between their respective funny columns. I will frankly confess that I do not dare to hazard an opinion on this delicate and ticklish subject, preferring to leave the question to my readers. Nothing so tests or strains a friendship as an adverse criticism of one's favorite jokes, and nothing so humiliates a man as to see a room full of grinning faces where his alone remains serious. The Fatherland and Uncle Sam are closely knit together through many a tie of blood and kindred, and, as it is beyond doubt that they can enjoy the music, art, and poetry of both countries, it is not so serious a matter if there remains some difficulty in laughing at the same jokes.

So far Germany has not had a humorist who can take his stand at the side of Cervantes, Shakspeare, or Aristophanes, but the time may come when she will raise wits and humorists equal to those of any country. George Eliot comes to a singular conclusion in her estimate of German humor when she says: "We have noticed that the pointless and stupid jocularity of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man; so we believe that racy wit and chastened delicate humor are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity, we can also believe that Germany will one day yield a crop of wits and humorists." But I do not at all agree with her. The Germans

have passed far beyond the age of boyhood; they not only equal in intellectual development all other nations but surpass them in many directions, so their "stupid jocularly" does not belong to an early stage of development. The nation has already reached manhood, and if they are not as brilliant and epigrammatic as others, we must look elsewhere for the solution. But why are they deficient in this ability? Emerson's essay on the "Comic" suggests a solution which does not lack humor in itself. He says: "Reason does not joke, and men of reason do not; a prophet in whom the moral sentiment predominates, or a philosopher in whom the love of truth predominates, these do not joke, but they bring the standard, the ideal whole, exposing all actual defect; and hence, the best of all jokes is the sympathetic contemplation of things by the understanding from the philosopher's point of view." We must grant that Germany is full of philosophers and logicians and prophets as a nut is full of meat, and if we accept Mr. Emerson's curious definition we must take it for granted also that these serious philosophers are constantly seeing jokes which are invisible to commoner mortals.

It cannot be entirely a matter of development, this genius for humor, since with this one exception Germany leads the world of thought. The reason lies further back, even in the constitution of the national character, and if one could describe the lack by one happy phrase, I should say that this poverty of wit arises from an inherent lack of tact in the German character. Now, literary tact is as powerful an agent as social or political tact, of which we hear so much, and its presence implies those qualities which mark all great humorous creations. Without tact there is no sense of time, of order, of gradation; no ability to prune, nor take the reader's place and view the performance from the outside. This is the secret of the failure of German prose to come up to the standard of other nations, and the addition of this one little word tact to their humorous writing would raise to the highest place much which will now always rank as second.

If tact can be developed, as George Eliot thinks, then there is no reason to doubt that Germany will attain to its possession at some future day. Then we will have the exuberance of Richter pruned to classical brevity, the wit of Stinde and Eckstein and Reuter true to human nature at large, and the whole world will share what is now only enjoyed by those of the Germanic race alone.

11-25
11-25

BÉGUINES PAST AND PRESENT.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



AMID all, in modern Belgium, that is characteristic of the ancient Flemish provinces, nothing—neither belfry nor town hall, neither the Gothic cathedrals with their Renaissance decoration, nor the stately high-gabled guild-houses testifying to the prosperity and piety of earlier centuries—is so exclusively representative of Flanders as the Béguinages, which have existed in many cities since the close of the twelfth century. They present a unique aspect of the Catholic and religious life of the nation. They are the direct outcome of that solid Flemish piety, at once practical and mystical, which illuminates the canvases of Memling and Matsys, and has left an ineffaceable imprint on the social life of the people; and although, in the days of their early prosperity, the Béguinages spread with wonderful rapidity into neighboring countries, it has been in their native land alone that they have survived the transformations of seven long centuries. They form a link with the past, glorious in those annals of religion, of art, of commerce, of civic prosperity to which the Belgian of to-day is wisely turning for inspiration, and of which he is jealously preserving the precious monuments that have come down to him. Among these the Béguinages have an honored place, and signs are not wanting that these mediæval institutions are taking on themselves a fresh lease of life and that they still respond, as they responded seven centuries ago, to the special social and religious needs of the Flemish people.

It was in 1180, some forty years before the Saint of Assisi, south of the Alps, conceived the scheme of his great Tertiary Order, that Lambert le Bègue, a holy, stammering priest of Liège, founded the first béguinage, a little cluster of humble cottages erected around a chapel, in which poor and pious widows could live in safe retirement. It was a first tentative effort towards bridging over the chasm that had hitherto separated the world from the cloister, a first step towards the work of Dominic and Francis, which, in the very next century, was to take on itself such marvellous proportions. Already the

Crusades were draining Europe of her noblest sons, her ablest and most valiant fighters. Many spent long years in the East, very many never returned at all, and wives and daughters, in addition to the loss of their loved ones, were frequently reduced to terrible want and misery. Many women took the veil in cloistered communities, but many more felt in themselves no call to the strictly religious life, or were debarred by the circumstances of their position, or by the lack of dowry necessary to obtain admission. It was for such as these that the holy Lambert founded his first philanthropic institute, which was intended to be largely dependent on the alms of the charitable; and that his action was in harmony with the need of the times is shown by the rapid adoption of his scheme in other towns. Within half a century it had found imitators throughout Flanders and Northern France; it had penetrated into North Germany, up the Rhine to Cologne and Strasburg, and from thence into Switzerland.

The Béguines, as they soon called themselves after their stammering founder, or, as some say, after St. Begga, a holy matron of the seventh century, or again, in more prosaic fashion, because in their poverty they were reduced to beg for alms (Flemish *beggen*, to beg), were never in the strict sense of the word nuns, and probably it was only by degrees that a modified religious rule was adopted by what seem to have been in the first instance simply little secular communities. They took no perpetual vows; they did not surrender the control of what property they might possess; they were entitled to leave the community at their pleasure, even to marry after having done so. But as long as they were inmates of the Béguinage, as the cluster of little cottages came to be called, they were pledged to a life of prayer and poverty and humility; they took temporary vows of obedience and chastity, and performed the community exercises in common; they labored with their hands, visited the sick, undertook various corporal works of mercy, and submitted themselves to a life regulated by routine and protected by many of the minor observances of the religious state. The inmates lived on the plan that still prevails in alms houses, in little cottages built to accommodate one or two or three persons; but as a rule the Béguinage was enclosed within walls, and could only be approached through a gateway under charge of a portress. Necessarily, the privacy of each little house permitted a freedom in the details of life which could not obtain in a con-

vent cloister. Moreover, the Béguines were allowed, under certain regulations, to leave the enclosure, to visit their relatives in the city, and to make their own small purchases of food and clothing. It was in this very freedom that the attrac-

tion of the life lay for elderly women, and for widows accustomed to the regulation of their own households, who could not accommodate themselves to the rigorous renunciation of the cloister. Yet in its main aspects the life was a religious one. "The Béguines"—to quote the words of Miss Mary Robinson, who has a sympathetic chapter on their origin in her volume of essays, *The End of the Middle Ages*—



"were the servants, if they were

"THE BÉGUINES WERE ALLOWED, UNDER CERTAIN REGULATIONS, TO LEAVE THE ENCLOSURE."

not the Spouses of Christ. They were not called to heights of sanctity, to miracles of renunciation—rather to sober, unemotional, every-day goodness, to humble services for suffering humanity. Even in the early years of their development the word Béguine became a term of reproach on the lips of the worldly. They never enjoyed the consideration bestowed on their cloistered sisters. For a short time, indeed, during the thirteenth century much honor accrued to them through the sanctity of one of their number, Mechtilde of Magdeburg, who was gifted with visions, and poured out her love of God in ecstatic poems which were sung in the vernacular by all the people of the city. And two centuries later



"INSTINCT WITH
MEDIÆVAL CHARM."

there was the little Béguine, Mathieuse, to whom, in a moment of trouble, the great crucifix before which she was praying deigned to address words of counsel and comfort. The crucifix, black with age, hangs to this day in the church of the Grand Béguinage at Ghent, and is an object of devotion to all the sisterhood. But in a general way the record of individual Béguines has not come down to us; their identity has been blotted out beneath the long black veils that enveloped them whenever they crossed the threshold of their humble dwellings."

In their original form the Béguinages enjoyed a prosperity of comparatively short duration. There seems to have been no connecting links between the various communities, no organized ecclesiastical supervision to insist on the rule and to deal with irregularities. As the number of the foundations grew, and the first fervor of the inmates declined, the evil results of this want of definite organization made themselves felt. Already by the middle of the thirteenth century many of these praying communities of ignorant women became tainted with a mystical pantheism, which was undermining much of the contemplative life of the period. From the first there had been many connecting links between the humble Béguines and the still humbler Beghards, or Weaving Brothers, of contemporary Flemish origin, who early incurred the condemnation of the church for their pantheistic errors. And somewhat later many of the communities fell under the influence of the *Fraticelli*, or apostate Franciscans, who, filled with a false zeal for the rigors of poverty, wandered through Europe preaching against the authority of the church, and accusing bishops, and even the popes themselves, of every corruption. In imitation of the *Fraticelli*, some of the Béguines left their homes and entered on a wandering mendicant life. Heresy soon begat laxity of morals. In 1244 the Archbishop of Mayence decreed that no woman under forty years of age should be admitted to the Béguinages in his diocese, and numerous decrees from Rome pronounced censures alike on Béguines and Beghards.

It was to the two great Tertiary orders of Franciscans and Dominicans that the church turned for the reform of the disorganized Béguines, and by degrees all that was orthodox and reputable among them was enrolled under the banner of one or other of the great founders. By these means the Béguines still retained all that was valuable and practical in their original features; their essential scheme of life, midway between the world and the cloister, remained unaltered, but they were hence-

forth guided and disciplined by a definite and recognized rule, and were brought into close contact with the religious life of the church. Dominican or Franciscan friars were appointed confessors and chaplains to the various communities, and every Béguinage was henceforth governed by its "grande dame," or superioress, who, aided by a council of discreets, watched over the secular interests of the community and maintained the necessary discipline.

The unreformed communities were definitely condemned by the church at the Council of Vienne in 1311, and from that time forward they lingered on in an unrecognized form, subsisting on the inexhaustible charity of the poor, and throwing in their lot with the vast crowd of pious mendicants whose existence throughout Europe presented one of the most difficult problems with which the church had to deal at that time. By



"BUILT ON A PLEASANTLY IRREGULAR PLAN STOOD ROWS OF PRIM LITTLE GOTHIC HOUSES."

the beginning of the fifteenth century all mention of them dies out of contemporary chronicles.

In the Flemish provinces many of the great Béguinages submitted themselves at once to the new rule imposed by the church, and it is as communities of Franciscan and Dominican tertiaries that they have subsisted with varying fortunes to this day. Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, Mechlin can each boast a community of Béguines in their midst, who are regarded by the people with a reverent affection. It is, however, to Ghent that one must go in order to see the life of a Béguinage in its full and most perfect development. At Bruges, in the ancient Béguinage by the Minnewater, more than half the little white-washed houses stand empty, and a mere handful of sisters assemble in the old church for the daily office. At Ghent, on the other hand, the Grand Béguinage contains to-day no less than 550 Béguines within its sheltering walls. It is a city within a city—an oasis of spiritual peace and mediæval calm and solid Catholic piety in the midst of the bustle and contention and rivalries of a great industrial centre.

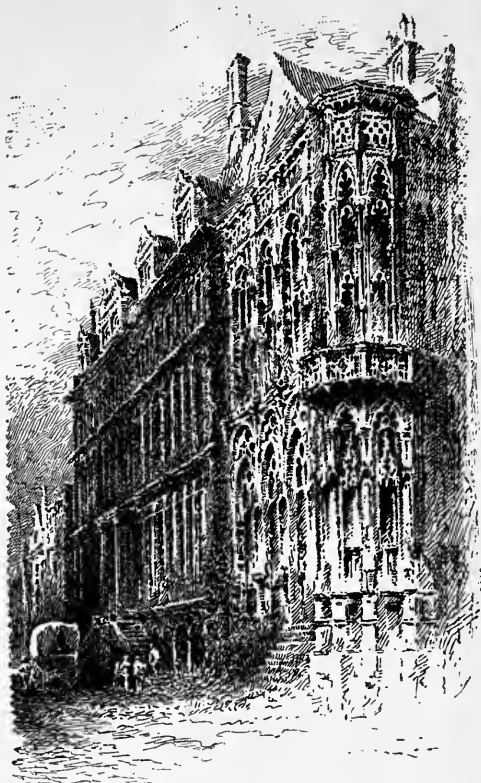
Thither, furnished with a letter of introduction to one of the superiors, I wended my way last August, passed the Porte d'Anvers, through narrow and somewhat malodorous streets, to a sober Gothic gate-house. As I passed beneath the archway, I seemed to step into a new world. Within, a high Gothic church with tall, slender spire, rose up from a wide expanse of green turf, and all round, built on a pleasantly irregular plan, stood rows of prim little Gothic houses, two stories high, built of brick, with stone facings and high-pitched roofs, and gabled windows. The paved streets were immaculately clean, and practically deserted; here and there a single black-veiled figure passed with quick, decided step, but over all there lay an almost solemn hush beneath the bright noon-day sun. Never was I in a more soothing, reposeful spot, instinct with mediæval charm. And yet, as a matter of fact, the whole enclosure has barely been built a quarter of a century. The old original Béguinage was situated in a different quarter of Ghent, but partly owing to the attitude of petty persecution adopted towards the community by the Liberal government of that day, and partly owing to the fact that the land on which it stood was required by the municipality for town improvements, its very existence was threatened. A number of leading Belgian Catholics came to the assistance of the Béguines in their distress and generously took upon themselves the erection of a

new Béguinage on conditions that rendered it secure from all danger of state or municipal interference in the future. The Duke of Arenberg presented the necessary land, and the planning of the pious little city was entrusted to M. Verhaegen, a noted authority on Gothic architecture, who carried out his task with really delightful results.

The enclosure contains eighty houses, each inhabited by two, three, or four Béguines, and fourteen convents, each designed to accommodate from twenty to thirty inmates. Every Béguine must have lived six years in a convent and have reached the age of thirty before she is entitled to a share in a house,

and, as a matter of fact, many continue to live in the convents from choice. All the buildings stand back some three or four yards from the roadway, from which they are divided by a high wall and solid Gothic gateway. On each conventual door is inscribed the dedication of the house in Gothic lettering: "Huis van S. Godelieve," or S. Begghe, as the case may be. I noticed as I passed that the names of the popular Flemish saints predominated, then those of the great saints of the Franciscan and Dominican orders. The Béguines of Ghent follow the rule of St. Dominic, and their church is served by three friars of the order. I did not penetrate into any of the little houses, but at two of the convents I met with the kindest of welcomes and was allowed to inspect all the internal arrangements. I was charmed with all I saw.

The space between the house and the wall is invariably laid out as a garden, with diminutive flower-beds and narrow paved walks. Those that I entered were bright with geraniums and



HÔTEL DE VILLE, GHENT.

begonias, and were tended by the sisters with lavish care. Within the convents reigned the scrupulous cleanliness for which the Flemish housewife is celebrated. Dainty white curtains to every window softened the conventual aspect of the rooms, and the Béguines, busy in kitchen and workroom, looked up with a friendly nod and a bright smile as we passed. A very great deal of beautiful needle-work is produced by the community, and they frequently have many more orders for trousseaux and layettes than they can carry out. Each sister is paid for the work she does, and is allowed to take private orders; and, indeed, it is mainly by needle-work that the poorer Béguines eke out their slender resources. Each convent has its large, airy workroom, where the Béguines all sit apart, sewing in silence, with their work on a little square desk before them. Upstairs the cells are a little more spacious and a little less rigorously bare than those of a convent. Poor, indeed, they are, and simple, but there is an undeniable charm in these little Gothic chambers with their blue or white bed-curtains, their little shelf of books, their pious prints, their immaculate neatness.

But of all the features of a Béguinage none is so characteristic as the refectory. Here, in the place of the long conventual table, a succession of what appear to be high, square, wooden cupboards are ranged round the room. These are fitted with upper and lower doors; the upper portion being opened, a tray can be drawn forward, and the sister sits in front of it to eat her dinner, the cupboard door screening her from the observation of her neighbor. In principle, each Béguine is responsible for her own food. She may cook or procure for herself what she likes, keeping it in her own cupboard, together with her own crockery and cutlery. As a matter of convenience, however, the daily soup and potatoes are usually cooked in common, and so also is the whole of the Sunday dinner, in order that on that day, at least, even the poorest of the Béguines need not stint herself. But as regards the details of the food, each inmate caters for herself and follows her own tastes, and in order that no envious comparisons may come to mar the perfect charity by which all should be united, no one is allowed to pry into her neighbor's cupboard. It is a quaint arrangement, and the privileges it confers are much prized by the Béguines, who, though none of them are rich, are nearly all possessed of some small means, to which they can add by the work of their needle. Needless

to say, however, that where a Béguine is really destitute, and is debarred from work by age or infirmity, she is zealously tended at the general expense of the community, while the more well-to-do inmates of the houses are allowed in their old age to pay for the services of their younger and poorer sisters.

The dress of a Béguine when indoors consists of a black serge habit, a blue apron, and a stiff white cap. When they go out they pin on to their heads a very large black veil which falls round them like a cloak, and in church, for Mass and Benediction, they further wear a stiff white veil, which I am told has a very picturesque effect. Unfortunately I was not able to be present at any service in their fine Gothic church, which has some good internal decoration in polychrome design. It is, however, the floor of the church which attracts the



"THE PAVED STREETS WERE IMMACULATELY CLEAN AND PRACTICALLY DESERTED."

immediate attention of the visitor. The whole of the spacious nave is occupied by alternate rows of bright blue cloth cushions and low, blue-seated stools. These are for the use of the inmates of the convents, each one of which has its allotted space, the superiors and the inmates of the houses occupying blue-seated chairs and pries-dieu in the aisles. The bright blue against the white of the well-scrubbed boards has a pleasantly cheerful effect. Quite separate from the church is a charming

little chapel of St. Anthony, to whom the community entertain a special devotion, and at whose altar the holy Mass is frequently offered.

The daily life of the Béguines is an alternation between prayer and needle-work. They have no obligatory office to say, but on the other hand they have a great deal of vocal prayer. The whole life is led in community; the Béguine never retires to her cell for private reading or meditation; all the devotions are recited in common. Rising at half-past four, she hastens to the church for Mass and meditation, generally returning there for a second Mass at 7 o'clock after her frugal breakfast. Domestic duties occupy the early hours of the morning, cooking, laundry, and housework being undertaken in turn by the sisters. The hour from nine to ten is daily devoted to reciting the fifteen decades of the Rosary with suitable short meditations. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given in the church every afternoon at sunset. There is very little regular recreation; conversation is allowed over the work for an hour after the early dinner, and again for a short time in the evening; but it is only on Sundays and feast-days that general recreations are held, when the younger members play at bowls, and every one is expected to join in the mild diversions of the hour. There is necessarily, however, a good deal of intercourse with the outside world to break the monotony of the daily routine. Customers have to be received and visited, and many errands executed in the town. After the age of forty every Béguine is free to go out alone; they may all visit their friends in Ghent with moderate frequency, and once a year they may absent themselves from the Béguinage for a fortnight.

In one respect, at least, the Béguines seem to have departed from the original scheme of their pious founder: there are practically no widows among them, although they are not excluded by any rule. Women join the order at every age, but the majority enter young, prepared to spend their whole life in the homely, peaceful retirement. They belong for the most part to the *petite bourgeoisie*, to the farmer and well-to-do peasant class; they are the women whose lives, if lived in solitude, are singularly lonely, limited to the most petty interests, and frequently overshadowed by a sense of failure. To such as these the horizon of the Béguinage, far from being a narrow one, is wider than that of their own homes; their natures expand beneath its softening influences and they grow in all those virtues that go to make sweet, cheerful, kindly women. For



"DAINTY WHITE CURTAINS SOFTENED THE CONVENTUAL ASPECT."

such indeed they all seemed to be with whom I had the good fortune to come in contact during my too brief visit. The modern philanthropist, with his passion for utility, would perhaps like to see them embark on definite charitable labors, hospitals, refuges, or the like. Without examining whether or not such a course would be practicable, it is surely sufficient justification for their existence that they fill a distinct place in the social life of the city, while the example of their industry, their piety, their unaffected goodness is probably all the more potent because their lives, though separate, are yet in such close touch with those of their sisters in the world. To me it seemed that in no other place could one realize so forcibly the binding power of God's love. For here, in the Grand Béguinage, without the searching discipline of the cloister, over five hundred women are living in absolute charity one toward the other, with a charming courtesy in their daily intercourse, and a real sisterly affection for one another in their hearts. Only the Catholic faith can so transform frail feminine nature. Only the Catholic Church can turn her humblest daughters to such admirable purpose.

MR. WHISTLER AND THE EXPATRIATED.

BY FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.



R. WHISTLER is a poster-artist, isn't he?" a gentleman asked me recently. My questioner is not an American of only ordinary education—if he were, he probably never would have even heard of Mr. Whistler—but a man that has had the advantage of European study and travel, a professor in a well-known medical college, and one of the leading surgeons in the United States. I told him what every art-student knows: Mr. Whistler is the great painter of the nineteenth century—the greatest artistic genius America has ever produced.

"What, greater than Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman?"

Yes, greater in his art than any one of these literary men was in his.

Many will doubt the truth of this assertion, just as my friend the surgeon doubted it. To prove my statement I shall refer them to the English critic, Mr. George Moore, and indirectly to Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin, of course, needs no endorsement, but Mr. Moore is not as well known as he should be, and I shall repeat a remark once made to me by one of our foremost artists and art instructors, Mr. William M. Chase: "I always feel perfectly safe in recommending Mr. Moore's book to art students," he said, "and his is about the only work I can honestly say this of."

Mr. Moore, in a criticism of Whistler's art, says that Whistler is "capable of painting portraits, perhaps not so full of grip as the best work done by Velasquez and Hals, only just falling short of these masters at the point where they were strongest, but plainly exceeding them in graciousness of intention, and subtle happiness of design. . . . His artistic perceptions are more exquisite than Velasquez's. He knows as much, possibly even a little more, and yet the result is never quite equal." Further on are the words: "The greatest painters, I mean the very greatest—Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rubens." Mr. Ruskin tells art-students to study the works of Velasquez "with trust in their being always right" (*Elements of Drawing*). I could give many more quotations of a like nature from Mr. Moore's book, but these are sufficient for my purpose.

Now, would Mr. Ruskin tell students of literature to study the works of even Milton "with trust in their being always right"? If he did, those that are at all familiar with "Paradise Regained"—or "Paradise Lost," for that matter—would not stop to inquire if such advice was at all safe—they would know that it is not; and if Mr. Moore, or any one else, said that Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson just fell short of Milton at the point where he is strongest, we should know that his praise was altogether extravagant. Mr. Moore, however, does not compare Whistler to a man merely so great in painting as Milton is in poetry; he likens him to one of the three greatest painters that have ever lived. He speaks of "Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rubens," just as he would speak of Shakspeare, Homer, and Dante; and in the same breath he pronounces the name of James McNeill Whistler of Massachusetts!

Let him that has a love for beauty go to Memorial Hall in Philadelphia to see Mr. Whistler's "Lady with the Yellow Buskins"; and if this observer has the grace to understand, he will see what perhaps he has never seen before: a slip of a girl, in modern street costume at that, so exquisitely rendered that the full beautiful is attained. Manners, phases of thought, come and go, but that girl in the cape and gown of our day will always be in fashion. Five years hence the careful woman will quietly tear up the photograph of herself she thinks so beautiful to-day, because it has become old-fashioned; but three hundred years after Whistler's model has been laid away in her grave, her descendants will pause in awe and admiration before that girl putting on a yellow glove. Not a jarring note is there anywhere in the color, composition, or drawing. The beautiful grays and browns are so soft and delicate that they appear to have been blown upon the canvas. One of Alma-Tadema's or Bougereau's hard touches would as surely ruin the picture as the interpolation by a modern playwright of a new act in "King Lear" would ruin the great tragedy.

A closer study of the face of this girl will help us to understand just where Mr. Whistler falls short of Velasquez. The complexion is a dry yellow, and thus it keeps its place in the picture; but it does so at the expense of truth. Velasquez had genius enough to surmount this difficulty and obtain harmony without resorting to such means. Cover the face, and you have a more perfect creation than *The Scarlet Letter*; uncover the face, and you have a work of art that is much nearer perfection than "Evangeline," to be very modest in comparison.

The whole execution of the picture is in Mr. Whistler's best style, which Dr. John C. Van Dyke has happily described as "the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort." The "Yellow Buskin" is not his masterpiece; he has done even greater things in portraiture, notably the painting of his mother and that of Miss Alexander.

Nor does he reach his greatest heights in his portraits. Never until his series of "Nocturnes" was created were the witcheries of the night depicted with so wonderful a beauty; for "out of the night Mr. Whistler has gathered beauty as august as Phidias took from Greek youths." As a painter of the wonders of the dark he stands absolutely unapproachable. In portraiture his imagination is necessarily restricted; in the Nocturnes it has full play. A bit of blue shadow, illumined here and there with the artificial lights along the river front, the street, or on the bridges; or, as in some of the Nocturnes, darkness without any artificial light, a bath of blue and purple shadows, and that is all; but among the folds of that luminous darkness—it is not paint—the crickets must be chirping away off in the distance, and peace is about the firesides, and sin and shame are mercifully covered, and life breathes and pulsates. There is drawing in these night scenes, wonderful drawing. They do not try to trick us by a story—no hollow-eyed girl lurks in the shadows of a doorway—but they do strive to attain the end of all great pictorial expression: the presentation of beauty for its own sake. They succeed, and therefore they are truest art.

Mr. Whistler does not live in America, and a comparatively small collection of his works is owned on this side of the Atlantic. Like all American artists, he knows that if he would more easily pay the butcher and the baker he must go to Europe, where his work is appreciated. He knows that if George Inness had lived and painted in the forest of Fontainebleau instead of in a little New Jersey town, his work would have been more eagerly sought after, although it would probably have suffered by the change. He knows that, thanks to the ignorant, unpatriotic assertions made by our half-critics, the impression has gained ground among the American people that no painting is of value unless it is done in Europe. Consequently, when the wealthy citizen decides that he should have "a few good pictures about the house," it never occurs to him that there are such men living as American artists. So he buys the Bougereaus, the Alma-Tademas, the Detailles, and the De

Neuilles, and he does not know that these are as far below the Whistlers, the Sargents, the Innesses, and the Chases as *Thelma* is below *The Scarlet Letter*.

This disregard for American art has, indirectly, another effect upon our artists that is more to be deplored than their banishment from home. There have been American painters that possessed more genius than will-power, and in their daily struggle against the coldness and lack of appreciation of their countrymen they have prostituted their great talents, simply because they must do so or die of starvation. There is a well-known American painter that lives abroad whose art has suffered in this way. A few years ago he was producing remarkable pictures in an Eastern city of the United States—and almost starving in the meantime. He knew his work was good, but he also knew there is nothing the American public dislike in pictures so much as good work, because such work is above them; he thought, moreover, of those that were depending upon him for support, of the discouragement and the misery of it all, and in an evil hour he fell. He knew the untaught love the photograph because they understand it, especially if it is colored, and from the day of his fall to the present he has given the colored photograph. To-day his home is in Paris; he always places "Paris" after his signature now, and he receives a small fortune from the sale of his pictures every year.

Now that he is wealthy it may be asked, Why does he not give up his artificial style and return to the simplicity and truth of the old days? He cannot if he would: the bloom has been rubbed from the fruit. A musician or a painter does not bring out the wonderful tones of youth after years of no practice. This man's late pictures are well painted, it is true, but they are so debased by that hardness and metallic glitter the public admires that they are valueless to lovers of real art. Had his early work been appreciated here, his pictures would have lived; his present work will die when he dies. Sir Frederick Leighton, in one of his biennial addresses at the Royal Academy, warned artists and art-students alike of the dangers of the desire for money. "No worse snare lies across the artist's path," he said, and there is no more pathetic realization of his meaning than the instance just cited.

There is a man that lives in a little Connecticut town who to-day is painting landscapes that for depth of imaginative feeling, poetic expression with color, are only approached by the creations of few living landscape painters, and excelled by none.

Thousands of educated Americans have never heard of him, perhaps, but I have seen a serious student of art reverently raise his hat when he pronounced the name of Charles Harold Davis.

Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey, Mr. McEwen, Mr. Alexander Harrison, and many other well-known painters, have been practically driven from their own country. A few, notably Mr. Chase, the late George Inness, and Mr. Davis, have remained, and they have finally prospered, not because of the feeling shown toward them by their countrymen, but in spite of that. They have prospered; but do they, and the artists that have left us, receive the appreciation from America they deserve? Do we regard American painting with that affection we give to American letters? There are no monuments raised to our dead artists; the American press does not strive to awaken in us a proper realization of the glory that is ours; we do not take the trouble to learn even the names of our painters.

Some one objects that we cannot call this art American. If it is not American, what is it? Are the essays, the poems, the romances of the New England men any the less American because they were written in the tongue of England? The work of our American artists of to-day is not English, French, nor Italian; it is made up of the art of all these nations, just as our people, our customs, our institutions, are composed of elements derived from European countries. Like America, our art is cosmopolitan. Then why not be bold enough to call it the American school? No one can seriously dispute the assertion—no critic, so far as I know, has ever thought to call Mr. Sargent's or Mr. Whistler's art French or English. Foreign critics, as a rule, have been strangely silent about the nationality of these men. We, however, are as silent. We do not proudly assert that they are Americans—we drive them from their homes instead. We raise monuments to a few of our bookmen, we teach our children to lisp the names of Longfellow and Lowell and the others, and all this is as it should be; but in our pride in these we should not forget the greater or equal names of Whistler, Inness, Sargent, Chase, and Davis.

THE HEART'S TEACHING.

(To a Jesuit Novice.)

BY C. J. CLIFFORD, S.J.

SEARCH not the azure deeps of sky
For God in splendor throned apart;
Contend not, mock not, lift no cry;
For lo! thine own tremulous heart,
Round which the surges toss and beat,
Is still His holiest judgment-seat!

Unfettered, self-emancipate, free
From lurking sophistries of lust,
Thy feebler self's futility,
And pride's impalpable, fine dust,
Thy soul shall yet, in pained surprise,
Spurn thine old creed's frivolities.

Not as the Prophets spake of old,
In riddles darkly understood,
In trope or vision bravely bold
With Truth's insistent hardihood,
Shall He the lesson high impart
Of His near Self, or what thou art!

Be thy best wisdom but to hear—
Oh, thrice and four times blessed then!
His light about thy path, how clear
The new world risen on thy ken,
When freed from fetters that enthrall
Thine own heart's God is All in All.

Be thy best wisdom but to hear
One haunting Word's articulate Voice;
So shall Time's dark grow crystal clear,
And all thy being's core rejoice.
O untried School of Mystery,
Life's page reads plain when read in thee!



FRESH
WOODS AND
PASTURES
NEW.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

THERE must be many Americans who wish to see the Old World in its ancient aspect, and not from the stand-point of the foreign quarter of Continental capitals, or of fashionable cosmopolitan watering-places. Of course it is open to the robust traveller to start on a track of his own devising; but his fastidious family will certainly refuse to accompany him in such a journey into the wilderness, and ailing folk would do very wrong to join the adventurous tourist. The problem, therefore, is to combine *novelty with comfort* in a European playground—a paradoxical sort of novelty, which consists in the freshness of the antique, the primitive!

The old-world flavor is found in conjunction with cleanliness, civility, and quite enough comfort in the hotel accommodation of sundry summer resorts of North Italy—as I shall endeavor to prove by transcribing and enlarging upon sundry pages taken almost at random from my note-book.

The peasants are hospitable in the valleys of the southern side of Monte Rosa. George Meredith knows them. He paints a characteristic trait when he makes the “wiry, hearty, young,” and very busy cheese-maker, in the topmost *châlet* on Monte Motterone, cease from his labors to invite six wayfarers to cross his threshold, rest in the living-room, and drink the rich milk of his dairy. “When cooled and refreshed, Agostino gave the signal for departure, and returned thanks for hospitality. Money was not offered, and not expected.” That is as true to the life of to-day as it was to that of fifty years ago.

In the Valle Vogna it is, in a sense, positively dangerous to admire the produce of the land. “What fine plums!” The plums are straightway in your hand.

"How clever to make *mascarpa!*" (It is goats' milk scalded and squeezed into a cheese, like "Devonshire Cream," but far more substantial.) Next day a grayish-white, egg-shaped object, weighing about two pounds, appears at your hotel, "With the salutations" of the *contadina*.

You have lost your keys in the hay-field. A mother, and grandmother, and all the children in a family, will help you for an hour in your search, or until such time as the keys are recovered; and they will think it less than friendly if you attempt to pay them for their trouble.

Yet money is a rare boon in the valley. The women will walk four miles (from Riva-Val-Dobbio to the Saw Mills), to fetch a load of one hundred pounds to one hundred and twenty pounds of wood, cut in lengths and bound into a symmetrical packet, for the cooper. This bulky burden they carry down Valle Vogna, on the top of their shoulder-baskets, to Riva. The way is very rugged, yet they are *glad* to do it for nine cents for the double journey. They carry still heavier sacks of charcoal nearly as far for eight cents. Hard work, indeed, for such small wages!

How gracefully they accomplish their severe tasks! "We *Valvognese*," said one of them, "are said to be like mules—so strong, sure-footed, and enduring!" But that is a dishonoring comparison. These *contadine* are bird-like rather than mule-like.

AMATEUR VETERINARY SURGEONS.

The men are all away from the Valle Vogna for nine or ten months of the year, earning money in France; and the women are the farm-



"IT IS POSITIVELY DANGEROUS TO ADMIRE THE PRODUCE OF THE LAND."

ers. They tend their cattle in sickness and health. This morning I was witness, from the veranda of the little hostelry at Casa Janzo, of a truly characteristic scene. A cow came down lame from the pastures. The worst part of her hoof had to be taken away, and the newly-exposed surface had then to be carefully scraped and cleansed. Five little "costumed" women addressed themselves to this task. The operator was, I think, the valley dress-maker. My friend Susannah, the portress, rubbed the top of the cow's tail, than which no process is more soothing to the bovine system. The other women held up the ailing foot, or kept the beast from fidgetting, or handed the amateur "vet." her instruments. Anywhere else there would have been a "cow-doctor," if not a certificated healer, to operate in such a case.

It makes people ingenious to live far away from skilled labor. Another proof came before me when I wanted a hinge for the "upright" of a small picture-frame. I was told that no metal hinges were likely to be had, except at a distance of several hours: "Would a cloth hinge answer my purpose?" I decided that I would accept the substitute.

The cloth hinge looks peculiar, and is less rigid than a brass one would be; but it meets the needs of the case.

Then some one was in difficulties with a patent substitute for matches. As a last resort, the thing was taken to our clever *padrona* (the mistress of the hotel), and in five minutes the "Fiat Lux" was mended, and as good as new!

Professional aid is nearly as far to seek as skilled labor. For the smaller ills that flesh is heir to Valvognians consult the school-mistress of the valley. Arnica, mallows, poppy-heads, camomile, and many herbs, "more med'cinal than Moly," are dried by her, or converted into essences. The learned leech makes the sign of the cross over the affected part and remedies are applied while the practitioner prays, and the patient makes the responses. If a tiny child needs healing, the mother, or some elder, responds. I think the prayers differ with the drugs, as these differ with the diseases.

CHÂLETS AND CASERE.

Very bare are the *intérieures* of this region. A chalet contains beds; shelves with wooden and stoneware plates, pots, etc., and a few wooden stools. There is sometimes a narrow table about five feet long, fastened by a hinge to the wall. When not in use, it is held up flat against the wall by a wooden



"THE WOMEN ARE THE FARMERS."

button. At the end of the table farthest from the wall when let down, there is a hinged leg coming from the under side of the table-top; a space-saving contrivance, for all lies close against the wall when the table is not wanted. The rooms are dark, because they are only lit from their deep-roofed, brown balconies. It is a marvel to see such neat, bright, refined little figures step out of dim and empty dwellings.

The *casere* are cabins on the upper grazing-grounds (the "Alps," properly speaking), and they are barely weather-tight. Only in summer are they occupied. The furniture (if it may be so called) is mainly cheeses, cheese-presses, churns, and milk-pans. But the *casera* gains a certain interest and picturesqueness because every object has its use; and simple, meaningful forms, even such as hand-churns, round cheeses, pots, and pans, almost always please the eye. Ventilation is the one thing perfectly provided for in a *casera*. "Sun, and moon, and star-shine too," look in between the stone roofing-slabs. Neither *casera* nor *châlet* suggests the "hearth and home" very forcibly; but life in these mountains is not passed indoors. There is plenty of sunshine, even in winter; and the inhabitants sew, spin, make *ricame* (point lace used in all the different costumes characteristic of the Valsesian country), knit, dress the children, chat, and on Sundays sing part-songs, in the sunny balconies, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and all field-work is suspended.

Winter is brightened, here, by the return of the fathers, brothers, sons, husbands, and lovers. The men bring back their earnings about Christmastide, and, if they can afford such long holidays, they stay at home two or three months.

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

One summer Sunday afternoon, when the sun shone bright and warm, and that I had a round dozen of letters to write, I could not help dimly and half-unconsciously following a scene going forward in a neighboring balcony. The house belonged to a grandmother of eighty. The old dame and her staid, elderly daughter sat framed in the warm brown woodwork. A youth of about eighteen had come to make them an afternoon visit. I think he had arrived from what in the valley's opinion is a distant part, perhaps from Varallo-Sesia, more than twenty miles away. Varallo is a very lively town, with its constant trains of pilgrims coming to the Sacro Monte, and its succession of summer guests from Turin and Milan for the hotels,

and the great hydro-pathic establishment; with commerce, and local politics, and amusements. At any rate, this youth had endless histories to recount, as he sat on the lower steps, or stood swaying himself, with one hand on the balustrade. He poured forth a veritable budget of news! Another listener he had, a pretty young girl, wearing the costume of the Valle Vogna. The elder women were in the usual dark blue and black and snowy white. The girl had, besides, party-col-



LACE IS USED IN ALL THE DIFFERENT COSTUMES OF THE
VALSESIAN COUNTRY.

ored head-ribbons, a gay 'kerchief, and the wide-leafed, white straw hat, decorated with stiff roses, standing circle-wise round the low crown. She rested on the highest step of the short flight of stairs, at the feet of one of the seated women. Her contribution to the conversational family feast seemed to consist solely in a fresh young laugh, sometimes a little shy or sad, but always perfectly musical. There were three true notes of the descending scale: *mi, re, do-sharp*. The elder women put in a gentle question now and then, an exclamation, or an encouraging murmur. Their laughter was too subdued to reach my ear across the roadway and the little garden; but they must have echoed the boy's merriment, for without encouragement the rich stream of talk must inevitably have dried up. Three long letters were finished, and still he was swaying himself to and fro, and telling story after story. The faithful murmur was coming from his elders. The pretty *contadina* was swinging her hat by its strings, and furnishing the musical refrain, *tra—la—la; mi, re, do-sharp!* The light flashed in her brown eyes, and on her small, white teeth.

Six letters were finished, and the balcony scene was still the same. Sometimes there were two other elderly women who joined the group. Sometimes three tiny children from another cottage played in the roadway below. But the youth's smooth baritone rolled on in endless narrative, the elders murmured their accompaniment, like stringed instruments *con sordini*, and the girlish voice rang, *tra—la—la!*

My dozen letters at last were written. The sun was sinking behind the giant Corno Bianco; and the elder dame, the maid, and the youth stood on the steps, saying a lengthy good-night—booming baritone, gentle echo, sweet, singing laugh.

I kept hearing a peculiar strain for a whole week afterwards, and think, somehow, that that youth will hear the notes for the rest of his natural life.

COSTUME-CLAD CONTADINE.

A group of the elder women in Valle Vogna often reminded me of a flock of sleek, graceful magpies—blue-black and snow-white, and with their bird-like bearing, too! On *festas* young and old veil themselves in white when they are at Mass. The veil, in some valleys, is linen; in some net, or lace. In the Val Mastallone no woman gives less than ten *lire*, say two dollars, for her linen veil. You hear on all hands that "they are very rich at Fobello," the principal village of Val Mastallone!. At Fobello and Rimella the finest costumes are

"purpled"; that is, embroidered in gold thread, or silver thread, as well as in colored silks. Dowries, in these villages, amount often to twenty thousand *lire*. A peasant's wedding is a very wonderful sight to see. I suppose nowhere in Italy are the peasants so well off as here.

Not the peasant women only wear the traditional dress of the valley. The few comparatively rich people, who own property, when they come to spend the warmest months of the year here don the costume. The ladies of the family of the deputy who represents the Valsesia in the Italian Parliament are costume-clad. So are the daughters of a great *impresario*, whose life was spent mainly in Vienna, but who was a native of Fobello. The ladies use even richer materials than the other *Fobelline*, but they keep to the colors, and the ancient shapes, in their garments.

THE HIGH-AIR CURE.

The Valle Vogna is healthy. Casa Janzo stands forty-five hundred feet above sea-level. The slopes are pine-clad almost to the very summits. These rocky walls rise about two thousand feet higher than Casa Janzo, and below that hamlet the Vogna roars at a depth of one thousand feet or so. There is shelter from the north and east. (Corno Bianco, Monte Rosa, Tagliaferro, stand in the giant row that screens this valley.) The air is quite resinous from the fir-trees. Over and over Valvognians, returning with ailing lungs from work on low levels, have perfectly recovered during their stay at home. It is the early history of the Davos Valley over again. Dr. Spengler and another consumptive came to Davos, felt better there, inquired among the inhabitants, and found many cases of cured phthisical patients—men who had "come home to die," but instead remained *to live* in the dry, light air of these great heights. Casa Janzo is but five hundred feet lower than Davos. Some sufferers have discovered the curative properties of the air here. It only needs that an ailing physician or two should be among those benefited for the valley to grow popular, as Davos has done. Valle Vogna has advantages which, in the beginning, the now famous health resort could not boast. Nature and humanity are both *much* sweeter on the southern than the northern slopes of the Alps.

ART AND RELIGION IN THE ALPS.

There are churches and chapels in Valle Vogna, but no resident priest, and the population belongs to the parish of Riva-Val-Dobbio. Formerly the valley had its spiritual pastor

stationed at Sant' Antonio, but "the times are hard," and to maintain a curate would overtax Valvognian resources. In summer, for the sake of the strangers, the hotel proprietor in-

vites a clerical professor from a little college in the Valsesia to come and say Mass on Sundays and festivals. The dwellers in these uplands are most pious and edifying people.

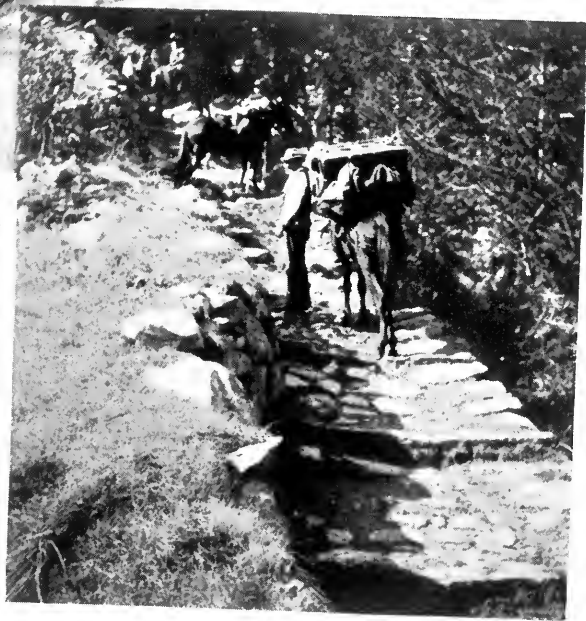
There is a curious custom of midnight Mass on All Saints at Riva.



"A RECOGNIZED BRIDLE-PATH LEADS TO VAL DOBBIO."

This is a region of wayside shrines, mostly dating from two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago; and St. Anthony is the favorite saint, to judge by the dedications. It is also within the region of external frescoes.

The outer front of the parish church at Riva glows with a Last Judgment by Enrico d'Alagna, a fellow-worker with Gaudenzio Ferrari at the Sacra Monte of Varallo, and one of the bright stars of the Valsesian school of painting. Enrico was Raphael's contemporary.



"LOCALLY, IT IS CALLED A 'BELLISSIMA STRADA.'"

FRIENDLY MOUNTAINEERS.

After a stay of a few weeks the stranger is on friendly terms with many Valvognians. Lest he (or she) should feel unduly important, owing to the multitudinous "salutations in the market-place" (nay, rather, *on the bridle-path*!), it may be well to bear in mind the homely old saw: "More know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." The kind natives soon betray a flattering concern for the visitor's tastes, movements, and home surroundings.

"So you are very fond of cream?" asked a *contadina* whom I had the good fortune to be able to oblige. What could I say but "Yes"? Who would not like Valvognian cream, which is so rich it will hardly flow, but must be ladled into the tea-cups or the plate of wild strawberries? When but just skimmed it is, in fact, like good whipped cream.

An acquaintance surprised me with the question, "Was it you that killed the viper yesterday?" (I *had* more than "scotched a snake," and did not think to find the feat thus noised abroad!) "And is it true, that your country has three thousand miles of ocean against one side of it?" asked a dear old dame, whose friend I became by carrying her shoulder-basket when she was tired.

Have I not made out a case for primitiveness and for freshness, in the valleys south of Monte Rosa? Modern comfort can be secured at the Hydro, at Varallo-Sesia (*Stabilimento Idroterapico*), and of Varallo some account was published in a former number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; at the charming Mountain Inn at Casa Janzo, Valle Vogna, and at the delightful Hôtel Tagliaferro, Rima, Val Sermenza. Other halting places might be named as fairly comfortable. Even the critical Baedeker "stars" several others in the neighborhood, but I know none to compare with the three I have just named.

Two of these have what to some will be a drawback, while to others it will be an attraction—they are beyond roadways, and are reached by bridle-paths.

RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It is strange the local type of humanity does not correspond with types developed in other high mountain regions. The rare air, which here expands the lungs of lowlanders to an almost inconvenient extent, has been breathed for generations



MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.

by this high—and narrow—shouldered, flat-chested race. The people are diminutive, and bodies are very small compared to limbs. The gentle, somewhat dreamy, local character shines through oval faces. The fingers of these peasants often taper so finely as to recall lissome, pointed oriental hands. The shape of the heads is highly classical. The limbs of the few men to be seen in these valleys in summer are rounded far

beyond the average Italian type—a roundness which Mr. J. A. Symonds said made the gymnasts of Italian Switzerland look, beside the German and French Swiss at a *Turnfest*, like the *putti* of allegorical pictures, or like women. One of the mule-teers who went to the *ospizio* with us came from further south, and had the characteristics of many Lombards. He was in strong contrast with the Valvognians of the party: broad-shouldered, long-waisted, a head taller, sinewy, bright-minded, a born fighter! Later I helped myself in a climb with a hand on his arm. It felt like a stout wire cable! Valvognians, in France, are decorators, carvers, painters. The men of German-speaking Rima work in *scagliuola* (“Venetian flooring” Italians now call it, and have forgotten the word *scagliuola*). They practise their difficult art in embellishing Prussian palaces. Valsesians are carvers or carpenters in Lyons, or keep restaurants, or are waiters there. Fobello furnishes Turin with most of its *albergatori*.

Of course there are many exceptions, but the physical type in these parts is marked, distinctive, and just as I have above described it. It culminates in the *Fobellesi*, whose *bel sangue* is a boast. The women of Fobello strike a note of eccentricity by wearing leggins that look like trousers, and by adorning their secular costume with a quantity of the aforementioned *ricame*—like Greek lace—and embroideries of oriental richness of color.

A backward glance was rendered sharper, as to the South Monte Rosa folk, when our mules had taken us to Courmayeur, and we noticed the tough and bandy-legged mountaineers there.

When I think of the scenery of the Southern Alps, and of the peasant friends I made there, I sigh happily a dozen times: “I, too, have been in Arcady!”

VAL DOBBIO AND GRESSONEY.

From La Petscia, in the Valle Vogna, up to Val Dobbio Hospice, the path is so steep and rough that all the energies that can be spared from the labor of the ascent are only just sufficient to recognize and applaud the performance of the mules. An Irishman praised his little mare on the ground that “she was as handy wid her hind legs as a prize-fighter.” Our wonderful mules climb as well as if they had four hands apiece, instead of four horny, iron-shod hoofs. A recognized bridle-path leads to Val Dobbio. Locally, it is called a “*bellis-*

sima strada," though, to the eye of any one accustomed to flat lands and "carriageable ways," the irregular stone steps, occasional steep, slippery grass slopes, and water-channels full of loose stones, are the last track in the world to suggest the description: "a most beautiful street!" But the same mules have gone almost across country: that is to say, up and down rocks and gullies where only the flocks and shepherds pass, and *then* it was that I fully loved and admired our "brave beasts." "Bella," pawing the air reflectively before taking a step into the unknown, is as pretty a sight as I can think of at this moment.

Val Dobbio boasts the highest *hospice* in Europe. It is a bleak-looking building, in what seems, from a distance, the barest of sites; but in summer it is a paradise of wild flowers. Even in mid-September, and after all the long, parching weeks of a dry summer, we found a remnant of the wild garden that on former visits had so greatly delighted us. Saxifrages, gentians, one rare *ranunculus*, and edelweis were among our treasure-trove. As lately as five years ago, two or three thousand Valsesians and Valvognians used annually to return in winter by this pass. Many lost their lives in the snow, and Canonico Nicolao Sottile charitably built and endowed the refuge. A "guardian" is always there. It is now also a meteorological station. Lately another pass is more in vogue, and there are fewer wayfarers at Val Dobbio. The zigzag descent from the *ospizio* to Gressoney appears to be therefore neglected. Only when Queen Margherita goes to Col Val Dobbio would it seem that any repairs are attempted.

The view is sublime from the Col, and it is equally charming during the descent. But how to describe it? I should certainly fail to convey an idea of its beauty and grandeur. Besides—

"Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees 'glory'
In their 'snowy scalps.'"

A ROYAL RESIDENCE IN POSSE.

Facing Val Dobbio, hundreds of feet above the Val Gressoney, is the site Italy's queen has bought for her summer palace. The building will be begun next spring.

When Queen Margherita came up to the *ospizio* three

summers ago, the *Signore Villegiante*, from every "summer station" near, converged upon the Val Dobbio. Some ladies, who had not foreseen when they came to the Alps the chance of a royal bow and smile here, sent to Turin for even finer dresses than those with which they daily dazzled their respective *table-d'hôtes*. And lo! the queen was dressed as a Gressoney peasant—scarlet petticoat, black Swiss bodice, white chemisette—all complete!

The gala dress of Gressoney, worn at weddings and on very great occasions, consists of the picturesque red skirt, red *bre-telles* (a turned-back waist) over an embroidered green waistcoat in which gold is used (this again is actually "purpled," to use the fine, old-world term), and the locally-universal white home-spun chemisette with large sleeves. The women wear a 'kerchief, on head or neck according as it is cold or warm. "Fine feathers make fine birds." The daughters of Gressoney would be very plain without their costume, which, oddly enough, they seem inclined to abandon for every-day wear, with the exception of the bright skirt, an invaluable touch of color in their vividly green valley.

In all this costumed region there is, for strangers, a shock of surprise at seeing tiny children dressed precisely like their mothers. We laugh at Sterne for being astonished, on landing in France, to find that even the children there spoke French. But children in the local uniform *are* comical. They look like dolls, or parodies of their elders.

The gloaming had fallen upon us as we passed the smart villa which the late Baron Luigi Peccoz used to lend the Queen of Italy, and the inviting-looking Hôtel St. Pierre, at Gressoney-St.-Jean, and there was an air full of frost and a sky full of stars when we reached the new, admirably situated, and excellent Miravalle Hotel, at Gressoney-la-Trinité. The last guests of the season had just left, but we were very comfortable there when we stayed over Sunday, and also on our return from Val d'Aosta.

"CATHOLICISM, ROMAN AND ANGLICAN."

BY REV. R. RICHARDSON.



PROFESSOR FAIRBAIRN'S book, entitled *Catholicism, Roman and Anglican*, is important inasmuch as he has gathered the religious and philosophical principles in conflict in the present day, and woven them so cleverly together that the unsettled mind of many will, it is to be feared, accept the argument of the writer as a delivery from the dilemma.

His line of argument bears some resemblance to the theory of Darwin's survival of the fittest. He attempts to show that the Catholic Church has been fashioned by the surrounding influences to which she has been subject—*Paganism, Judaism, Imperialism*—and he does not perceive that although she has absorbed and adapted herself to the progress of nations, she has not changed her teaching; as the tree, to which she is likened by the prophets and by our Lord himself, takes up and absorbs the different portions of the earth in which it is planted, yet still remains the same tree, the same leaves and branches, invigorated by the same sap. Of course, when the church was planted, she was small like the mustard-seed, and she must necessarily have grown to be able to carry large branches in a way that would have been impossible in the beginning.

Before proceeding it will be well to get at the gist of the book, which is really contained in the following passage:

"In a certain sense submission to Catholicism is the victory of unbelief: the man who accepts authority because he dare not trust his intellect lest it lead him into atheism, is vanquished by the atheism that he fears.

"He unconsciously subscribes to the impious principle, that the God he believes has given him so godless a reason that, were he to follow it, it would lead him to a faith without God. Now, there is more religion in facing the consequences than in turning away from them; for the man who faces the consequences remains truer to the truth, obeys the most immediate and inexorable law of God, that given in his own being.

"I can understand the man who says, 'I do not wish to be either a Pantheist or an Agnostic, but I must be what the

best thought and light within me—beams as they are of the universal and eternal—determine, and if they conduct me either to Pantheism or Agnosticism, then to either I will go, obedient to the laws under which I live and think.' But I cannot so easily understand or admire a man who says: 'If I use my reason, it will make an Atheist or Sceptic of me, therefore I will flee for refuge to the arms of an infallible authority.'"

This, to say the least of it, is a very mistaken view of the Catholic position; it is not thus that the Catholic seeks to know the truths of revelation. It is quite true he must follow his conscience. But, besides conscience, God has given us intelligence, which we must use to rectify our conscience if it be false; and that intelligence every Catholic is obliged to use and not flee from. It will enable him to arrive at the truth of the existence of God, and following this great first truth, he will find that God, who, since he is infinitely good and wise, must therefore have left us a revelation—or have revealed to man the end for which he has been called into existence. If man only uses his reason rightly, he will accept the Incarnation and the teaching of Jesus Christ as infallibly true. When we use the word revelation, we mean the making known or revealing to us the hidden things of God, the rewards and punishment of the next life, and the manner of worshipping God and attaining our salvation. If, therefore, man uses his reason rightly, he will be quite sure that Jesus Christ intended not only to teach the Jews but all the family of Adam to the end of time. He will, if he be of sound mind, look for such an organization, which must teach as Christ did, "as one having authority."

Indeed, we find in the Gospel that our Lord called together a body of men to perpetuate his doctrine, to continue his revelation by *tradition*. But to this our author objects that tradition is untrustworthy, and so it would be as human tradition, but for the divine guidance promised by our Lord. "I will send the Holy Ghost," and "he shall guide you into all truth, and he shall bring to your remembrance whatever I have taught you." And it is just here that the weak point of the author betrays itself, for he regards the church as a purely human institution.

But let us see what he has to say about the divine institution of Jesus Christ, in a most remarkable passage:

"I freely acknowledge the pre-eminence of Catholicism as an historical institution; here she is without a rival or a peer.

If to be at once the most permanent and extensive, the most plastic and inflexible, ecclesiastical organization were the same thing as to be the most perfect embodiment and vehicle of religion, then the claim of Catholicism were simply indisputable. The man in search of an authoritative church may not hesitate; once let him assume that a visible and audible authority is of the essence of religion, and he has no choice; he must become, or get himself reckoned, a Catholic. The Roman Church assails his understanding with invincible charms. Her sons say proudly to him: 'She alone is Catholic, continuous, venerable, august, the very church Christ founded and his Apostles instituted and organized. She possesses all the attributes and notes of Catholicity—an unbroken apostolic succession, a constant tradition, an infallible chair, unity, sanctity, truth, an inviolable priesthood, a holy sacrifice, and efficacious sacraments.'

"The Protestant churches are but of yesterday, without the authority, the truth, or the ministries that can reconcile man to God; they are only a multitude of warring sects whose confused voices but protest their own insufficiency, whose impotence almost atones for their own sin of schism by the way it sets off the might, the majesty, and the unity of Rome. In contrast, the Catholic Church stands where her Master placed her, on the rock, endowed with the prerogatives and powers he gave to her; and against her the gates of hell shall not prevail. Supernatural grace is hers; it watched over her cradle, has followed her in all her ways through all her centuries, and has not forsaken her even yet. She is not like Protestantism, a concession to the negative spirit, an unholy compromise with naturalism. Everything about her is positive and transcendent; she is the bearer of divine truth, the representative of the divine order, the supernatural living in the very heart and before the very face of the natural. The saints, too, are hers, and the man she receives joins their communion, enjoys their goodly fellowship, feels their influence, participates in their merits and the blessings they distribute. Their earthly life made the past of the church illustrious; their heavenly activity binds the visible and invisible into unity, and lifts time into eternity. To honor the saints is to honor sanctity; the church which teaches man to love the holy, helps him to love holiness. And the Fathers are hers; their laborings, sufferings, martyrdoms, were for her sake; she treasures their words and their works; her sons alone are able to say: 'Athanasius and Chrysostom, Thomas

Aquinas and Duns Scotus, Cyprian and Augustine, Anselm and Bernard, are ours; their wealth is our inheritance, at their feet we learn filial reverence and divine wisdom.' But rich 'as she is in persons, she is richer in truth; her worship is a glorious sacrament, her mysteries are a great deep. Hidden sanctities and meanings surround man; the sacramental principle invests the simplest things, acts, and rites with an awful yet most blissful significance; turns all worship now into a divine parable which speaks the deep things of God, now into a medium of his gracious and consolatory approach to men and man's awed and contrite, hopeful and prevailing, approach to him. Symbols are deeper than words, speak when words become silent, gain where words lose in meaning; and so in hours of holiest worship the church teaches by symbols, truths, language may not utter. And yet she knows better than any other how to use reasonable speech. The Fathers and Doctors of theology have been hers. For every possible difficulty of the reason, or the heart, or the conscience, she has not one, but a thousand solutions. If men are gentle of heart, and do not like to think that all men without the church must be lost, distinctions are made as to the body and soul of the church, as to kinds and degrees of ignorance, softening stern doctrines into tenderness. If they have difficulties about Infallibility, whether due to papal sins and blunders in the past, or freedom in the present, or progress in the future, they can easily be obviated by methods of interpretation and known and noted constitutional limitations. In the church alone has casuistry become a science so perfect as to have a law and a cure for every real or possible case of conscience; in her schools theology has become a completed science, which has systematized her body of truth, explicated her reason, justified her being and her claims. And so the Catholic Church is, in a sense altogether her own, not only an ecclesiastical institution, but a Religion, a system able to guide the conscience, satisfy the heart, regulate the conduct, adjust and determine the relations of God and man."

Here, then, is a complete organization, a living, teaching, speaking body, existing for eighteen hundred years; but from whence came it? The author says, in other parts of his argument, that this wonderful organization was the result more or less of accident—*it grew!* But how? As surely as God put sap into the living tree and made it bring forth branches, leaves and flowers, so surely did he breathe into his church the breath of life, and send the Holy Ghost down upon his church

to teach truth till the end of time. How else could such a supernatural institute continue always to teach and never once to contradict herself? This alone is a miracle. When you tell me that the church came into existence and was not in all her parts created, fashioned by Christ, you might just as well tell me that the *Times* newspaper edited and printed itself.

And here seems the right place to speak about the priesthood of which he says there is not a vestige in the Gospel. St. Paul says: "We have an Altar of which those who serve the Tabernacle have no power to eat." St. Paul, then, here supposes an *altar*, a *priest*, and a *sacrifice*, quite distinct from the Jewish sacrifices. Our Lord is called by him a high-priest, a priest according to the order of Melchisedech, to offer sacrifice under the forms of bread and wine. And the Prophet Malachias foretold that the clean oblation should be offered everywhere; from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same there was to be sacrifice. Now, our Lord was on earth after his resurrection for forty days, teaching the ministers of his church all the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven, of which nothing is written in the Gospel. Where are we to learn what our Lord taught? We can gather these alone from his church; and that church teaches us that the sacrifice of Calvary is continued in the Mass till the end of time. We must either believe her, the teacher sent by Christ, or give up Christianity as a revelation.

Still, the author is very severe upon the idea of the submission of our understanding to the teaching of the church, which, as we have seen, he calls blasphemy. Let us suppose you have to cross a very dangerous desert, and you therefore engage a guide about whose competency you satisfy yourself that you cannot "possibly doubt." You are a very scientific man yourself, and with the help of maps and a good compass you imagine you could venture to go by yourself, but your friends assure you that it is not safe; the way is intricate and you must take the guide, who is perfectly certain of every inch of the way. Now, having proceeded with your guide, after two or three days you begin, according to your calculations, to have some doubt about the way, although, mind you, the guide has never hesitated, never retraced his steps, and is quite sure that he is right. Now, which would be best for you to do?—to submit your judgment, your understanding to his and follow it in peace, or throw aside your guide and seek your own way? The Catholic Church is an appointed guide; as our Lord said: "He

that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that refuseth to listen to you, refuseth to listen to Me."

And when I listen to the things confided to her care, I am making the highest possible use of my understanding; not giving it up, but using it well. But the author at page 232 says: "So absolute is the difference and so emphatic the contrast between the two alternatives (that of Christ and the church) that we may say, to allow the sovereignty of Christ, is to disallow the infallibility of Rome; and that to accept the latter is to exchange a moral supremacy, which permits no secular expedencies or diplomacies, for one legal and economical, which must be now rigid and now elastic, as the public interests or expedencies of the hour may demand." It might be well here to observe, besides the law of God, it is necessary that the church as a moral body should make laws to promote piety and union. These laws are not unchangeable; they are made by the church, and can be changed or suspended for the good of society or of the church herself. But the church cannot alter one tittle of the divine law or of that revelation confided to her care; so that these severe reflections upon expedencies and diplomacies are uncalled for. But suppose we follow the writer and throw over the teaching of the church for that of Christ, how are we to know what Christ did teach? Behold the result of such a principle in the floods of iniquity which followed the teaching of Luther—every man his own guide, to read and judge for himself. This may look like a dignified freedom, but it must lead to confusion, and is not Christianity, is not the following of Christ.

Bexhill, England.



"ABOVE ALL ELSE KARLSBAD IS IN THE 'VALLEY OF REST.'"

A PHILOSOPHER IN BOHEMIA.

BY MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land."—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*



IT was of the Bohemia of the mind the poet 'wrote. Our philosopher is of a picturesque province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, statistically consisting of 20,000 square miles, with a population of about 6,000,000, or 290 to the square mile. The province sends 92 representatives to the Reichsrath, or one for every 64,000 inhabitants. For domestic affairs it enjoys home rule through an elected body of 242 members, and in local councils, communal and municipal. Lying in the middle of Europe, the gates of the Austro-Hungarian Empire are more open to all the world than those of any other Continental monarchy. Within its borders may be seen a greater variety of nationality and heard a larger number of different tongues than in any other country on the globe. The heart of Austria-Hungary is Bohemia.

To the rest of the world Bohemia is Karlsbad, a valley town in the Karlsbad hills. A fixed population of less than 12,000

becomes from May to November more than 30,000; and any morning at the springs, which are within the town, numerous and highly medicinal, presents a miniature forecast of a scene suggested in Joel of the valley of Josaphat.

Above all else Karlsbad is in the "valley of rest." There are no lights within or without after eleven o'clock; and most of the dwellings and all the inns are asleep before that hour or speedily after it. Whoso would burn midnight oil must keep away from Karlsbad. Even the newest device of science gives its final z-z-z-z-iz without warning at eleven o'clock in the largest hotels. There are no public dissipation resorts; and, as everybody goes to Karlsbad for health only, there is neither time nor temptation to private folly. Karlsbad is an ideal democracy. To return to the poet—

" Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time."

Plentiful here are they who represent "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." No incident of its surprisingly bright and cheery company of health-seekers is more convincing, more salutary, than the pitiable plight of the scions of royalty who are sprinkled, prematurely wan, feeble alike of brain and muscle, among the common ranks of vigorous and happy people who gaze at the "gilded dullard" with insatiable curiosity but without reason for envy.

The day begins for all before six o'clock; for with the Angelus the bands begin playing at the springs, and everybody must have his—and her—three glasses of water drunk, an interval of fifteen minutes after each glass, before seven to join the blithe throng out to the sylvan breakfast places along the river Tepl, which, like a fringed and waving sash, flies around the town knotted and twisted, rosetted with bridges at convenient intervals, and not navigable except for fleets of silvery fish that drop anchor about eight o'clock every morning in front of the breakfasters and wait for their share of the crumbs. Flocks of birds scurry and carol under overhanging trees, whose slender boughs make finger-bowls of the river while the birds snatch up the unconsidered trifles thrown to them from the tables—an ideal scene for a St. Francis of Assisi. Nobody who can walk or drive out to the river or hill cafés for breakfast takes his coffee or tea and roll at his town hotel. After breakfast everybody strolls up the hills or idles around.

the town, whose old thoroughfare and new, on either bank of the Tepl, are enlivened with lace-making and thronged with window shoppers and buyers, the shops being chiefly branches of large concerns at Dresden or Vienna.

The pine-capped hills invite to long walks in alternating sun and shade; and from the high plateaus the views are wide and beautiful. For those to whom the climb afoot is too severe, there is to be had for a small consideration a carriage just large enough for one, for many of the roads are wide enough through the most picturesque copses and opens for only the little horse, the donkey. "Dun-key" was long ago a dialect name for the horse; and "chen," or "dear little," German diminutive of affection, may have given us the term that is of comparatively modern use. Nor is the beast without dignity in legend or literature, although much derided. Not to refer to the instances in Scripture, nor to the classic of Spain, nor to that most fascinating of Stevenson's works, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*—the apotheosis of sweet headlongness—it seems bordering on sacrilege to make the apostle of beauty and taste a chaperon for the donkey. John Ruskin, writing of a pantomime he had seen in which were fairies, rainbows, boat races, and much more "celestial," says: "Mixed incongruously with these seraphic and, as far as my boyish experience extends, novel elements of pantomime, . . . there were two subordinate actors who played subordinately well the fore and hind legs of a donkey." I could not but recall the conceit when, one delicious morning, I enjoyed my first opportunity to appreciate the truth in this unwonted Ruskinian domain. There were three of us Americans, the Head of the family, his wife—the writer—and their friend, her namesake but not kinswoman, a young physician, who, after taking her degree at an American university, had been pursuing post-graduate studies in Europe. The Head, who had been walking up the hills with an artist companion, had decided two things for us two women: that the outlook from the plateaus was too lovely to be selfishly enjoyed by two men, but that the climb was too much in sun exposure for two women. "If you will be at the hotel door at ten o'clock," he said, "we will start together." There, to our surprise and pleasure, were two donkeys, each harnessed to a little two-wheeled, cushioned and hooded carriage, a donkey boy for each with a bridle and whip to give the animal adequate persuasion to progress. The Head being a lover of flowers, birds, and beasts, and not without gentle

humor, had arranged red carnations across the brow-band of the first donkey and white carnations across the brow of the second. Each donkey boy had his special carnation in his button-hole. Presenting a bunch of the red to the Doctor, the Head assisted her to the first seat, and giving me white ones, to the second. The little party set out for the hills, the Head taking shortly to the foot-paths, but keeping within hailing distance of the procession. Towns-people and sojourners alike looked upon us with cordial curiosity, for it was probably the first time in the history of Karlsbad that decorated donkeys had trotted the stony streets. My little horse performed with fore and hind legs a reverberant pantomime like a drum-beat, heard round the world of the fast rising hills. The Doctor's donkey had a vocal gift of improvisation which, beginning in rapidly executed

fiorature of the original excessively ornamental Italian school before it reluctantly submitted to the drastic influence of German solemnity, ended in a long, mellow cadence like a grandiose processional on a rural thirty-two-foot pipe organ. I named my donkey "Staccato," in honor of Ruskin and the donkey's heels; and the Doctor's "Legato," a laurel for his voice and vocal method.

Mine was silent of throat, but resolute and unflinching in his resolve to furnish a heel obligato to



"THE HEAD TAKING TO THE FOOT-PATHS, BUT KEEPING WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE."

his more melodious companion. Those who have read Darwin's *Animals and Plants under Domestication* know much can be done with kindness and some other things for a sensitive creature. Reticent at the start, Staccato proved in time the thinker, while Legato, secretly encouraged by the subtle Doctor, a devotee of the lyre as of the scalpel, continued to astound the groves and glades with his long andante, always ending in dignified trills and other elaborate embellishments, such as only the most renowned baritones of grand opera have ever been known to accomplish. I always feared that Legato would attempt the high C in a passionate moment; and having heard the great Wachtel do it once, its repetition was properly a cause for awe not unmixed with dread. But Legato, to his credit, adhered to a strictly authentic style of vocalization. He kept within his register, never condescended to falsetto; while the occasional appoggiatura with which he jewelled a particularly long and resonant aria was the acme of classic Wagnerian execution. Let it be observed that I have not done one of the best balanced singers ever known the in-



FROM STEEP TO SUMMIT.

justice of calling him a tenor. He was a true baritone and resigned to his gamut, which he seemed incapable of enervating, much less exhausting.

Suddenly Staccato stopped. The boy cracked his whip as if it were a percussion instrument; I interposed in time. Why should the faithful beast be beaten? We were going nowhere in particular. There was no engagement demanding haste. The Doctor halted Legato and, turning around, asked the cause of the stop. Legato rose to the emergency. His vocal chords were in superb condition, and Staccato was rooted to the spot in silent ecstasy. But we could not tarry all day, as Staccato, in meditation, seemed quite willing to do. After futile entreaty, fourteen-syllabled protest in German, and a short but pungent jabbing in French by the donkey boy, Staccato was still immovable. I looked out of the little carriage, thinking that perhaps an obstacle barred the way. There, uninjured, untouched, although in tempting proximity, lay a red carnation that had fallen from the brow-band of Legato. Speaking with seriousness, there is among known classes of insects worship of special plants and blossoms. Certain categories of animals are not lacking in this delicacy. My word, supported by several credible witnesses, is given, that when I bade the donkey boy pick up the carnation and he replaced it on the brow of the leader donkey, Staccato nimbly lifted his heels as Legato his voice; and neither lured by promise of food or drink, nor beaten, nor otherwise disciplined, the two kept the even tenor of their way and Legato his baritone till we reached an elevated rendezvous, where a bevy of children offered Staccato grass mixed with wild flowers. Staccato, who must have been hungry, turned aside in resentment; but ate the grass eagerly when the flowers had been extricated from its blades. In this he showed his superiority over members of an avowedly higher species, who have been known to eat flowers when coated with a thin layer of sugar, a degradation of beauty that ought not to be tolerated by either health or taste.

Next to his heels Staccato's ears were remarkable. In proportion to his other dimensions, they were the largest air-paddles I ever saw next after those of the Eiffel Tower colossal electric light pharos, which feathered the very heavens, as if Titans were rowing an air-ship race. When a shower came on the hoods of our carriages amply protected us, but Staccato's ears promised to become Niagaras to drench the interior of their complex mechanism. He coolly dropped them by his

sides, which, being as smooth as if lacquered by the mikado's best lacquerer, shed the water, and at the end of the journey he was perfectly dry. There are people who, when Heaven sends a shower, instead of acting philosophically like Staccato, reach out to get all the water possible, and are not content



"THE DOCTOR."

until thoroughly drenched. For these and many other kindred reasons, Staccato may justly be called a philosopher in Bohemia; and when I praised his prudence to the donkey boy, who seemed a person of discernment, he replied: "Famulate his famosity." This was meant to be English, and there were evidences that English was spoken in those parts.

One day Staccato halted in front of a wine-shop on a hill-slope in the centre of the town. The wines are medicated for the dietary of the place. The bill-board in front of the shop bore the strange device :

“DIETETIC WHINES.”

An English tourist had evidently dropped an *h* in the neighborhood, and the sign-board artist, being of a thrifty turn, did not let it go to waste.

Another day Staccato and Legato bore us to one of the many glass ateliers that plume the country round about with smoke from tall chimneys. In these we found entire families occupied, carrying down an artistic avocation from generation to generation; the father a cutter of glass, the son an engraver or etcher, another son a finisher, the mother and a daughter or two decorators. Attached to each large atelier is a school in which the apprentices learn the various things taught at any ordinary manual training school, with special instruction in drawing, the use of colors, and glass-making. These glass workshops are producing now probably the finest decorated glass in the world, rivalling the best days of this one-time most famous industry of Italy. The standard of the product ought not to be judged by the trash called Bohemian glass commonly seen in the United States. Many of the chief artisans and artists in the works were sent to Venice for a part of their education.

The superintendent of a glass workshop said to one of our fair countrywomen, who was examining models for table service: “Will madame have her glass monogrammed?” “No,” answered the order-giver proudly, “I’ve got a crest with words onto it. I want to get them on straight.” Up to the moment of our withdrawal to Staccato our fair countrywoman had failed to remember the words that were “onto it.”

The boy approached Staccato another day with a basin of water and a sponge and said interrogatively, “Lavation?” Our perplexity over this new sort of English was relieved by the Head, who handed the Doctor and me each a copy of a work of which this is the exact title:

NEW
POCKET DICTIONARY
ENGLISH AND GERMAN,
to which is added
A Pocket Companion for Travellers,
containing a Collection of Conversations,
a Geographical Vocabulary,
and a Table of Coins, &c.

By
DR. F. E. FELLER.
B. G. T.
Vol. I.
ENGLISH-GERMAN.
42. edition.
LEIPZIG: B. G. TEUBNER.
1892.

We had heard of Baboo English, Pigeon English, and English as spoke in Portuguese; this is Donkey-Boy English. The donkey boys, like our college undergraduates in summer, earn at winter as well as summer resorts the wherewith to prosecute their pursuit of learning. This dictionary was clearly made by students of the numerous universities with which Central Europe abounds. The process was simple. They wish to make in English an equivalent for "dienen," to "serve" in German. They turn to a Latin dictionary and find "famulus," servant. They prefix its first syllable to the English suffix, "ate"; result "famulate, to serve." "Famus," Latin, "celebrated"; they suffix "ity" to the root and make "famosity," "fame"—to serve his reputation or increase his fame: "famulate his famosity." In like manner seeking English for German "absud," decoction, they go to the Greek "apozeo," to boil off, and stop at "apozem," by analogy to apophthegm.

By this process, which has been in desuetude since the days of John Milton when acting as Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and of Samuel Johnson when making a dictionary out of his own head, we get these examples, taken at random, literally transcribed from Dictionary Feller:

Donkey-Boy English.

Ablactation,
Absconscious,
Acanaceous,
Acceptilation,
Acception,
Alcolothist,
Acritude,

Ordinary English.

weaning.
hiding.
prickly.
receipt.
meaning.
the sexton.
sharpness.

Staccato being like one Will Shakspeare, who knew little Latin and less Greek, never attempted to use a kind of English he did not understand—in which also he showed himself a true philosopher and superior to many of his superiors. But what may not be expected? Evolution asks as its first forenecessary infinity of time. Given a bright variety of the "little horse" (Dictionary Feller), indefinite domestication with a Donkey Boy at the top of a hill, whither he has been intelligently drawn by a Staccato of the far future, may not some grateful scientist write as a companion to that justly famous work the "Descent of Man" the "Ascent of the Donkey"? There is nothing in evolution to make this absurd.

Europe contains many churches which, owing to discord among Christians, were built by the Goths, to be subsequently restored by the Vandals. Staccato led us one day to a Karlsbad church chiefly distinguished by a wooden statue of Saint Joseph with the Infant in his arms. Truth demands the admission that they whom the Lord Hamlet described as "groundlings," because they "are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows," laugh at this statue. This humor is perfectly explicable on a theory of our own. Truth requires the further admission that we saw "the judicious grieve" before the Foster Father in this unusual equipment, which was completed with draperies that would not impede his progress afoot or mounted. But when did the unskilful laugh or the judicious grieve over that famous work by David depicting Napoleon crossing the Alps "on a fiery and prancing charger in full uniform, with embroidery and bullion fringes and mantle flying in the wind?" The critic I quote,* speaking of a fantastic style of pictorial drawings recently in vogue, says it "lacks intellect and morals, but is highly decorative." David's "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" is pictorially "without intellect," because Napoleon would not have been guilty of such folly, and without "morals," because the drapery might have precipitated horse and rider into an avalanche, altering the decrees of Providence; but it will be conceded to be "highly decorative." The truth, moreover, "was perfectly accessible"—as Delaroche learned: "Bonaparte crossed the Alps in a plain undress and riding a mule led by a guide."

It is a fundamental of art, as especially illustrated in architecture, which is a form of sculpture, that design shall follow

* Hamerton, "Man in Art."

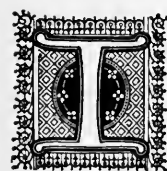


A HILL-TOP RENDEZVOUS.—“STEPHANIE'S WARTE.”

function. The only perils these Bohemian Christians know are the mountain crevasse of winter, the valley torrent of spring. Was it not tender and true to fit out the Foster Father in the only way which would enable him, consistently with truth, to safeguard his sacred trust from the only perils to which, in their imagination, he could be exposed? Was not he too a philosopher in Bohemia? Let him who would condemn the Saint Joseph in top boots, by the unrecorded sculptor of Bohemia, cast his stone first at “Napoleon Crossing the Alps,” one of the most celebrated pictures in the world and by the most famous painter of France.

A DOCTOR, A DIARY, AND A DIAGNOSIS.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.



If any one had told me that my own office could ever look to me so unfamiliar and lonely as it looks to-night, I should not only have refused to believe, but felt insulted besides, imagining the speaker insinuated that I was tiring, in my old age, of the profession I love.

It was my first love too, for I was a "born doctor," so everybody said, and continues to say, more as a matter of tradition now than of actual knowledge, of course; for I am the *old doctor* of to-day, and those who smiled at the improvised clinics of my boyhood—ay, and most of those who rejoiced in my early honors and teased me on my college airs—are long since passed away.

It is their grandchildren who try to be companionable now to the old man, with no chick or child of his own, and who are careful, bless them! so to word their confidences that they may not recall too vividly the memory of my own youth and its love's young dream. I have said my profession was first; well, yes—chronologically considered; but there was a time, of which my young friends have heard, when professional success was secondary indeed to my hopes of winning Mary's love.

Mary, my wife! She has sat with me in this office many an hour, which explains why it is still my office when the fickle tide of local fashion has long since turned in a different direction. Some of those old books here have been privileged to feel her touch; for books were precious then, when patients were not plentiful nor fees prodigal, and Mary took care of the few I had accumulated as gifts and college necessities.

For years her picture hung above my desk, where I now write. I took it to the new home when the young doctor came to share the office. The girls whose mothers had been her contemporaries stole shy glances at the smiling face, saying never a word in reference to it, unless I introduced the subject. They were all familiar with the story—their children know it now—of Dr. Hall's one year of married life with the girl who was in her day the beauty and belle of our native town, and who married in the face of her family's sensible objections.

They could tell as well as I the date of that terrible diphtheria epidemic, due entirely to the lack of sanitary precautions for which I had battled from the day of my graduation.

They have heard how I tried to fight it, as was my duty, when it came, not single-handed, as they might tell you, but with Mary for helper. I never consented to her undertaking what she did, but alas! I allowed her to overrule me, and so the expected happened. She and I were taken down together, just as help came and the shadows had passed from the miserable hovels she had cleansed and the fine homes where she had brought the light of consolation.

When I arose, once more alone, the doctor's one happy year was ended, and since then he has only counted busy ones, prosperous and peaceful, perhaps, in the ordinary acceptance of the words.

My practice has been prosperous. Our little town, grown considerably, has never outgrown its confidence in my professional ability, and my home has been assuredly peaceful since the day Sister Judith, putting away apparently every other consideration, took up the lines of household management, lately fallen from the dead hand of Mary, my wife.

Judith believes in me, too—in all except my ability to take care of myself, which is her province, shared of late with the young doctor.

Between them, they have insisted on my foregoing evening office hours, and this is the reason, of course, my own sanctum looks so strange to-night, when, as I told Judith, I positively must look in because, as the town knows, the young doctor is away on his wedding trip.

Indispensable now those wedding tours, it would seem. So think Paul's mother and Paul's wife's mother, whose opinion counts for much more, for besides being mother-in-law, she is the "leader of fashion in our midst," as the *Weekly Visitor* describes her in its announcement of to-day's event. Judith admitted the necessity too, and as Mary and I could afford none in our day, I cannot claim the "personal experience," which phrase is my only weapon when I feel myself called upon to contradict any new departure of Dr. Paul. I do not grudge the boy his weeks of leisure, nor do I feel at all unable to resume the duties from which he has of late years relieved me. I only wish I felt as well assured of his happiness.

A break is caused here by Judith's entrance, for my diary is the one personal possession of which she is not joint caretaker, and its safety is only guaranteed by concealment.

When I thought that she had merely come in her character of guardian, I was certainly inclined to give her scant welcome, for I had just begun to enjoy the evening's privacy and the chance of talking unreservedly on paper. When one is nearing the golden anniversary of his graduation day, professional reserve has become so truly second nature that only on paper can one venture candid speech.

Now as to Judith's errand: "she did not dream of my being lonely," nor did she anticipate night calls for me, because Dr. Paul made a most exhaustive round this morning before the eventful noon (also, it would appear, a most exhaustive report to my sister as well).

Therefore, notwithstanding the dreadful snow-fall, and the prevalence of that new disease she and Paul insist on calling "la grippe"—it is ordinary influenza—Judith was quite sure that except in case of accident, which seldom occurs with us, every one could await comfortably my morning visit.

She came then because she was uneasy—Judith always did like to share such symptoms—and her uneasiness was caught from Mrs. Kane, Paul's mother, who called to inquire if I expressed any private opinion regarding that sudden seizure of her son's in church to-day.

Now what in the world is strange about a sudden faintness of less than five minutes' duration?

Judith and Mrs. Kane thought there was in his case. "He was always strong, but then his grandmother's half-brother had succumbed only forty years ago to heart trouble, and of course that remembrance now worried Paul's mother." Naturally so!

"Is it always hereditary, Henry?" asked my sister.

"No!" I said. "I don't believe in heredity at all, at times; for, if there was much in the doctrine, how could Paul Kane, for instance, be, as the old women call him, 'a rock of sense' with a mother as silly as his?" And I was about to add something regarding godmothers too, Judith bearing that relation to Paul, until I recollected just in time there was no argument for anti-heredity there.

Ordinarily Judith would have looked dignified and left me to my own reflections; to-night she reverted to her girlhood's plan of wheedling, as she used to do when I was an over-worked student and she wanted me to suspend study, for just

one night, to carry her skates to the town lake or act as escort to a "high tea."

Well then, without being bearish, I knew no more than I had said at the time. Did she forget that Dr. Kane had, entirely against my wishes, made an unusual number of calls and under unusual circumstances, for the heavy snow-fall rendered the carriage practically useless.

Then, naturally, he was embarrassed to find that, owing to his unforeseen delay, the bridal party had preceded him, taking refuge in the sacristy to escape the crowd of sight-seers whom not even such weather could deter. Added to all this the sacristy was overheated, perhaps not for the bride and her under-dressed attendants, but one who had been ploughing his way amongst snow-drifts, and rushing through a dressing process even more tiresome to the ordinary man, might well succumb there before the accusing glances of a delayed bridal party.

"It was only momentary, of course," Judith admitted, carefully rehearsing the circumstances; the flurried best man of the occasion was just explaining, for the benefit of all concerned, that, owing to the storm, the bride's bouquet had failed to arrive—indeed the city train had too, for that matter—when the bridesmaid, to smother Paul's regret apparently, thrust in his face the enormous bunch of fragrant violets which had been substituted at the last moment.

Then, to everybody's concern, the groom grew deathly white and certainly swayed a little—there was no gainsaying that fact.

"I should fancy the violets would have restored him," remarked Judith; "they smelled so deliciously and the relief it must have been to see that they were to be had; they did go beautifully with Lilian's costume, for a mercy—didn't you think so, Henry?"

There was no use telling another bearish truth: that I had not given the combination a thought; neither did I remark audibly the circumstance of Judith already calling the new Mrs. Kane by her given name, when, as every one in town was aware, she, Judith, had never been admitted to the ultra select circle presided over by the lady's mother, whose difficulty in securing seven local eligibles for as many blooming daughters was, to my mind, the only reason that Lilian's fancy for the young doctor had not been rudely nipped in the bud.

Instead, I advised Judith to go home—a matter of a few blocks only—and if she cared in passing to call on Mrs. Kane,

she could say my diagnosis was unchanged: "A passing faintness from over-exertion?"

"Exactly! with no tendency as yet developed to follow in the way of a departed step-granduncle."

After she was gone, however, her remarks, as they had trailed into the monologue she often substituted for conversation, kept recurring to my mind. "Those flowers, now! Had I ever noticed that Paul disliked violets? Come to think of it, he had never brought her any, and she could hardly say that of any other flower"; which I dare say is true, for he rarely returned from a country round without a bouquet of some sort for his godmother. Sometimes they came from the gardens of thoughtful patients, sometimes from the country hedgerows; frequently, I fancy, when these sources failed, Pearson, our town florist, supplied the deficiency.

In the days when I first undertook to train my assistant in the way he should go, Judith and I had differed somewhat in our view of this habit.

"Such a pretty attention to one of my age!" she was prone to comment when her godson's back was turned, while I quite as often remarked to his face, that a man of *his* age carrying a bouquet, a doctor at that, looked lackadaisical.

To have started something in one's own way and then have extraneous thoughts actually forced on the mind you had just managed to concentrate in one direction, is very embarrassing to the amateur story-teller; so before I could resume my interrupted page I sat, pen in hand, scrawling idly over some blanks that lay near on my littered desk. I find one I have mechanically filled in with Paul Kane's name as patient, and under the heading of diagnosis the unsatisfactory word "Idiosyncrasy," which enables me to take up the dropped thread of my narrative.

Great men have owned this idiosyncrasy—a repulsion for certain blooms and perfumes; then why not Paul? and why not violets?

What a plausible explanation this would have been, and how much more satisfactory to the romantic bride and her bevy, than that commonplace one of over-exertion. Mrs. Borden herself might consider it a point in favor of the new son-in-law, that he shared one peculiarity in common with some celebrities, and even crowned heads.

Judith would not have believed it, probably; for with the single exception of his mother, she considered herself as best

acquainted with Paul's peculiarities. But is she? I have often thought there is a page of his life book I alone have scanned and understood, and that, with no spoken word of explanation, the boy understands my knowledge thereof.

We are his own people in a sense, Judith and I, for we adopted him in all but name on the death of his good father, whom I rather suspect my sister refused as a husband in the days when she thought I needed her most.

There was never any enforced separation from his mother, of course, beyond the customary one of college years; but she tacitly recognized the desired arrangement by devoting her time and straitened resources to the education of her girls, leaving Paul to me.

His childish confidences regarding dismembered birds and surreptitious experiments on family pets were mine in his school days and during his college years. Why, it freshened my knowledge of theoretical medicine to keep pace with the boy's progress and hold my own in our discussions. When he graduated with high honors it was natural he should come to me, and the towns-people accepted him freely and gladly as the doctor's successor, who was being "trained in."

Some might demur a little, to be sure. "Oh, he is so young, doctor!" a girl-mother some years his junior might say when incipient whooping-cough alarmed her household; but the sensible portion of the community understood that he had the double advantage of new methods and my practical experience besides, while the fact of being Frank Kane's son was also in his favor.

My pet patients I kept still for my own—a sort of special practice, upon which Paul understood he must never intrude in the old man's day. There was one little girl who declared vehemently, "The hour you send Dr. Kane here, I shall leave for the City Hospital." She did not think then, poor child! how near the time was when such a contingency might arise, although she and I had a thorough understanding, that dated from the winter her folks brought her home from the beloved convent school where she had just pulled through a serious attack of rheumatic fever.

We have no Catholic academy or sisterhood in our town, where members of that creed are in the minority, and those who, like the Moretons, prefer such education for their girls, are obliged to send them to a distance.

"Margery must not leave home again, nor indeed study

under any circumstances," was all I said to the worried parents; but the child forced me to be more explicit later on.

"You take me away from my dear sisters and my studies, and forbid even my singing-lessons, when every one calls my voice promising. Now I obey on one condition—that I know the whole truth."

And so for years she and I shared the knowledge, which she insisted must be spared her parents as long as might be, that her heart had been so badly weakened by the treacherous illness there seemed small prospect of her accomplishments being ever utilized.

The girls with whom she sang at times, for whom she played so good-naturedly at the impromptu dances, never understood why Margery did not further display her beautiful voice, or why Margery, who was so lithe and graceful, never danced or skated ever so little.

The young men, always finding her sympathetic in a "good-comrade" sort of way, wondered why one never gained on his companions in Margery's favor. "The prettiest, liveliest girl in town—she was so often bridesmaid," Judith used to say. "It might be she should never be a bride." Rather it was, she never *would*—sweet, brave Margery!

It was at a Halloweve party the first shadow of the end fell—the shadow she and I alone anticipated. A slight paralytic stroke, so slight that there was little difference in her, even to me, except that she no longer rose from her sofa to greet me; and my visits were daily now—not that I could help much, but she was my pet patient. Dr. Kane, dropping me at her door each morning as he started for his suburban rounds, asked me at last how Miss Moreton was doing. "Nicely enough," I answered him; and took occasion to remark that my professional calls should not interfere with his social ones, for he made it a point, as I say, to avoid even the appearance of intrusion on my special practice, and Margery had been his schoolmate before the convent days, and had always remained his sisters' friend.

A while later, I told him enough to allow him as a physician to draw his own conclusions; but he made no comment, and I never met him at Margery's house, where the young people still loved to congregate.

Then there came a time—another stroke, as you can understand—when I forbade even their companionship.

"You cruel man!" smiled Margery; "perhaps you will next

deny me these." And her frail right hand paused from stroking its helpless fellow to caress the masses of blue violets, of which a fresh supply was every morning at her side, set before the marble figure that was the latest gift of her sister teachers; and represented Mary the Mother of the Lord.

"No, I shall not banish your sweet friends, Margery, although you have never told the old man their story."

"Because, dear doctor, it would only mean an added regret for you some time; and yet a causeless one, if you could understand all."

No more was said, but I thought I understood even then, and she did not think so.

Was it not Margery that with the violets was offered, too, the love which might have clashed with your understanding of religious duty? Not merely as a death-bed sacrifice!

It would just as surely have been so in the heyday of her young strength were its restoration possible, for, loyal to her friends of every creed—loving and kind to me, whom she called her "dear old heretic"—Margery Moreton would never have considered a union that might not, like her violets, be laid for blessing before the "Mother of the Lord." She would accept literally her church's verdict against marriage outside its fold.

Nor was she one to have shirked or softened such explanation. Still, through golden autumn days and chilling winter ones, when the sick-room was full of radiance, or again when it was gray with the grayness of foreboding, the violets were in place—all other bloom in the background. Ever since Margery was a baby, her mother said, they had been her passion; and the poor woman recalled with a pale smile early school-days when her wayward little daughter quarrelled with big boys who mocked her doll or teased her kitten, and would only accept as peace-offering the country violets which the offenders were accustomed to seek near and far.

"There was one boy in particular, who got so many bad marks because of his country excursions I used to think I should interfere in his behalf," said Mrs. Moreton once; but Margery, who always listened with attentive ears to her mother's reminiscences, interfered then.

"Mamma dear, Dr. Hall is surely not interested in such ancient history"; and taking her mother's hand she pressed it to her lips, lest her interruption might wound.

I think all my brethren should deny themselves the luxury of pet patients. With the selfishness of age I try to now, for

my own old heart could not stand many such strains as it was to look my last on Margery. We were so thankful that the tender touch of death restored to the dear face all its well-remembered comeliness.

She never looked so lovely as in her white gown fashioned from material once purchased for the graduation day that had not come, and treasured unused for all those years, even as Mary had saved the simple wedding robe, to serve alas! the same unforeseen purpose at last.

Her golden brown head was laid, as in natural repose, on a plentiful pillow of her beloved violets, and some were in the still hands, around which twined a shining chain, familiar to me as Margery's constant companion—her "Rosary" she called it, and many a time of late I had restored it to the feeble hold whence it slipped so easily. Just as often had Margery remarked: "Now, for thanks I shall say one round for my dear old doctor, for I do want him to know Mother Mary."

That farewell eve, Judith being ill, I called to select my offering, to the florist—our town boasts but one; the boy who assists or retards operations, as the case may be, called to the adjoining greenhouse, where his employer was busy, "that the doctor had come for his flowers."

"They have gone long since," came the answer, not meant for me, "and there will be no disappointment for to-morrow, though they say in the city it was not easy to fill the pillow order."

"Tell Pearson to send lots of lilies to Mrs. Moreton's, for Dr. and Miss Hall," I said to the boy; and left without ordering the blossoms I had intended, because I remembered just then some one who never encroached on a specialty of mine. Lilies, as I happened to recall, were surely appropriate for offering before that exquisite altar in Margery's church that I had seen by invitation of her kindly pastor, who has grown to be my very good friend, as he was ever a co-worker to make glad the heart of any physician.

They were indeed in profusion, her favorite flowers, at altar and grave, and though each holiday-time finds me in the old cemetery—for Mary too is laid near by, with material walls as well as the barriers of creed to separate my dear ones in death—I have never missed the purple glow of violets from the little glassed shrine above Margery's grave. Within its shelter the hands of her heart-broken parents placed the familiar image of that other Mother, because the child had loved it so.

I wonder if all this explains my assistant's idiosyncrasy, or is it rather contradictory of the fact?

I know it does not explain to-day's marriage, and yet there are many men who have taken to their hearts, in lieu of the lost love, even as I my profession, the idols of ambition and social preferment.

Marriage with Lilian Borden means the latter for my successor, in the town where her family interests are paramount, and of the former Paul was never guiltless.

Will it be mine now to tend for a little space another grave with Mary's, when the seasons of remembrance roll around?—for Margery's parents have been mercifully called to reunion with their only child.

Then, for the limit of my dwindled years, the shrine shall not lack its tribute—speaking not alone an old man's love for a brave memory, but his gratitude as well to that Mary (whom he has not come to know, perhaps, as Margery meant) for all that he has found her name to mean to troubled human hearts.

Another knock! Only Bill, our colored coachman, to ask if he shall see me to the house. Judith's interference again!

As he is evidently determined to wait, I must go, ending the day's record with my coachman's contribution of coincidence.

"Horses all right for to-morrow, Bill?"

"Yas suh, yas suh!"

"And how are the roads?"

"Oh, clarin' finely, suh. They *wus* pow'fu' bad dis mawnin' up cemet'ry way. I jes' gev Doctah Pau' up foh los', suh, 'fore he got back to th' kerrege."

Evidently I have not quite kept track of the practice, for I recall no patient up the cemetery way, just now.



CHRIST IS THE NEED OF SOCIETY.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. SMITH.



STRIKING contrast may be made between the mission and the methods of St. John the Baptist, and those adopted and carried out by the Saviour himself.

Under the leadings of grace St. John had betaken himself in his youth to the desert, where, shunning intercourse with men, he had matured into that marvellous sanctity which gives him a foremost place among God's elect. Even when his work was to be done, he chose for its field, not the busy throngs of men, the populous cities, but an abode far from human habitation, one of the fording places on the river Jordan, which caravans and travellers were wont to use coming and going to and from Jerusalem. He was a voice crying "in the *wilderness*," men were drawn to *him*; "they went forth to see him." Our Lord, however, began his preparation in solitude; yet when the Spirit had been made manifest in him, he went among men, seeking them out; he traversed the cities and towns of Galilee and Judea, he taught in synagogues and in the Temple; he was entertained by publicans and sinners—in a word, he recognized the existence of human society, and he took every advantage of social intercourse to prosecute his mission, to leaven, instruct, and elevate men.

MAN IS ESSENTIALLY SOCIAL.

God has not only made man a social being, but he has also put his probation, his duties, a great part of his merit and his happiness, amid his fellows. In first giving life to the different orders of creatures he bade them "increase and multiply," and he expresses his approval of them fresh from his bounty—"all things were very good." Human society is the aggregation of men, that moral entity of those who, differing in secondary interests, in habits of thought and ways of speech, in occupations, are yet held together in the bonds of a common nature, origin, destiny, by necessities, hopes, and fears. Society is the confluence of all the ideas and all the movements of man: he comes to life in its midst; indeed he can hardly be said to live

without it; it nourishes and educates him, it communicates to him its ideas, passions, prejudices; to it he leaves, with his ashes and memory, the influence of his life. But though in theory, though in its widest acceptance society is world-embracing, we see at once it has many practical limitations. Without ideas in common, there is no unity of mind, no common ground of interest or action, and thus while the bond of society is not, need not be political or religious, it must be, and is mental. That is, it must be based on the same intellectual ideas and advanced by the same intellectual methods. This basis has often been threatened in the course of the ages; it has shifted, it has been submerged here and there, but in general it has been found vigorous enough to withstand, to co-ordinate to itself these adverse or destroying influences.

There are great outlying portions of humanity, not only fragmentary unsociable, but in revolt against the central formation and commonwealth, which we rightly designate as human society—the civilized world. Cardinal Newman by a happy figure, viewing society relatively to the whole of mankind, compares it to the impression of a seal upon wax, which, rounding the soft material, presents something so definite to the eye and the imagination that we entirely overlook the jagged outline, the unmeaning lumps.

ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS AND CIVIC WELL BEING.

In maintaining that Christ is the bond, the principle of the true unity and moral well-being of society, the remedy of its ills—I mean, first and naturally, to state the universality of His Redemption, and that society ever needs him in the sweetness and power of his life, in the inspiring strength, the persuasive yet peremptory authority of his truth; above all, in the bestowing of his regenerating grace; as he says, "Without me ye can do nothing," and St. Paul in stronger phrase declares that "There is no other name under heaven given to man by which he can be saved."

I further mean, that society needs Christ in his living representative, the Church; for she is his spouse, the faithful mother by grace of all who shall be saved; she is the continuation of his work, the centre of his activity, the dwelling-place and medium of his spirit, the dispenser of his grace, the witness and teacher of his truth.

Society is not only an excellent something which has grown up out of and with man's co-operation, a thing not to be dis-

turbed, marred, or broken up at pleasure, not restored at command; a something which bestows upon us the inheritance of the past and will conserve the same and other goods for the future; but more than that—not confounding it with the church, which is divine—society since Christ's coming has been breathed upon, interpenetrated with divine teaching, potentially redeemed by Christ, so that in its constituent elements and destiny, if not really, it is contingently sacred, divine influences permeate it; it knows, whether or not it accepts, primal Christian truth, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man.

The purpose which animated Christ when he "went about doing good to all," that men might have life and have it more abundantly, that too is the very motive, the *raison d'être* of his church, and she enters into and conduces to the political, industrial, educational, and ethical well-being of society. This she did in so marked a degree in the primitive church that she may be said to have directed and absorbed all its energies, for we read not only "were the disciples persevering together in the doctrine of the apostles, in prayer and the breaking of bread," but that they "had all things in common"—that the benefactions of the wealthy were such as to require more time than the apostles could give, and hence came the setting apart of deacons for such temporal concerns.

Almost equally close and harmonious was the relationship between the church and society during the period of Catholic unity called the Middle Ages, when the church lent herself to teaching, to encouraging arts and sciences, when she directed and sanctioned guilds, when churchmen directed and ruled the government of states and provinces.

PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY.

But, as the religious revolt of the sixteenth century is responsible for the disastrous separation of church and state, so too is it for the division between men's social and religious life. Refusing Catholic unity, religion in many states became national, became identified with secular interests, in such wise, however, that the whole standard of life changed; instead of directing and controlling society, she has been curtailed, thrust aside, and the vigilance needed to guard her doctrinal side, to repair its losses, has had the effect of impairing her usefulness as a social factor.

Were I to ask, What is the present state of society? what the condition of its life? what the outlook? I should doubtless

be answered by a discordant chorus in which the accents of anxiety and foreboding would predominate. Men judge from their own point of view naturally, and it would require a determined optimism to answer these questions both seriously and hopefully; indeed, it is to be remarked that those who have given themselves to advanced ideas, as they are called, those who advocate the carrying out of these as a necessity, are the most pronounced prophets of woe. "Never," says one, "has so terrific a calamity befallen the race as that, as all who look may behold, advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creeds, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation."

Christians the most observant and hopeful, who study the problems, the evils of our times, are not without grave apprehension that the foundations of society have been greatly weakened, in fact undermined, and that the whole fabric is nigh unto falling. And we Catholics, who feel most keenly and perhaps experience the evils of society, shaken as it has been by a century of revolutions—we are sadly conscious that it has broken from its moorings, is afloat in a tempestuous sea. The Scriptural teachings often refer to the great apostasy of the last days—yet we fain recall how once on the lake of Genesareth when Christ's little band were affrighted and tossed, for the wind was violent and the Master slept, that he answered their fears and entreaty, for he arose and abated the elements, and lo! a great calm ensued.

THREE EVILS THREATEN SOCIAL LIFE.

The main errors of present society, from which come both its evils and its needs, are three: Rationalism, which tries to divorce faith and reason; Socialism, which brings capital and labor into opposition; and Liberalism, which affirms and continues the hostility of the state and the church.

By Rationalism is meant that method and trend of thought which tries to solve the mysteries of life without the aid or intervention of Jesus Christ. The success of modern thought and discovery *in the practical order* has been wonderful, phenomenal. Men have penetrated into the workshop of Nature; she has unlocked her treasures, poured forth an abundance of riches, and she dazzles us with promises of yet greater results, and living has in consequence become more easy, comfortable, prolonged. But what of human life itself, its mystery, its value,

its purpose? Using and misusing the helps and teachings of science, dogmatists and philosophers have arisen to explain life from their stand-point. First they have ridiculed and despised beliefs previously held sacred; they have thrown off the mask, and in the light of day have assaulted and contemned revelation. They have striven not only to make physical science supreme, but make it scale the heights of the infinite; to do away with mystery, to reach to a God whom they could see, feel, and reduce to a formula. They have failed; they have made frequent promises, given many pledges, but withal they are bankrupt; they have essayed in their self-confidence to reach to the All-Knowing, the All-Blessed, and the Ever-Living, and have found nothing! Denying God, they shake their heads in an affectation of solemn wisdom and answer, "I know and can tell nothing." Meantime the horizon of life is overcast, men wander in doubt and despair. They now know that the useful is not paramount; that goodness, that sweetness and light, that morality, are not the necessary outcome of knowledge; that culture may hide some of the coarseness of vice, but not eliminate it; that the vices of intelligence are more dangerous than those of violence because more seductive; they have found out that nature, science, the hearts, the lives of men demand the restoration of God to His sovereignty.

As in the older day philosophers and savants discussed and studied, reached out to but never attained truth—were wise in their conceits while men were perishing; while they worshipped, if at all, at the altar of the unknown, and made the need of Christ only the more manifest; so in this day, when the world of intellect is dark and puzzled, there certainly is need of Him who enlighteneth every one that cometh into the world. And this explains what is otherwise, amid his labors, so strange in the conduct and the utterances of the Pope, as Head of the Church: the impetus, the insistence he has given to philosophical studies, his striving to build up and restore the sacred edifice of Christian truth on its rational side, to bring every intelligence in captivity to highest truth, to lay every contribution of science where it belongs, upon Christ, the foundation-stone, to direct all science and little worlds of thought into their proper orbits about the central Sun of Truth.

"Abeunt studia in mores"—men's studies show in their lives—says Francis Bacon, the father of the inductive method. As we turn to the world of practical business, of labor and com-

petition, we find a condition of things more distressing than that which confronts us in the realm of thought and speculation.

SOCIALISM RESTS ON A GIGANTIC INITIAL WRONG.

Capital and labor seem to be in hopeless antagonism; employers are irritated and distrustful, workmen discontented and threatening; there exists an extreme of opulence beyond the dreams of avarice, and a hopelessness of poverty beyond remedy; and we are told that the only equalization possible is to come from Socialism, a statement all the more impressive from the fact that in most modern nations the working class have equal political rights with those against whom they appear to be opposed.

Socialism must be known and calmly considered. Put in a moderate way, it is that, all and singular, the members of the body politic are and should be joint partners in a great co-operative state. This state, or a confederation of them, should look after the affairs of the individual; should supplement, if need be, his efforts by the aggregate of wealth and influence; it should transfer all the means of production, land and ships, machinery and workshops, from individual to state ownership; that consequently labor should be organized, co-ordinated to the general welfare, and proportionate distribution should be made for the work done by each.

Such, in a moderate way, are the doctrines of Socialism, which range from mild views of co-operation to the wildest theories of anarchism.

As commonly presented, it rests upon a gigantic initial wrong and falsehood; it has difficulties which appear insuperable in theory and in practice—which, however, do not dissuade multitudes from adopting it. For, how re-make human nature and rid it of its essential inequalities and its universal selfishness; how substitute an adequate stimulus of endeavor beyond one's needs; how take from man, now so fully wedded to liberty, his freedom; make him the willing instrument of state sovereignty, a contented servant and an underling amid and under an all-embracing state officialism?

Whatever be the defects, the inequalities, the injustices of our present system, Socialism is as hopelessly impracticable as it is subversive of all human right. Human nature must be made other than we have known it for such a theory to succeed; nor is the recommendation which Socialism makes any greater inducement, since thus far it has allied itself too often

with materialism and atheism. It attaches more importance to condition than to character, it assumes that man's chief and only end is a happy life here.

ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES INCREASE.

But meantime the condition of affairs is becoming intolerable; some remedy must be found and speedily, since the antagonism between labor and capital, between tenant and proprietor, always uncomfortable, is often threatening, and in many instances, here in our own resourceful country, tragical. Whatever be the causes—whether it be the exploitation of labor for the benefit of capital, or keener competition, the revolution produced by improved machinery is increasing in intensity, while the condition, the lives, the homes of too many of our poor are a disgrace to civilization, humanity, and religion. The wage-standard, if not in itself yet by enforced idleness, is ever nearing the starvation line, and the earners and toilers tend more and more to dependence upon capital for the privilege of working, and even for the right to live.

It will subserve no useful purpose, it will only hinder real good and delay remedy, to allow the emotional part of our nature to carry us to conclusions which may be opposed to facts and statistics. It is foolish to go about with eyes dimmed with pity, to exaggerate the miseries evident enough, to sensationally spread abroad, and to forget that poverty should be considered and judged of as relative, not absolute. It is not wise to lose sight of the truth that a considerable part of the evils we see and hear of are due to voluntary idleness, to intemperance, to improvidence; we must not forget that ingrained and chronic disease yields but slowly and painfully to treatment, yet, making these allowances, there is a refusal of justice, an undervaluation of labor return, an inappeasable demand for better results, in the present system of competition.

It must come—but whence? Our civilization is all too unequal; its robes are splendid with gorgeous patches and embroidery, but ragged and frayed at its edges.

SOCIALISM HAS NO GOSPEL.

The two worlds of penury and profusion, particularly in our great cities, lie in trying as well as dangerous juxtaposition. Here is a district where every mansion is a palace, in the costliness of its appointments, in its treasures of art, taste, and display. Hard by there is a street of the sovereign people, where

no house is fit to be called a home, some not a fit abode for human beings, who, jostled together, reflecting and adding to each other's misery, breathe an atmosphere physically and morally like a pestilence.

Science, then, has no gospel for the poor; it can but point to mysteries and "inexorable laws," which have "no ear to hear, no heart to pity, no arm to save."

Political economy has no gospel but the demonstration that the weak must go to the wall, that those who stumble and fall must expect to be remorselessly trodden on. Socialism has no gospel; only false hopes based upon impossible theories, which, could they be carried out, would result in confusion worse confounded.

Is there, then, no gospel, no remedy which will help, which will create convictions and produce results, which will tend to eliminate despair on the one hand and unholy greed on the other?

LEO XIII. AND HIS ENCYCLICAL.

Here again Christ, speaking through His Vicar, has come to the relief of society. In the epoch-making Encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*" Leo XIII., with a foresight, a directness of application, an urgency of appeal, preaches the gospel to and in behalf of the poor.

After pointing out that evils have come largely by the destruction of the time-honored guilds and the repudiation by the state and society of the church's influence, the Pope shows that the remedy cannot come from Socialism, because, in the first place, it takes away from the worker the right of acquiring, possessing, and disposing of the fruits of his toil. Moreover, Socialism is unjust. It contradicts the inherent, natural right of possession. Man's rational nature bids him make provision for the future, both for himself and his family, and these rights are anterior and more valid than those of community. It is subversive of the established order, and in the end leads to slavery.

In the positive part of the Encyclical he says that no solution is possible without religion. The church, by its doctrine, shows that there must be inequalities, which result in good, inasmuch as they afford practice for virtue in many ways. Life is essentially arduous in any case. There need be no hostility between rich and poor, because each needs the other, each has mutual duties; as in the human body there are many

members each mutually assisting the other and all conspiring to the same end.

Religion has for its minor purposes to teach that poverty and toil are honorable in Jesus Christ. It is very fundamental in the Christian teaching that the poor are brethren of the rich—not their slaves. It is inhuman as well as unchristian to regard them as machines—to overtax them, to force them to engage in degrading toil; justice must be done by giving adequate wages. The anathema of Heaven is pronounced on defrauders. The rich are taught that life is transitory, riches are fleeting; and that there is a strict duty of giving. The wealthy are stewards only of their wealth; they must, therefore, be generous in giving, for there will be an accounting at the last day.

The church not only teaches, but applies these teachings in her own peculiar and forcible way. Christian morality conduces to prosperity. It draws God's blessing. It forbids lust of possession—of pleasure. It teaches frugality, economy, contentment.

The Pope does not maintain that this conflict will be settled within the walls of the church—all the forces of society must conspire and contribute to an effective solution. The pastors, bishops, and priests do their part by enforcement of Christian principles, by supplying enlightenment, inspiration, enthusiasm.

The state does its part by good laws, justice, freedom of contract, proper hours of labor, adequate return for work given by arranging for the proper days of rest, especially the Lord's day. Discussion of these topics in this sense must result in good. Men will be interested in the establishment of private charities, but especially in the formation among workmen and employers of associations and institutions for mutual help. All these, acting on principle and guided by justice and religion, will conspire to the necessary alleviation of many of the social evils.

"LEAD THOU ME ON."

(The Church's Pentecostal Hymn.)

*Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.*

*Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.*

As one who wanders under starless skies,
Among the silent sylvan scenes he knew
When night withdrew and clearer made the view,
Confused and childlike stands with eager eyes,
When lo, a flash of light illumines the way:
One grateful glimpse; the pilgrim starts anew.
So mortals halt in fear and doubt, and pray
For grace to know the right and strength to do,
And lo! a light: a spirit spurs the will,
And in their wake a still small voice is heard,
"Here lies your path; push forward to the goal."
Life's pilgrim onward steps, strong in the word
Which God has surely spoken to the soul,
At last dawn's cheering rays the dark woods fill.


REV. JAMES T. BROWN.



REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN
ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

I.

CONVERTS FROM ANGLICANISM IN THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH
OTHER AND TO "HEREDITARY CATHOLICS."

THE title of "Hereditary Catholics" is one given by the late Cardinal Manning to such Catholics as derive their introduction to the true church and the true faith through their immediate parents, and were baptized as Catholics in their infancy. It is better to use a term like this than to speak of born Catholics, since spiritual birth is given only by Baptism, which is the sacrament of regeneration. It is scarcely necessary to explain what is meant by converts from Anglicanism. This title speaks for itself. The great tide of conversion from the Protestant church of England during the last sixty years is the religious wonder of the present age. It is far more wonderful from the quality of the converts than from the number, though even the number is amazing. The great University of Oxford has been the chief local centre. Men of the highest learning, men and women of the highest social position, clergymen in great numbers holding high positions and exerting great influence in the Anglican Church, have been the leaders in this great movement. But the most wonderful thing of all has been the deep spirituality, the revival of true inward piety, and the large renunciation of worldly prospects, which have accompanied this religious wave.

All that we have said thus far only leads up to the special ground which we desire to occupy in this article. It is now a natural thing, and often a very necessary thing, to distinguish the Catholics of England into two classes, as we have done in the title given above—Converts from Anglicanism in their Relations to Each Other and to "Hereditary Catholics."

A few converts led into the Faith by means of their con-

tact with hereditary Catholics would have brought little or nothing new into the life of Catholic society in England. It would simply be absorbed into the life already prevailing. There would be no swamping of the soil, no flooding even of the surface. All of the new life would soon and easily be assimilated to the old. This is not what has happened during the progress of the Oxford movement. The accession of converts to the old faith has not been in all respects an absorption into the Catholic life already prevailing. There has been something like a flood. The converts have embraced the old Faith as a matter of course. This has been a great leap for each one of them. Every true convert will remember with a grateful and exulting joy the day when he passed over this Rubicon and could claim for himself with truth the proud title of Catholic. But after all this momentous step was but the last step of a long march, and the experiences of his past lifetime had not been made amongst Catholics. Catholics had not been his teachers and instructors. On the contrary, this whole movement towards Rome has originated in the Anglican body. Learned Anglicans honestly believing themselves to derive legitimately from the Church of the Fathers, and seeking to form their communion by a more thorough study of early Christian writers and saints, have found to their dismay that the faith and worship and religious ways of the Fathers were not Anglican, as they had imagined, but far more suitable to Roman Catholics of the present day. In this way the Catholic Church in England, and throughout the English-speaking world, has been inundated by a flood of conversion which Catholics themselves did little to originate. Thus English Catholicism, in matters not essential to Faith or to substantial union, has two very distinguishable currents of life, the one preserved in it by hereditary Catholics, and the other brought into it by recent conversions from Protestantism. This is a noticeable fact, and cannot be ignored by thoughtful minds. It is important that these two classes of the faithful, thus united in one fold, should study each other with a loving interest and learn to understand each other.

Hereditary Catholics have a very great vantage ground, being "to the manner born." Faith has come to them from the cradle easily and without a struggle. In those of them who really and truly love God, their belief wears a beautiful simplicity. Converts feel this at once, and admire it. They cannot, however, put it on at once and wear it well, without over-

doing it. It is something which they have to learn, as militia officers learn after awhile to wear their uniforms naturally and unconsciously like a part of themselves. On the other hand, in some respects the vantage ground lies with converts. If Catholicity is with them something more studied and less instinctive, it is also, for that very reason, something more thoroughly investigated. Converts have already prejudged the ground and judged it erroneously. They have been guided over the ground by blinded guides, and thus their judgments have been formed upon misstated facts. The truths which they have learned have been so warped in the course of their religious education that the Faith which they have held, and on which they have lived, is a sort of *pot-pourri*. This disadvantage, however, becomes an advantage when, through the providence and grace of God, their intellects and hearts have become disentangled from the previous confusion. This process is necessarily a slow one, but all the better for that. It leaves them well acquainted with all the ground over which they have fought their way. It makes them all the more capable of giving to themselves and to others a reason for the Faith that is in them.

Our readers will see by what has been said that, in our opinion, it is a good thing for the church in any country to be composed partly of hereditary Catholics and partly of converts. The fusion gives life to a body of believers so constituted. The two classes act upon each other with mutual benefit, and they act upon non-Catholics with greater power.

It falls within the writer's design to represent these two classes of Catholics not by abstract generalizing but by special types. It takes no long search to find such types in England. They meet us at the first look, standing out in bold relief. Foremost amongst English Catholics of the hereditary class stands forth, strongly outlined, the noble and familiar form of Dr. Wiseman, Cardinal and first Archbishop of Westminster. It belongs to the special providence of God that he was born in our day, and placed at the head of the English hierarchy to meet and welcome to the fold of Christ's Church England's typical convert, John Henry Newman. Wiseman was the influential head and leader of a persecuted and down-trodden church at the moment of its resurrection, when it had found courage enough to establish a new hierarchy and give English names to its dioceses.

Cardinal Vaughan, in addressing the clergy and laity of

Westminster in 1892, thus describes what had been the state of the church in England during its day of proscription:

"Marks of persecution were fresh upon her body, the smell of fire was still upon her clothing. Her organization was abnormal and missionary, reduced to its lowest form, as though England had been China or Japan. After ten centuries of public praise her voice was low; her divine services cut down to their bare essentials; many of her distinctive devotions and practices were either forgotten or conducted in private, and, as it were, in silence and with closed doors. No kind of uniform, no outward mark of distinction in her ministers, was visible. The English Church was like a ship on an angry sea, close-reefed and battened down, exposing as little surface as possible to the stiff gale that was still only lessening."

It was in this state of degradation, humiliation, and obscurity when the writer, in the summer of 1845, first saw London and attended Catholic worship there. Yet this church, so humbled, so crippled, so emaciated, was the true Church of God. All the more powerful was she from her worldly weakness. All the richer was she from her poverty. The authority of God was lodged in her voice. The treasures of the sacraments were dispensed by her hands. It was at such a time as this, when just emerging, so to speak, from the darkness and dust of the catacombs, that the church in England was destined to receive a crowd of converts from the very ranks of her oppressors. "Who are these that come flying like clouds, and as doves to their windows?" The Anglican converts come migrating to the church. They come like foundlings returning eagerly to a home from which they had been lured or stolen by gypsies when their minds were feeble. A kindly Providence has brought them within sight of their old home, and what they feared when misreported, once seen aright, is found to fill painful vacancies in their heart. Who like converts can feel the force of the beautiful couplet which says:

"O Rome, thou city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart do
Cleave to thee!"

How important to Christ and to his holy kingdom that these converts to the ancient church should be welcomed with open arms when thus crowding homeward to the fold! What a benignant providence of God it was that planted Cardinal Wise-

man at the head of the hierarchy just at the right time to receive them!

Now let us take a look at this typical man, this banner-bearer of hereditary Catholics, this wise, great, pious, and genial soul, whose duty it was to welcome Newman and his disciples. He understood his duty and he did it royally.

Dr. Wiseman united in his one person the most valuable and telling qualities of two eminent archbishops in our American hierarchy. I refer to Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore and Archbishop Hughes of New York. The accession of converts to the church was one of the delights of Archbishop Kenrick's life. He not only took part eagerly in receiving them when they were thrown in his way, but he loved to hear of their conversion. When circumstances made it unwise to communicate the intelligence of this nature which came to him, it was hard for him to keep the secret. He said to me once when visiting him in his study: "You will hear of something very soon which will make you very happy. It is the conversion to the church of a very distinguished Protestant clergyman. I must not mention his name now, nor say anything to indicate who he is. You will hear of it, however, very soon." He threw his head back in his chair as he said this, and his whole face beamed with joy. Archbishop Hughes was more reserved in matters of this kind. He was a man of sterner mould, and with far less sentiment than Dr. Kenrick. Lion-hearted himself at all times, his great special vocation was to teach confidence and courage to his brethren, who had lost heart during a long course of oppressive inequality. His keen intelligence, however, made him well aware of the magnitude of the Oxford Movement. He took good care, when he could, to place converts in positions where they could do the most good and utilize, outside of the church, the experience which they had gained in their former life, and their influence upon others still non-Catholic.

In 1845, coming through London with McMaster and Hecker, we landed near the Vauxhall Gardens, where we stopped at a baker's, not far away. Next morning being Sunday, we looked for a place to say Mass. We found none in this quarter. Nobody seemed to know of any, until at last a little room was discovered somewhere in the neighborhood with an altar, where we got what we wanted.

In 1848, coming back to London, with other Redemptorists I arrived at Clapham. On entering the hall we heard for the

first time Father Petcherine preaching in the chapel there. His voice came through a door where we stood with our luggage in our hand. His preaching was so fine, and his English was so perfect, that it seemed to me wonderful, coming from a native Russian. This was Father Petcherine, afterwards so well known in England and in Ireland.

Well I remember my first meeting with Dr. Wiseman. On a Sunday after Christmas a Redemptorist mission began in St. George's Church, Southwark, at that time under the charge of Father Thomas. This church had risen on the Surrey side of the Thames. It stood in its glory in the very quarter where three years earlier I and my companions had searched with so much difficulty for an altar where we could worship. Father Petcherine was also preacher at the mission. His imaginative and magnetic sermons, chiefly on the great truths which deal most directly and forcibly with the conscience, were delivered in the evening. Sermons of a more instructive character were given by myself, mostly in the morning at 10 o'clock. The Very Reverend Father De Held, Provincial, with a relay of other Redemptorists, assisted at the confessionals. Dr. Wiseman, then coadjutor to Bishop Walsh, came to St. George's, as did his senior, to give countenance to our work.

Never shall I forget the noble bearing and manners of Nicholas Wiseman. The presence of these two bishops was, of course, a great encouragement. But what remains most forcibly impressed upon my memory is one of those lion-like qualities which go to make up this wonderful man. Father Thomas had obtained from him a special permission to have a midnight Mass on Christmas. It was given on the express understanding that there should be no throng, no public announcement, no price for admission, but only a few invitation cards sent out to satisfy the devotion of a few persons known to the pastor and who were very urgent for the privilege. Father Thomas, whose principal object was at all times to collect money, had abused this privilege in that way. This was to our dismay. The bishop came on account of this violation of his orders, and also to encourage our mission. Dr. Wiseman took occasion at dinner-time to take Father Thomas to task for this, and he did it publicly before a number of ecclesiastics assembled at the dinner-table. He did this calmly but by no means gently. He fixed his eyes on the offender in a way that was far more trying than any mere words could be.

Father Thomas endeavored to evade the rebuke by a jocose

reply. This would not do. He was dealing with a man that was in earnest, and not accustomed to allow his authority to be trifled with. Rebuke followed rebuke, until the offender was reduced to helpless silence and a thorough confusion. During this scene Dr. Wiseman more than once appealed deferentially to his senior bishop: "Am I right, my lord?" "You are perfectly right," was the quiet reply. These marks of deference to a still higher authority only served to make the authority of the speaker more telling. England's great bishop, Dr. Nicholas Wiseman (a hereditary Catholic), was at all times, and even in comparatively small matters, a great man. No one understood better the genial maxim of Horace, "*Dulce est decipere in loco.*" No one, however, could lure him away from any purpose on which his mind was fixed. His presence was always a power.

I never heard this remarkable man speak from the pulpit but once. He did not come to the services in order to preach. He addressed the people because he was there, and he said no more than the occasion demanded.

II.

WISEMAN AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.—REDEMPTORISTS AT CLAPHAM.—BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

What interested me very much in Dr. Wiseman was his profound respect for religious orders, albeit himself a secular. At the time of my residence at the Redemptorist Convent at Clapham he was especially anxious to bring the pastors and confessors of the diocese to a correct and familiar knowledge of the moral theology of St. Alphonsus. For this purpose he engaged Father De Held, our Provincial, to assist at conferences where he himself presided. We Redemptorists were, of course, well pleased at the encouragement thus given to our missionaries, and to the practice followed by us in dealing with penitents. It was an especial pleasure to us that Father De Held should have been selected to initiate these explanations before a body of clergy so important and influential. There was an especial timeliness in the invitation. The loose practice taught by Father Faure was gaining ground amongst confessors in various quarters of the church, and the sooner it was changed in England the better for that reviving church. The characteristic doctrine of Father Faure's theology was that *Semper credendum est pœnitenti pro se vel contra se loquenti*—i. e., The

testimony of the penitent, whether he speaks in his own favor or against himself, must be accepted by his confessor. The great mischief of this maxim is, that it must be made to apply to the question of the sincerity of the penitent's sorrow. Although still living with the habit of sin unbroken, although constantly falling back into the same vices which he has promised to abandon, the confessor must still take his word that this time he is truly sorry, and deal with him as a true penitent. Father De Held was well known amongst us as holding this doctrine in utter abhorrence, and they knew well that in any conferences of the clergy where a leading part should be assigned to him, it would not be long before this great error would be brought to the front.

I cannot forbear introducing in this place an anecdote of Father De Held, which will present him in a moment of excitement.

It illustrates the grandeur of his bearing, and at the same time emphasizes his dislike of the peculiar error which attaches itself to the teaching of Father Faure.

At some time in the early part of the year 1848 a meeting of professors, missionaries, and students was assembled in the Redemptorist house of studies at Wittem, or Wilre, in the province of Limbourg, Holland. An exercise was going on termed in that Order "An Academy of Missions." The question under discussion at this academy brought up the opinion of Father Faure. Only one man present favored it. He was, however, a man of high position, a rector of one of the houses of the Order, and being very enthusiastic in his opinions, likely to exert a great deal of influence. He maintained his ground with great tenacity, and the discussion became very lively. Never shall I forget its solemn termination. Father De Held rose like a lion roused from his lair. What excited him most was the imputation that the sentiments of the rector, above named, coincided with those of St. Liguori, the founder of our Order. After a few words of argument he lifted up his right hand towards heaven and declared: "*Quantum distat terra de cælo, tantum distat doctrina Patris Faure ab illa sancti Patris nostri Alphonsi.*" Then, striking his clinched hand on the table with a force that made it rattle, he declared the discussion ended.

This remembrance of mine does something more than bring to the front the grand figure of a noble Austrian missionary. It brings into still greater prominence the cardinal chosen, by

God's providence, to introduce a better practice for the confessional than prevailed at that time in England.

I do not propose to represent Nicholas Wiseman to the reader as a saint; that is, as one heroically devoted in all things to a life of perfection. He was in many respects what many have called him, a man of the world. From his birth he was a Catholic, and thoroughly Catholic. His early training made him most thoroughly a Roman Catholic. The land of his love, to which his vocation especially called him, was England. He was, therefore, most unquestionably English. He was a native of Spain, both his parents being citizens of that country. How much his manhood may have retained from the influences of Spain upon his childhood, is more than I can undertake to say; but traces of the Celtic blood which flowed through his veins are more clearly discernible, and justify those who see in his life the marks of an Irishman. All this constitutes a singular make-up of a great man. No small constituent of his greatness consists in the broadness of his character and the wonderful variety of his talents and attainments. One thing is certain, he always honored religious orders, although not a religious himself, and was always in perfect sympathy with them. Yet both he and other English bishops, sympathizing with him, found fault and made complaint that the religious orders in England were sometimes not willing to join in special labors, inaugurated by the bishop for the general benefit of the diocese.

I have no personal reminiscence of this kind in which Dr. Wiseman is concerned; but I remember very well an incident which shows how a zealous and strong-willed bishop may get to overlook the rights and necessities of a religious order, when it insists upon adhering to its own vocation.

The Redemptorists had established themselves at Falmouth. This establishment had been effected, in a great measure, under the kindly solicitude and patronage of Dr. Wiseman. When I arrived in England, in the summer of 1848, Falmouth belonged to the charge of Dr. William Ullathorne, Bishop of Cabasa, "*in partibus infidelium*," and Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District. Dr. Ullathorne was one of the most prominent and promising bishops of his day. Like Cardinal Wiseman, he has also been lauded as being friendly to the religious orders. It does not follow from this, however, that either was always in perfect harmony with the religious orders. I must be allowed to introduce, by way of explanation, an interview,

the first, which I had with Bishop Ullathorne. It occurred at Birmingham, and must have taken place some time in the year 1849.

I was at that time a member of the Redemptorist Community at Hanley, in Worcestershire. I was sent by my superior, Father Lans, to Birmingham, in order to guide to our convent a priest from Breda. He had come to England in order to visit our house. Not understanding English, he had twice lost his way, being misdirected to Hanley, and twice sent back to Birmingham. The bishop would not allow him to venture a third time alone. He wrote to Father Lans accordingly, who sent me for him.

On arriving at the bishop's house, I presented myself at once to the bishop in his study. According to the prevailing custom, I kneeled on one knee to kiss his ring and ask his benediction, and then stood up again. To my amazement the bishop said :

"It is all very well, young gentleman, to kiss your bishop's ring, but is it not much better to obey your bishop?"

"My lord," said I, "have I ever disobeyed you?"

"Well, no," he answered; "not you, so far as I am aware, but your fathers have."

"I do not know, my lord, to what you refer."

"You must have heard," he said, "that you had a community at one time at Falmouth, in my district, and that it was abandoned without my consent."

"I only know that it was abandoned because they had no means to live there and support a community of sisters."

"I have more to say," persisted the bishop, "in reference to the obedience which the members of your Order are accustomed to show authority. This refers to the present state of things in your convent at Hanley; and, also, to the sisters who have the charge of your school. I suppose I have some sort of jurisdiction over priests who are engaged in parish work in my diocese. I think, also, I ought to have some part to play in the management of the schools which are under the care of Religious Sisters. What have you to say to that?"

"Certainly, my lord, and perhaps this will explain that matter"; and I presented to him a letter which contained an invitation to visit our house and arrange matters to suit himself. Then his manner changed and he smiled most kindly.

"I think so, too, my lord," I said.

The bishop looked curiously at me and said frankly:

"Well, enough, enough. I have no fault to find with you and ought not to have received you as I did. Let us say no more about it."

I saw him several times afterwards on his visits to Hanley. I must frankly confess that when he came he always found fault very roughly and unreasonably. His complaints were always of a general nature, which would apply equally well to any religious order that was steadfastly disposed to adhere to its own vocation.

I know, not from personal observation but from other sources, that Cardinal Wiseman sometimes asked from religious orders more than they could conscientiously concede. They have sometimes asked for things that they could not conscientiously themselves accord. I do not know that Cardinal Wiseman ever exacted these concessions, or was rude or offensive in urging them. His respect for the religious life was manifestly sincere and deep. How could a man so moulded and so trained be otherwise?

Cardinal Wiseman must, I think, have had, more than any other man in England, a strong motive for pressing into his own peculiar work every aid that he could possibly and conscientiously demand. God had placed him in the very heart of England—in London itself. There human life throbbed with poverty, and much of that poor life was Catholic. That Catholic crowd of poor looked up to him for spiritual food. St. Alphonsus Liguori could well be contented with such a bishop, whose greatest work was to save souls that were most abandoned!

The high position and force of character of Cardinal Wiseman made him very powerful in the Catholic body, and he would have been a very dangerous man to collide with had he been less gentle. We form our best conception of the infinite beauty of God, when we remember that—

"Our lives lean on a gentle arm

That loves to save, though strong to slay."

So in beholding human character, moral beauty never stands forth in stronger light than when we see a patient sweetness presiding in one who is vested with a great power to compel.



BISHOP WATTERSON.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

IN the death of Bishop Watterson of Columbus, Ohio, the church in America and the cause of good citizenship generally have lost no ordinary man. He was a tower of strength in all noble works within his own diocese and State, but his influence and spirit reached far beyond these limits. This was strikingly shown in the extended notice taken of his death by the secular and religious press of the country, and even by many of the most influential bodies of non-Catholic clergymen. In his own episcopal city of Columbus the event came as a

public calamity. There, his character and work had been manifested during nineteen years of service as a bishop—and nobly did the people testify to his devotion to his duty, and to his manly, lovable character.

To those who knew him well, who for many years had seen him engaged in the humblest as in the greatest duties, and been brought within the cheering influence of his personality—this devotion on the part of the people came as no surprise; for to the most extensive learning and culture he united a singular charm of presence, an easiness of access, a sparkle of conversation that rose in his public addresses into the most moving eloquence. A word or two regarding his career may show the breadth and scope of the man, the impulse of his work—the sources whence he drew his inspiration.

He was born May 27, 1844, near Blairsville, Indiana County, Pa., of a family distinguished in many walks of life. His academic studies having been completed in St. Vincent's College, Pa., he entered the seminary of Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Md., and was ordained to the priesthood August 8, 1868. Soon afterward he became a professor and member of the faculty of Mt. St. Mary's. In a short time he was elected vice-president, and when that old patriarch of "The Mountain," Dr. John McCloskey, resigned in 1877, Father Watterson became president. At this time Fordham College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. These years at "The Mountain" were the closing years of that galaxy of great men who had taken the trust from the founders and their immediate successors, and worthily sustained the reputation of "the mother of bishops" for religion and learning. Of such were Dr. John McCaffrey, Dr. John McCloskey, Dr. McMurdie, and Father John O'Brien, author of *The History of the Mass*.

Father Watterson remained at the head of the college until 1880, when he was called to the Bishopric of Columbus, to succeed the late Bishop Rosecrans. He was consecrated in the cathedral by Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, August 7, 1880, Bishops Tuigg of Pittsburg and McCloskey of Louisville acting as assistants.

Then began his great work in the diocese assigned to him. That work speaks for itself in the many new churches, schools, convents, and charitable institutions that sprang up within his jurisdiction. Nor was his thought given to outwardly great works alone: the humblest of his flock never came in vain to him for comfort and assistance.

Ever close to his heart was the cause of temperance. In truth, during his entire episcopacy he waged an unrelenting war against drunkenness and the abuse of the liquor traffic. So outspoken was he in this regard, from the very first day of his episcopacy, that he roused up a bitter opposition; but this opposition only increased his efforts, until, by strict regulations uniformly enforced throughout his diocese, he moderated the evils of the saloon to such a degree as to receive the unstinted praise of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In this warfare he made many material sacrifices; but such sacrifices never gave him a moment's hesitation in his fight for the cause of sobriety and the safety of the home.

Let these resolutions, passed upon his death by the Presbyterian Union of Columbus, speak for the esteem in which his non-Catholic fellow-citizens held him:

"Having heard of the sudden, though not altogether unexpected, death of the Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Columbus, whom we recognize as a faithful minister of Christ, and a distinguished servant of God in his church, we share the sorrow which has thus come to this community and which is felt alike by all who seek the moral and religious welfare of this city.

"We are glad to acknowledge his uniform courtesy in his intercourse with those not of his denomination.

"We recognize the strength of his character, the purity of his life, and the unblemished reputation which he has maintained in all the years of his residence among us. We heartily appreciate his ready co-operation in every effort for the suppression of vice and immorality; his aid and counsel in the charitable work of the city; his unfaltering support of the cause of temperance, and his patriotic service as an American citizen.

"When such a man falls the whole community sustains a loss, and we desire to pay this tribute of our esteem to his memory.

"Signed—William E. Moore, D.D., LL.D.; William Stuart Eagleson, A.M."

Nor were the words "his patriotic service as an American citizen" mere empty phrases. Next to his God came his love for his native land—evidenced not by words alone, but by living deeds. That this trait was recognized by those outside his spiritual direction is proof sufficient of its reality.

Washington Gladden, the well-known writer on social sub-

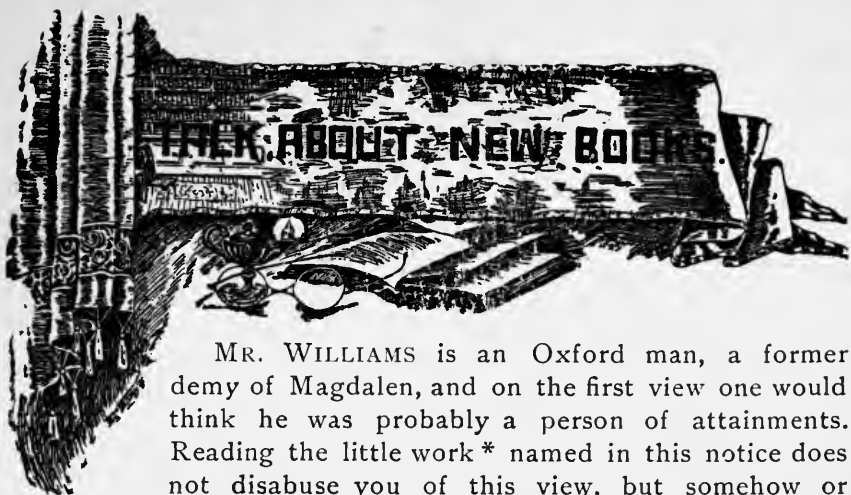
jects, said on hearing of his death: "I have always looked upon him as one of the strongest, brightest, and most upright Christian men of my acquaintance."

President Canfield, of the Ohio State University, said: "I knew Bishop Watterson personally and admired him greatly as a man. He was one of the purest types of American citizenship."

The life of such a man is truly a benediction to a nation—ay, to a race: for the record of such a soul becomes a standard of spiritual values—a measure by which men involuntarily measure themselves and feel inwardly constrained to meet. The life and passing to his reward of such a man for ever extends upon the earth the boundaries of the Kingdom of Light.

We hail and greet him, not as one dead, but as a victor over time and death, for truly could the words of Tennyson be applied to him, as

"One who reverenc'd his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, nor listen'd to it;
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
Not making his high place the lawless perch of wing'd ambitions,
Nor a vantage ground for pleasure;
But thro' all, wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
A prince indeed beyond all titles."



MR. WILLIAMS is an Oxford man, a former demy of Magdalen, and on the first view one would think he was probably a person of attainments. Reading the little work* named in this notice does not disabuse you of this view, but somehow or other one is besides more or less favorably impressed by him and his ways. You get the notion that he is a prig as well as a man of some scholarship and ability. There is in this little book a decided and bold statement of important considerations too often lost sight of by Catholic writers, for which we thank him; he has a serious sense of responsibility in undertaking this work and desires to acquit himself well in consequence; but all the same you have the idea he wishes to put forth his wares well labelled, and thereby distinguished from similar goods supplied by non-convert Catholics.

However, we give cordial praise to the manner in which he presents to view the intrinsic evil of heresy; and we do this, not because there is anything new in the statement of a fact as familiar to St. Augustine and the other Fathers, to St. Thomas and the Schoolmen, to every mind which has learned the historical lesson of the result of the heretical spirit, as any other fact of consciousness, but because he presents it with consideration for the feelings of readers outside the church. We have no doubt but that the little book will be found useful to any intelligent and fair-minded man outside the church who desires to be satisfied as to his position with reference to God. In any case it ought to suggest some examination of the history of Revelation as told by the church and witnessed to in her own life. It is a fair question: Why should the study of God's dealings with mankind, as set forth in the Revelation of the Old and New Testament, and the continuous life of the Jewish and the Christian Church, be not as in-

* *Christian Argument*. By J. Herbert Williams, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society.

teresting a study as any other branch of anthropology. There are considerations at this point worthy of an enlightened mind.

Is there anything peculiar to the Christian Revelation which marks it off from the communications put forward by the Indian, or Mohammedan, the Chinese, the Persian, or the Greek, or by any other of the religious systems or revelations which have asserted authority from God? Has any other system or revelation claimed to be something original and integral in the human race? But apart from that, could the human mind devise a scheme so much above anything that it has elsewhere historically conceived as this continuous revelation from Eden to the Lord Christ? That is to say: Does the Christian Revelation differ, not only in grade but in character, from all other accounts of revelation? These are great questions to any person outside the church, and Mr. Williams suggests them, if not quite so distinctly as they are marked down here, with sufficient clearness to put the reader on inquiry.

Where we think his little book is extremely well done is where he discusses the proofs for the divinity of our Lord. Within a short compass the passages explicitly or implicitly declaring this doctrine are gathered together, collated, and compared with an ease and force which could not be surpassed within the limits at his disposal. The declaration of the Nicene Creed goes out, "true God of true God," as the crystallized embodiment of all the texts, the inevitable, irresistible expression of all the references to the Divine Person who became flesh. We cannot praise this part of Mr. Williams' effort too highly; at the same time we cannot overlook his affected rendering of *Deum Verum de Deo Vero*—Very God of very God. With very great respect for him, we distinctly deny that "very" is the translation of "verus" in the Creed. "Very" in English usage suggests identification of an individual in himself, rather than this plus his relation with others and with circumstance of time, place, and possession.

Protestant Belief, by the same author and from the same publisher, is another small work. We think it a very fair herald of the one we have just noticed, but it in some degree lacks the strength and precision of the latter. Yet we do not mean that it is in any way destitute of force; and clearly, from his antecedents, the writer would speak as one upon his native heath when talking of the belief of those among whom he was brought up. The explanation is, Mr. Williams was cautious, as

a Catholic apologist must be, and therefore he gained in exactness in the later work; he was strong in this too, because he was conscious of speaking with the authority of sixty or seventy centuries behind him to men beaten and pushed about and groping blindly, or to men sitting down in the awful calm of an Epicurean who has made up his mind that the careless gods are not careless, but that they are dead.

The curious remark of the gentleman whose autobiography is the title* of this notice—that the politician puts on airs and pretends he is moving the world, when he is only a puppet being pulled by a string—may describe accurately enough what the man of affairs meant in the France of the seventeenth century, but surely it would not represent him now and would not be like him in the time of the Regent Orleans. He is now a clever person who deals in Panama shares and things on the Bourse; he is as moral as a member of the present government of England who combines a directorship in Hooley companies with a high office in the public service. In the Orleans days Law led that able regent into speculations of which a lame duck might be ashamed; and in the great country of the pharisees Hooley paid money to men for taking a chance of enriching themselves at the expense of more foolish people. It is a good thing to know, whatever may be said of the scandalous Orleans, that there are twenty-four men high in the public service of the British government who are directors of twice that number of limited liability companies.

The time of the story is the administration of Mazarin, and we are introduced to the world of the day in a chapter entitled "A Mysterious Assassination." It is a pity he should tell the reader so much as that the billet-doux is a decoy, a trap by which M. de Fontanges, the reckless, card-sharping, duel-fighting, penniless younger son of a good family in Picardy, is to be led into the assassination of a high functionary whose vigilance and ability stand in the way of a conspiracy against the cardinal. M. de Fontanges is a man of gallantry, and bad and disreputable as he is, soiled as his experiences are, there is enough of the gentleman left to make him ready for anything to win the good opinion of a woman. On this survival of sentiment in the wreck of a career the fair plotter builds. He goes blindfold in both senses, physically and mentally, into the service, and only discovers the rank and power of the

* *The Silver Cross*. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

person whom the lady wants removed because the companion he had taken to aid him recognized that individual. We think M. de Fontanges, who at the end of his biography writes the observation with which we opened this notice, is a clever, shrewd adventurer, and undervalues himself. He is a man of wit, or something very near to it, but the companion engaged in the removal of the high functionary is an extravagant and impossible Irishman such as is to be found only in English novels, one who certainly had no existence at the time of the tale. Louis XIV., who was a good judge of a gentleman, said his Irish officers were the most perfect gentlemen in Europe. So much, then, for Eugene O'Brien Viscomte de Barrymore, of this story.

However, a real love passage evolves itself from the assignation, and a pleasing one indeed. The issue of the conspiracy is startling owing to the Irishman's wild sense of humor, which leads him to attempt things no sane man would do, and for no better reason than the enjoyment of the jest. The jest is successful: nothing less than using a blank *lettre de cachet* signed by Mazarin, and found on the person to be removed out of the conspirators' way. It was intended for De Fontanges, but M. de Barrymore writes in the blank space the name of the man to be got rid of. The cardinal's trusted friend is sent to the prison, in the cardinal's carriage and by his warrant. Rather a bold proceeding, which earned at the minister's hands the rack as a preparation for the headsman. Both De Fontanges and De Barrymore himself were in a dilemma, out of which the Irishman's humor found an escape by sacrificing his friend. Yet he acted in this incredibly infamous manner with good faith and through the spirit of loyal friendship. This idea is a little far-fetched, we shall not say idiotic, because the author shows very considerable talent throughout his work: the influence of prejudice, no doubt; which works in polite literature like preconceived theory in that German criticism which is anything but polite literature.

The complications are considerable, but a clear style, easy and rapid narrative, do not permit them to become too involved. As the novel purports to be an autobiography, we are not afraid of M. de Fontanges' headsman, believing as we do that the work could hardly have been produced without a head of some kind.

There is one very well-conceived character—"Brown Eyes"—deep in a political conspiracy, but a young lady *chic* as the relative and confidante of Madame the Duchess de Chevreuse

should be, pure-minded and romantic as such a confidante could hardly be expected to be. The author would have greatly interested us if he brought the duchess more prominently to the front. The materials are superabundant. Every one knows that that intriguing woman was never out of a conspiracy, and no one could predict what conspiracy would be the next. The author may have been wise in making her seem rather an influence than an active conspirator, leaving the effect to the reader's faith. But as she was a somewhat vulgar-minded woman notwithstanding high rank and perfect manners, she could not have been an impersonal thing affecting her puppets like a passion. M. de Barrymore, then, was wrong in calling her scheme a crusade; it was a poor plot. She was in the heart of her enterprises. We remember how she fooled an illegitimate grandson of Henry IV. into a conspiracy which landed him in the Bastille—well for him it was “the little cardinal” who held the helm. She played upon his ambition—royal bastards in France had come to be very like the royal bastards in England whom Horace Walpole so pitilessly diagnoses. The author is right in making the duchess recognize the contrast between Mazarin and Richelieu; but then every one realized it. That grandson of Henry IV. who appears in the story—M. de Beaufort—the author does not speak of the relationship, yet this was the spring of his motive in the conspiracy, if it be the one we mean and not an imaginary one,—this grandson of Henry IV., we say, would have been given to the headsman by Richelieu; Mazarin would only imprison him. This marks an obvious difference between the two ministers. Again, we infer from the book that the duchess had been conspiring all through the time of the former minister—hardly correct; the fact is, Richelieu kept her away from the court against the wishes of the king at times, against those of the queen always; and her conspiracies then were mere stage business, disguises always penetrated, mysteries which could not be penetrated because they had nothing in them. The great cardinal was an influence to be feared. The tale is very well told though, and not unhealthy.

This pamphlet,* which consists of two chapters, one entitled “The Kingdom of Italy,” the other “The Sovereignty of Rome,” is a handy and useful contribution to the literature on

* *The Kingdom of Italy and the Sovereignty of Rome.* By William Poland, S.J., St. Louis University. St. Louis: B. Herder.

the temporal power of the pope. The first gives in a compendious form a *résumé* of the leading facts which constitute the political history of Italy since the rise of Victor Emmanuel's power. The passages on the plebiscite and guarantees are effective, and those headed "spoliation and debt" will be instructive to those who look with favor upon the Italian Revolution. Father Poland has given some extracts from English publications on the hunger-riots of the last few years, and the laws passed to quell similar outbreaks. The *Saturday Review* describes them as "tyrannical in principle," the *Spectator* says "These laws are as bad as any of our own penal laws." In the Roman correspondence of the London *Times* this passage appeared: "The church, from the pope down to the lowest ecclesiastic, is in the hands of the state without defence from the action of the law." In a number of this magazine an article mentioned particulars of the riots in Sicily and the main-land. Father Poland quotes from the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1894, a statement to the effect that hundreds of brutal laws were passed from which there was no appeal, and that vast numbers in the flower of youth and prime of manhood were flung "into the hell of Italian prisons." There was nothing like this in the time of "old Bomba" or "Bomba the younger," as the detestable Italians and their English admirers called his majesty Ferdinand and his majesty Francis II. Surely there ought to be some nickname for the King of Piedmont beside that of King of Italy.

The chapter on the sovereignty of Rome is good reading. The question of the temporal power is stated clearly, and we should recommend its perusal to some "latter day" Catholics. It is a thorny crown. How many pope-kings have died in exile, how many have been flung into prison, assaulted, poisoned, or threatened with that form of death, how many have died broken-hearted? John X. was strangled as though he were a sultan or a czar, or some other semi-civilized ruler; and almost all of them have been subjected to some outrage at the hands of the Romans, and all the time the same Romans were ready to agree to anything rather than that the pope should live elsewhere. We are pleased to find a Jesuit with sound principles on this question. Father Poland recognizes that the pope's right to a temporal sovereignty is divine, from which our own inference follows that he is entitled to the restoration of the usurped states because no prescription can arise against that right. We have pleasure in recommending this publication.

A selection from the *Thoughts* of Joubert,* translated by Katherine Lyttleton, with a preface by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, deserves more than the fugitive notice we can give it in this place. The value of the study is not in the thoughts themselves so much as in their revelation of an order of mental form wrought out of certain qualities by the action of changing and conflicting influences. The thoughts themselves do not always possess depth, but those that are obvious and superficial charm by an unusual delicacy of form which makes their expression as fine as gossamer. He was an egoist concerned for others, and these seemingly hostile prepossessions are the basis of the character on which Diderot wrote the impulse for new and progressive ideas, and Châteaubriand the noble and intense calm which comes of veneration for the past.

He reminds us of Falkland, but Falkland without restlessness; a man of convictions whose source lay in sympathy with defeat. He mused where Falkland fought, but in both a spirit of chivalry made them the courtiers of the unfortunate. Even when Châteaubriand made an epoch in literature, the love of the church and her influence did not move Frenchmen like a passion; there was no flood of Crusade ideas, no war cries of God wills it! in what Mrs. Ward implies was a reactionary spirit dominating France and undoing the Revolution. It was so far—this spirit in literature—only a graceful romanticism rising from the ruins of all things and taking the place in society of those philosophical platitudes beyond the abyss which had produced so much disaster. France still remained the child of the Revolution, though it bowed to the *Genius of Christianity*. The beautiful embodiment of Châteaubriand's conception of the Church stood in society like a queen, and gentlemen bent to her, but without enthusiasm. Joubert had enthusiasm, but it was only of the intellect—an intellect, too, of taste rather than of creative power. The later master's conception was fitted for his mind, and so the influence of the *Genius of Christianity* is seen in those later *Thoughts*.

Mr. Craig dedicates his book, entitled *Christian Persecutions*,† “to the cause of humanity and the overthrow of intolerance, bigotry, and ignorance.” Brought up a Protestant full of pre-

* *Joubert's Thoughts*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *Christian Persecutions*. By Asa W. Craig. Mukwonago, Wisconsin: The Burlington Publishing Co.

judices against the church, he had the idea that she was responsible for the mischiefs which afflicted the world since the time of her ascendancy in Europe. It does not appear clear at what exact period her baleful control over man's intellect began to be exercised, but the notion was in his mind as an ordinary fact determining his opinion, just as one's confidence in the succession of day and night regulates the apportionment of his labors and the performance of other obligations. The vague and shadowy impression about the rise of this influence did not diminish the strength of his conviction of its reality; and we owe much to the candor and charity which moved him to confess a view which puts him among those who take the opinions of others without question, even though they are on the face of them tainted with prejudice. To a logical mind the first question would occur: If the Catholic Church has been such a disastrous power in the moral and social world, where did she obtain the authority over the judgments and affections of men which made her that? This no Protestant has attempted to answer; he evades it by saying that she was pure in doctrine and morals to the fourth century or the sixth; and leaves you to infer that this settles the whole question of religious wars, persecutions for heresy, a closed Bible, and tyranny over the intellect. Fortunately for Mr. Craig, he was on terms of the closest friendship with Catholics excellent in all the relations of life, men of solid piety and business capacity. These could not be sincere Catholics if immoral and sanguinary principles meant sincere Catholicism; if their belief was not sincere, they were hypocrites or fools, but neither of these alternatives could apply to able and intelligent men, pious and blameless in their lives, men abounding in the best fruits of Christian life. He thought he would study the problem for himself; and with the result that not only prejudices were removed, but he discovered that the persecutions were against and not by the church, that they began in the first days of her life, and are in some form or other in full activity to-day. The late Lord Macaulay bore testimony to the eminent sanctity of many Catholics in terms of fine appreciation; he spoke of them as one speaks of the highest exemplars of Christian virtue. That there are many men outside the church who recognize the holiness of individual Catholics to-day and in every age there can be no question. This is within the experience of private friendship and general reading both of Catholics and Protestants; yet the impact of Protestant prejudice, or at least anti-Catho-

lic prejudice, is a mass that presses on Catholics in England, America, and Germany in personal and public relations almost as much to-day as ever; quite as if the old fears which were the vindication of disabling laws had not been removed with the laws they were thought to justify.

There is one topic which, we think, can be regarded as only a persecution of the church in an indirect sense, namely, the views or negations of Mr. Ingersoll. If these are in conflict with all belief in religion, we think the persecution of the church from that source is not likely to redound to her special disadvantage. The sanctions which are behind all morality are the guarantee to society for the observance of all laws, therefore Mr. Ingersoll's attacks on the foundations of morality are more directly an assault on the state than on the church. The prince does not wear the sword in vain; we do not mean that the gentleman in question should be distinguished by a public prosecution, far from that, but we wish it to be understood that any danger from him is to society and not to that supreme influence and power by which society is made possible. Oh no! we hope Mr. Ingersoll will live long and enjoy his liberty to the last; and with this enjoyment that which must afford pleasure to a man of well-constituted mind in his last hour, the knowledge that he has done no harm.

When Catholics turn their attention to dramatic literature and claim their share in that long-undervalued field for public influence, we may hope to reclaim those theatres now struggling between respectability and failure. Beautiful sentiments, characters, situations, built upon a solid conviction of Christian truth and expressed with the care and attention to detail that marks our classic plays, will not only outbid the colorless popular successes upon our stage, but will create an ever-increasing demand for the best drama. Our Catholic writers have too long neglected this opportunity, and the time is ripe for them to depict in dramatic literature the action of the Holy Ghost working through the human heart, uplifting, ennobling, and beautifying it as no lesser influence can do. A promising augury has appeared in a little volume entitled *The Old Patroon, and Other Plays*,* by George Stanislaus Connell, where literary excellence has not been overlooked in the desire to attain practical fitness for the stage. The title play repre-

* *The Old Patroon, and Other Plays.* By George Stanislaus Connell. New York: William H. Young & Co.

sents an old Dutch burgher of our pre-Revolutionary days who, remaining loyal to the love of his youth, wins her at last in a beautiful little love scene of quiet dignity. We feel instinctively as we survey his character that its strength comes, not from any modern sentimentality, but from his deep-rooted conviction of a future life and his firm belief that God, who had led him to love a woman, would, here or hereafter, unite their hearts. The other plays in the book, which were written especially for college students and contain only male characters, are entitled: "My Youngster's Love Affair," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mild Monomaniac." Altogether, the volume offers a charming afternoon's reading.

In the season when nature seems to hear a voice from heaven summoning her back to light and gladness, when every sound, from the first thunder, with its host of memories, to the daily morning songs of returning birds, appears a call to resume the crown of her neglected kingdom, the Queen of Heaven, Mary, our Source of Joy, should find new votaries and new-born ardor in the love of faithful hearts. And foremost among those to sing her praises we naturally expect the good priest who, by daily imitation of her virtues and by freedom from the world's distractions, breathes a purer atmosphere of spiritual insight and commands a mountain view of far-spread loveliness that dwellers in a valley never know. The tender piety that graces every thought in Father O'Neill's little book of verses,* bears out to perfection the Christian ideal of devotion to our Mother, unparalleled for beauty in all the most entrancing works of poetical conception. Whether his imagination pays her tribute as his Queen, crowned with the seven stars, or as the Immaculate One, the Miracle of our race, whom Wordsworth loved to call "our tainted nature's solitary boast," or as our Lady of Light, or as the gracious Lady of Lourdes, in every case the true religious spirit breathing through the lines emphasizes anew the truth that, after all, the much-disputed definition of poetry (prescinding from its expression) is nothing more or less than God's grace. Without this a great name will pass away with its wearer: with it an obscure servant of God becomes invested with a charm worthy of a Homer's portrayal. May the spirit of Father O'Neill's beautiful little book win for it the wide appreciation it deserves!

* *Between Whiles: A Collection of Verses.* By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C. Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

Two brochures* form part of the series called "Science and Religion, or Studies for the Present Time." This series covers a very wide range, theological, moral, scientific, and historical. While most of the writers are priests and theologians, laymen and scientists also have contributed.

The first of the two pamphlets, *Du Doute à la Foi*, contains an accurate statement, such as may be found in every theological work on the subject, of the nature of Faith, and of the *præambula* requisite for it, on the obligation to believe, and on the part which the will has therein. If this were all, any very special reason for its appearance might not be evident. But special value is given to the work by the large sympathy manifested therein for those who have not faith, by the way in which Father Tournebize shows the need in which man stands of faith in order to lead a moral life, and most of all by the chapter on the dispositions necessary for the acceptance of faith.

Father Tournebize fully recognizes the reality of the difficulties which stand in the way of faith, and that these difficulties do not always spring from shameful causes. This recognition gives the work its tone. It is not reproachful and objurgatory, but calm, argumentative, enlightening. For any but educated readers it is, we fear, too condensed and succinct; nor is it meant for those who are satisfied with their unbelief, but for those who are trying to find a way out; and among these perhaps it is better fitted for those for whom, as in France, the Catholic Church is the living religious power, and who have already a good knowledge of its doctrines and spirit. There are, however, not a few in this country to whom the work will be useful. We would call particular attention to pages 45 and 46 as to a way in which the unbeliever may be led by steps to the full knowledge and possession of the truth. We will only add that the author is as benignant as it is possible to be in regard to the position of heathen nations, and recognizes that the Holy Ghost is acting among them and adapting his action to the thousand circumstances of each individual, so that there is not one who may not be led to the truth.

As to the second pamphlet, *Les Peines d'Outre-Tombe*, all that space allows us to say is, that it would be hard to find a more exact, moderate, and reliable statement of the doctrine of the church and of revelation, and of the opinions in op-

* *Du Doute à la Foi*. Par le Père François Tournebize. *Opinions du Jour sur les Peines d'Outre-Tombe*. Par le même. Paris : Librairie Bloud et Barrel.

position to it held widely at the present time, as well as of the opinions held by theologians within the church. Properly to enter upon the matter would require an article. Father Tournebize's work is short indeed, but so complete as to be of very great value for any one who wishes to be put fully in possession of the present state of the discussion. The arguments for the Catholic doctrine are stated with great force and clearness. Father Tournebize has a remarkable power of saying much in a few words.

CATHOLICISM AND THE INTERIOR LIFE.*

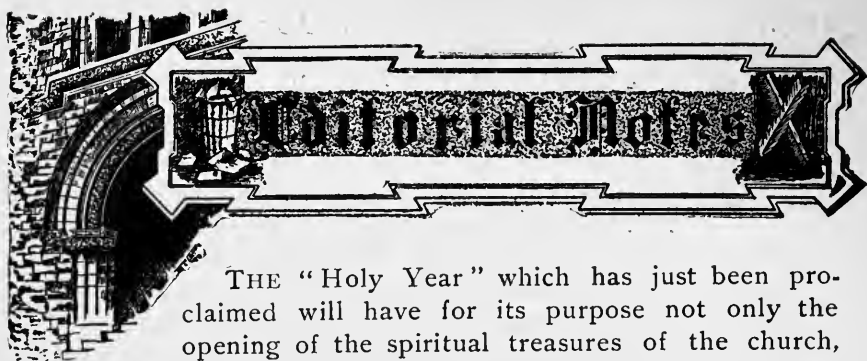
This book deserves the most attentive consideration and in many respects the highest praise. It is much more than an ordinary work of controversy, more profound, more sympathetic, more convincing; and if in some parts we cannot find ourselves in agreement, we recognize that the mistakes, if such they are, of the author are due to a zeal which appears at times to be lacking in those who have more fully realized the actual position.

Above and beyond a power of lucid exposition which may be compared with that of Cardinal Newman, and a like sympathetic appreciation of his opponents' position, there are here and there flashes of thought indicative of the insight of genius. The work is an examination of the relations of Catholicism to the deepest and truest life of the mind of man, an attempt to show that the life which the Catholic lives in submission to the doctrines imposed by the church tends to the development of that disinterested morality which forms part of the modern ideal. Pessimism is examined to show the value of life, as also the claims of modern science to give the worth to life of which unbelievers assert Catholicism deprives it. The inadequacy of materialistic conceptions of life is shown in face of the Christian conception, and in the chapter which gives its name to the work, M. Sabatier's contention that the fixity of dogma prevents the growth of the religious life, and that its practical forms lead back to paganism, is refuted. In short, the object of the author is to show that, after all that modern philosophy and science can say, the Catholic religion alone possesses the words of life.

We cannot, however, give unqualified approval to the method

* *Le Catholicisme et la Vie de l'Esprit*. Par George L.-Fonsegrive. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

of apologetics advocated in the first and second chapters, attractive at first though it may seem. A catechist finds his pupils imbued so deeply with Kant's philosophy that they are unable to feel the force of the arguments for the existence of God. M. Fonsegrive therefore proposes to leave them in their mistaken attitude, and to look for other ways of bringing the truth home to their minds. Without attempting to criticise the alternative ways suggested by the author, is it not a mistake to think that a thoughtful mind can, with Kant, deny the power of the intellect to get at objective reality, and at the same time find it possible to be soundly Catholic? Would not, then, the catechist's right course have been so to have steeped himself in the grounds of objective philosophy as to have been able to vindicate the real cogency of St. Thomas's arguments? We cannot but think that every other course is unsatisfactory in the end, however expedient the endeavor to avoid the direct issue may for the time being appear. While it is true that we must take men as we find them, and should do all we can to help them, we must take care that, while hoping to bring them into union with ourselves, we do not sacrifice the truth for the sake of that union. We do not say that M. Fonsegrive's method would of itself lead to this bad result, but we fear that in the hands of the incompetent and short-sighted it might be so perverted. While, therefore, to the first and second chapters we cannot give unqualified approval, with the rest more unqualified agreement may be expressed. It is a work which deserves and demands the attention of all who are interested in the relation of modern thought to the church and her doctrine: a work that will do much good.



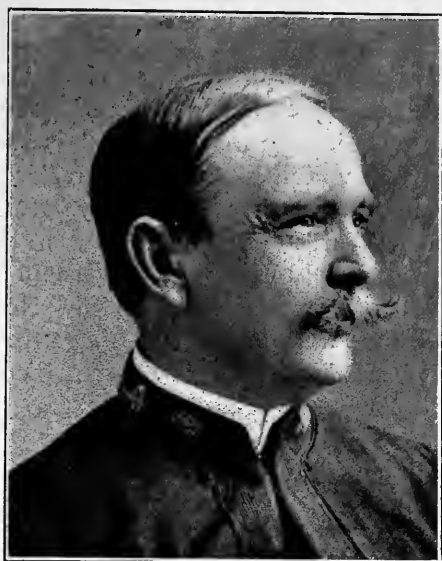
THE "Holy Year" which has just been proclaimed will have for its purpose not only the opening of the spiritual treasures of the church, that all may partake and partake abundantly, but it will be the affirmation of the triumph of Jesus Christ in this greatest of all centuries.

Both the context and the significance of the Letter of the Holy Father on Americanism has by this time been pretty well threshed out, and one of the notable things of these days of ultra freedom of thought is to witness the wonderful unanimity of assent that has been given to the words of the Holy Father. There has not been one dissenting voice, and it must be extremely comforting to him at the close of his pontificate to see the spirit of unity as well of adhesion to the Holy See that prevails throughout the church.

A pontifical letter generally has a two-fold purpose. While it sets up danger-signals at the pitfalls, it also points out and clearly defines the road. On this point there will be read with a great deal of interest the luminous statement from Father Cuthbert, O.S.C., one of the leading essayists in England, which we have printed in this number under the caption "With the Thinkers."

The flurry over the ordination of Dr. Briggs has passed, but the agitation over the inspiration of Holy Scripture will go on among religious non-Catholics, with the result that the number who will find the position of Protestantism, when it stakes everything on an infallible Bible, untenable will increase day by day. Next year we shall be gathering them into the true fold.

The situation in Cuba is becoming complicated. A serious outbreak of any kind just now will inevitably result sooner or later in annexation. It is becoming a problem of considerable magnitude to get the remnants of the Cuban army off the field.



COMMANDER JAMES DOUGLASS J. KELLEY, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

COMMANDER JAMES DOUGLASS J. KELLEY, U.S.N.

The ability of Commander Kelley has received recognition by his appointment upon many important boards and commissions. Among others have been the Board of Inspectors of Foreign Ships, Board of Ships' Boats, Naval Inspector of Merchant Steamers, senior member of Board of Auxiliary Vessels for war purposes during the last war. How well he acquitted himself in this work is too well known to need any other reference than the record of the vessels selected by the board to aid the navy in their work. He was also a member of the court-martial that tried and convicted Chaplain McIntyre for conduct detrimental to the service.

It needs but a glance at the naval record given below to recognize that Commander Kelley, of the U. S. N., has been a very busy officer, and while it may cause wonder among those unacquainted with Mr. Kelley, to those who have seen the expeditious manner in which he transacts business routine and performs his many duties, it is no surprise that in such a full and busy life the commander has found time to contribute so

extensively to the literary world. In 1881 he was prize essayist and gold medalist at the United States Naval Institute. He is the author of "The Question of Ships" (12mo), "American Yachts" (4to), "A Desperate Chance," "Typical Yachts," "Armored Vessels," "Monthly Pilot-Chart," "Proceedings of Courts-Martial and Boards," "The Story of Coast Defence," "American Men of War," etc.

James Douglass Jerold Kelley was born in New York City on December 25, 1847, was educated in the New York private and public schools, and at Seton Hall College from 1858 to 1862. He was appointed at large by President Lincoln, and entered the U. S. Naval Academy October 5, 1864, from which he graduated in 1868.

His first assignment was with the European squadron, where during the year he did duty in turn on the *Ticonderoga*, the flagship *Franklin*, the *Richmond*, and the *Girard*. Promoted to ensign in 1869, he was assigned to equipment duty at the Navy-yard in New York, and in 1870 he was on signal duty at Fort Whipple, Virginia. Having qualified as signal officer, he was ordered as such to the Pacific station and had charge of a party in the Darien survey. Promoted to master in 1872 and to lieutenant in 1873, he was assigned to the *Frolic*, the port-admiral's ship at New York, which brought from the north the survivors of the *Polaris* arctic exploration ship. After a short service on torpedo duty at Newport he made a cruise on the *Congress* to the coast of Africa, was invalided home, and after duty on the *Minnesota* was made executive officer of the nautical school-ship *St. Mary's*. In 1879 he was assigned to special duty on the Great Lakes, and the following year appointed to the Hydrographic Office. In 1881 his assignments were, respectively, the *Nipsic* to the West Indies, ordnance duty, and command of the experimental battery at Annapolis. From Annapolis he was assigned as secretary to the Rear Admiral on the *Despatch*, the President's yacht, and from 1882 to 1893 he was respectively assigned to torpedo duty, Judge Advocate General's office, South Atlantic station, North Atlantic station, receiving-ship *St. Louis*.

He was promoted to lieutenant-commander June, 1893, and during the years from 1893-1897 was assigned to the *Cincinnati*, *Texas*, *Richmond*, and again to the *Texas*, of the North Atlantic squadron.

In 1898 he was assigned as aid to the commandant at Navy-yard, New York, and was promoted to commander in March, 1899.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CATHOLICISM AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

(*Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in the Weekly Register.*)

"ROME has spoken, the cause is finished." With equal truth might it be said, "Rome has spoken, the cause is begun." For the judgments of the Holy See have usually this characteristic, that whilst defining or guarding against error, they point to the way of growing truth; and what before was a vague, hesitating movement now becomes a definite advance.

Rome has ever been life-giving in its judicial utterances, at least in that higher sphere of religious politics which concern the inner life of the Church. In its dealings with secular governments, in what might be called its foreign policy, history has not always witnessed to the wisdom of Papal policy. Englishmen will never be found to approve, for example, of the action of those pre-Reformation Popes who flooded English benefices with Italian clerics, much to the disgust of the nation. Neither does the policy of St. Pius V. in regard to Elizabeth seem to have been based on the soundest statesmanship. But, in that higher sphere which concerns the guardianship of the Faith and of the moral life of Christendom, Rome has never failed to enlighten and strengthen whenever she has intervened.

In the Letter to the Americans, the Holy Father has dealt with a vital question concerning the future of the Church, especially in English-speaking countries—the question, broadly speaking, as to how far Catholicism may identify itself with national life. It may be taken as an axiom that the Church cannot convert the nations without absorbing into itself whatever is good in the character and manner of life of the nations. For all good comes from God, but is manifested in various ways, amongst various peoples: every nation has some distinctive character or moral quality, which is a revelation in the natural order of the very life of God Himself. No nation possesses all the moral qualities in an eminent degree, but every nation in the best days of its power manifests some particular moral quality in a heroic degree. The wonderful power of self-sacrifice, inherent in the French people, is balanced among the Anglo-Saxons by a deep sense of individual responsibility. Our English love of liberty, again, is met, if we are truly informed, by a genuine spirit of fraternity amongst the *Slavs*. Who can say how much the Catholic Church owes to the simple joyousness in the beauties of nature so deeply ingrained in the Southern nations? Now, the Church, as the unifying factor amongst the nations, must absorb into itself all these various national qualities, and must exclude none; or, to put it in another way, the Church must include all nations, not merely as geographical extensions, but as moral entities: that is to say, the Church must include in the economy of its social life a capacity to admit into itself the national habits and characteristics of every nation under the sun, in so far as these habits and characteristics are not opposed to the teaching of Christ. For we repeat, in such habits and characteristics of nations, as also, indeed, of individuals, the infinite life of God is manifested, as in a panorama of natural revelation. Wherever, then, the Church is planted, it must identify itself with whatever is good in the national life and exclude nothing. But here comes the difficulty. In identifying itself with the national life the Church

may never surrender that universal character which she has as the guardian of the one Divine revelation regarding faith or morals; neither can she allow the essential unity of the Church as the divinely ordained kingdom of God on earth to be obscured by any exclusive nationalism. The Church must identify itself with all the nations, but in subordination to its own essential and visible unity.

To maintain this essential unity whilst identifying itself with all the nations is the never-sleeping problem which confronts the Papacy: a problem which at the present moment is making itself acutely felt, in face of the wonderful advance of Catholicism in English-speaking countries.

The Catholics of English-speaking nations feel that they have to plant the good seed of the Faith in native soil; that they must identify Catholic life with the life of the nation. They feel that hitherto they have been regarded, and indeed have regarded themselves, too much as distinct from the nation at large; that they have too often adopted manners, and customs, and modes of thought alien to their own national character, opposed to the spirit of their own people. These things have given to Catholicism a foreign aspect; and the need of altering this state of things has for some time past been keenly felt among all ranks of the community. Now it is obvious that in this endeavor to blend national life with Catholicism there are various dangers to be avoided. An exclusive nationalism which would divide Catholicism into unsympathetic units and destroy practically, if not in theory, the solidarity of the Church, is ever to be guarded against. But English-speaking Catholics are not likely to listen for a moment to any argument that tends to destroy the Imperial unity of Catholicism. The history of Anglicanism in our own country, and that of Gallicanism across the Channel, are effective danger-signals against any such policy. It is not the destruction of this Imperial unity, but its consolidation that we seek. And we are convinced that the blending of Catholicism with the national life of the English-speaking peoples is one of the best guarantees that the unity of the Church will be strengthened and increased in the near future. There is much in common between the political temper of the English-speaking race and that of Catholicism. Both found their policy upon unwritten constitutions, both jealously guard the rights of the individual in the commonwealth, both inspire intense loyalty towards those in authority. With such common attributes—more intimate than those which bind together the Church and any other race—English national life should enter easily into harmonious relationship with the life of Catholicism.

The difficulties arise, not from the intrinsic principles of Catholicism on the one hand, nor even from the intrinsic principles of English character on the other; but from this fact chiefly, that the English race is deeply antagonistic to anything it cannot blend or harmonize with its own character and aspiration; and for a long time past, more especially since the Catholic revival, Catholicism has come to the English people clothed in a strange national garb, French or Italian. I do not say it could have been otherwise under the circumstances: I only record the fact. In the enthusiasm for the Catholic spirit found in the Latin countries, much of the nationalism of these countries has been imported into our own life, putting us at times unnecessarily in antagonism with the life of our own people. Religious communities, for example, bring with them the system and customs of other lands, and insist upon keeping to those customs even in the schools in which our youth is educated. The text-books in our seminaries have been imported from abroad, and bear the impress of the intellectual character of the nation they come from. Our piety has been fed

almost exclusively upon books "translated from the French" or "founded upon the Italian." These things, of course, had to be in the beginning, when Catholics were but as a scattered and homeless race, but these things must not be in the future: Catholicism must be rooted in the soil, it must ally itself in England with all that is good in the English national character and habits of mind, and in the outward life of the English people.

When St. Gregory sent St. Augustine to convert the Anglo-Saxons, he bade the Apostle not to destroy the national customs, but to consecrate them, and use them for religious purposes. It would have been well if all other missionaries had kept this precept in view when they set forth to reconvert England to the Faith. Some of them have, indeed, done so, and have thus begun the process of naturalizing the Church amongst our countrymen. Thus the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have done pioneer work with their text-books of philosophy. The English Benedictines have ever been a standing memorial of the blending of English character with religious life. Amongst my own religious brethren, the Guild of St. Anthony, for alleviating the hunger of the poor, is an attempt to nationalize practical Catholic devotion. The institution of Catholic centres at the universities was still more eminently an advance in the right direction. Most noteworthy of all, however, has been the effort made by Cardinal Manning and others to deal with that most pressing of our national problems, the condition of the working-class. Indeed, the last few years have seen the beginning of strenuous endeavors thus to plant Catholicism in the very soil of English character, and the effect is already becoming manifest in the growing respect with which Catholicism is regarded by the country at large, and in the lessening of the popular prejudice that to be a Catholic you must cease to be an Englishman. But the work thus begun needs to be still more vigorously continued. There are yet amongst us many to whom Catholicism seems to include the negation of national character, at least in so far as it is English. To men of this way of thinking, the raising of the national Cathedral of Westminster—the fit symbol of Catholicism moulded by English minds and hands—is little less than a blasphemy. They would prefer that we looked towards Notre Dame of Paris, or the Duomo of Florence, and worshipped at a distance. So long as there are Catholics amongst us who view with distrust our own national character, Catholicism will never gain its due position amongst the English people. Fortunately, they are becoming less in number year by year, yet they are capable of doing much mischief to the Church whilst they remain. In all these matters the Letter of the Pope to the Americans has laid down the rule to be followed. In faith there must be undeviating unity; in discipline there must be one source of authority, the Holy See, which alone has the ultimate right to determine the opportune moment for the introduction of new laws or the modification of old ones. In matters of national custom and habit, which are not opposed to the laws of the Church, the Holy See commends a loyal acceptance. Above all, the Holy See would have us bend our energies to the solving of those actual religious and social problems that confront us amongst our own people and at the present time.

With these principles to guide us, English Catholics need not fear to go forward in the good work of blending Catholicism with their national character and interests, thus solving in their own persons the much vexed question of Church and State. Only when we do this shall we be in a position to demand that general acceptance by the English people of Catholic unity for which we all hope and pray. We must bring Catholicism home to the nation before the nation will accept Catholicism.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

UNDER the patronage of the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., the Metropolitan Truth Society was recently organized in the borough of Brooklyn, New York City. Its objects are:

1. To assist in the dissemination of Catholic truth.
2. To correct erroneous and misleading statements in reference to Catholic doctrine and morals, and to refute calumnies against the Catholic religion.
3. To secure the publication of articles promoting a knowledge of Catholic affairs, such as news of Catholic colleges, institutions, and societies, extracts from Catholic magazines and periodicals, synopses of Catholic sermons and lectures, and translations of interesting articles in foreign Catholic publications.
4. To stimulate a desire for higher education among the Catholic laity, and the circulation and reading of standard Catholic literature.

The society is made up of an executive board and corresponding and associate members, all of whom are pledged to promote these objects. The work of the society is directed by an executive board under the guidance of the society's officers, assisted by committees appointed by the president, the Rev. William F. McGinnis, D.D. The main office is at 225 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The corresponding members are Catholic journalists in sympathy with the society's objects. Their duty is to forward to the society all serious hostile comment on the Catholic Church, and to do all in their power to secure the insertion in the columns of their own papers of matter sent out by the society.

The associate members are practical Catholics—men and women who agree to advance the aims of the society by all means in their power; by assisting it financially, and by contributing, when called upon, such original articles, refutations, and translations from foreign publications as, in the opinion of the executive board, would be available for publication. The associates are recognized as most valuable active workers, and the executive board will be glad to receive suggestions from them, and to be kept informed by them of any movement or line of work which, in their opinion, might be worthy of the society's attention.

While the society has not imposed any obligatory dues, all members are expected to send to the treasurer, at their convenience, a subscription of not less than five dollars per annum.

*

*

*

Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, was the recipient of distinguished honors on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The Alumni Association of the College of the Propaganda attended the celebration, together with prominent representatives of the clergy from many dioceses of the United States. The reception in Horticultural Hall, given by the Catholic Reading Circles, was a noteworthy event for the large attendance of the members, an elaborate musical programme, and several notable addresses.

The chairman of the reception was Rev. Walter P. Gough. On the stage, besides the jubilarian, were Archbishop Ryan; Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine; Bishop Shanley, of Fargo, N. D.; Bishop Howley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and a number of other clergymen. In the audience were Bishop-elect Shanahan, Vicar-General Koch, administrator of Harrisburg, and a number of local and visiting priests.

Rev. Walter P. Gough made the opening address, in which he referred to the happy event in the life of the director of the movement in Philadelphia. His silver jubilee interests not only the people and priests of this city, but also our Holy Father himself, who in recognition of his talents and services to Holy Church has raised him to the rank of a domestic prelate. It might be asked: What has he done for the Reading Circles? But it would be better to ask what has he not done? He has given his time, his talents, and his energy un-sparingly.

Miss Kate C. McMenamin, president of the Union, made an address. The Reading Circles were there, she said, full of joy and gladness to offer their congratulations. Referring to his new dignity, she said: "Clothed in royal garments, what have we to offer? We have fond remembrances of a cottage on the banks of Lake Champlain which is a monument of his perseverance. May the silver chains of the present be linked with the golden ones of the future! Right Rev. Monsignor, we gladly welcome you to the vacant chair of our late spiritual director, the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D."

Dr. Loughlin replied in his usual happy vein. He said in substance that he had heard that it was the dress that made the man, but he never believed it until now. After the annual sessions they had usually dispensed ice-cream; now they were giving taffy, but after the reception they would no doubt resume operations at the old stand. "The work of the Reading Circles," he continued, "has been done by yourselves. I had only to spur you on. The ladies took up the work, not with the wild enthusiasm of New York (looking at a group of New York priests), but with the quiet conservatism of the Quaker City. We don't all keep at it. Some of us graduate. The young ladies either go to the convent or get married. So with me. A younger set of men, better qualified, are stepping into my place. There are circles I hardly ever see, except at these rallies, they are so well taken care of by their own spiritual directors. They relieve me and at the same time deprive me of a pleasure, except when I get a special invitation, which I sometimes never get, and sometimes when I get, cannot accept. The Reading Circle has become a feature of religious life. Some men think the ladies are not much good. Keep quiet in the church, said St. Paul; go home and ask your husbands about religion. You young ladies would have to go home and ask your brothers. Now the lady of the family has a corner in religion and the men have to acknowledge this.

"A couple of years ago I met a very new woman. She had outgrown all religious superstitions and even the Lord Himself. She asked me about a certain authoress, and I said I had no use for any woman with no religion. She thought that rather personal. She thought ladies had no more use for religion than men. But she has. It is the duty of the mother to teach religion. The Holy Father himself cannot accomplish as much as a mother. The women must therefore be thoroughly educated. Not only in school, but after it. Not only as girls, but as women. All have received a good school education, but they have been educated as girls. They are now in the world and see things in a different light. Difficult questions will be put to you which must be answered. If no other good comes from the Reading Circle Union, it has brought about a closer union between the flock and the shepherd. We were not in existence two years (as Reading Circles) when priests complained that the young ladies were poking questions at them. You poked a great many at me. The archbishop will acknowledge that I spent more time on you than on him. You kept me burning the midnight oil. But it did me lots of good. I have all that information on the end of my tongue and there are very few questions left.

"Another good of the Reading Circle Union is that you meet each other. I am proud of that. You meet each other and find those you meet pretty good.

The trouble had been that your circle of friendship had been so restricted. There was a prophecy that the movement would drop through, that not a young lady cared a straw for more than five or six other young ladies. In order to be powerful you must have an organization. The circle is powerful in the parish, the union is powerful in the city." The monsignor concluded with an exhortation to continued interest.

* * *

The Catholic Summer-School, which in its early days had Monsignor Loughlin as a most energetic president, was represented by Very Rev. James P. Kiernan, V.G., of Rochester; Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa.; Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of the Paulist Fathers, New York City. On behalf of the Summer-School trustees Very Rev. James P. Kiernan made an address, saying in part that the Reading Circle and Summer-School movements are both educational. "I don't know why I should be called on unless because the cottage of Rochester, a little town of Northwestern New York, is a close neighbor of the Philadelphia cottage. We can sit on our porch and converse with those of Philadelphia. I am sure you will appreciate a few words from the president of the Summer-School, Rev. M. J. Lavelle." Here Father Kiernan read a letter from Father Lavelle, acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to speak on this occasion and paying tribute to "the indefatigable, zealous, and illustrious spiritual director of the Philadelphia Union."

After reading the letter Father Kiernan uncovered a handsome solid silver pitcher, the gift of the trustees of the Summer-School.

Bishop Shanley made a witty address. "I dislike to appear before the ladies of the Reading Circles," he said. "I am a Western man, a man of plain speech, and call a spade a spade, a doctor a doctor, and a monsignor a monsignor. Father Lavelle left one adjective for me—the irresistible Dr. Loughlin. If you never more see me you know the reason why. The reason you see me now is because of the deep affection I have for the man you honor. I am glad to know the impression he has made on the young people. I am as proud of this occasion as Dr. Loughlin himself, and he is as proud as a peacock."

Father Gough suggested that the occasion would be incomplete without some expression from Archbishop Ryan. The archbishop said that the scene was pleasing as a manifestation of gratitude to the leader of the Reading Circles—to the one who had done so much to cultivate a taste for literature among the young ladies of this city. "I scarcely hoped the movement would be a success," said his grace, "but the ladies came to love the work and take a deep interest in it. The movement is doing a great service to the church. This is a reading age. You have got to meet those outside the church and talk with them on various questions. A great deal of good can be done by the educated laity—more than by the bishops and priests. If subjects of interest and importance come up for consideration and if you Catholic young ladies cannot give the answers, prejudices will be confirmed."

Here the archbishop made allusion to the work they had given their leader—work that had trespassed on the time required for his duties as chancellor. "But he was doing good for the church," continued the archbishop, "and I was willing to answer an application for a dispensation now and then. You should feel grateful not only for what you have learned, but because you have acquired a taste for study."

He then spoke of the fearlessness with which the true Catholic can approach all scientific questions without danger to the faith, and he exhorted them so to study as to be able to defend their faith and those of their sex who have been calumniated, such as Mary, Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc.

* * *

Arrangements are now under way for a grand excursion party, starting on July 8, from New York City to Lake Champlain, to attend the opening week of the Champlain Summer-School. As the number of tickets will be limited, an early application should be sent for circulars of information before June 20 to D. J. O'Connor, Manager, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City. Reduced rates are guaranteed which cannot be secured at any other time.

Applications for copies of the Summer-School prospectus should also be sent to the same address.

M. C. M.



"The ascent of the 'grass-hill' is simply a series of woodland walks." (See page 472.)


THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

JULY, 1899.

NO. 412.

CARDINALS WHO MAY BE THE NEXT POPE.

HAT is particularly characteristic of Leo XIII. is his strength of will as well as his remarkable tenacity of life despite his age and feebleness of body. In his physical nature he seems not to be subject to the ordinary laws of life and death. Notwithstanding the prophesies of his death, his days may still mount up into years. He has been a Pope of light and leading, and when his work is accomplished and not before will he be gathered unto his fathers.

Oracles and prophets the world over are set thinking and guessing concerning the new Pope every time the illness of the existing Pope is rumored abroad. The Pope himself could hardly be displeased thereat. As a matter of fact, Leo XIII. frequently jests with the cardinals whose chances of Papal honors are matters of public debate, over their prospects of succeeding him. He knows full well that similar discussion by the public implies no desire to see him supplanted, but is merely an unintentional reminder of the brevity and precariousness of human existence. Besides, in Italy at least, it is very generally held that the Cardinals who are popularly regarded as Papabili, or as having unusual likelihood of reaching the Pontifical throne, invariably die off before the Pope they are supposed to succeed. And strangely enough, in recent years Cardinals Galimberti, Sanfelice, Ruffo Scilla, and other able and vigorous men who were regarded as having very much better chances than any member of the Sacred College now alive, all died off very prematurely and unexpectedly.

Copyright. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK. 1899.

As a word of preamble to the consideration of individual aptitudes and claims, it may be stated that, in forming conjectures regarding a Conclave, an important matter is supposed to be the policy of the various members of the Sacred College with regard to the attitude that should be adopted by the Church towards the State in Italy. It is believed that when, according to custom, they shall have been walled up by the stone-masons in that part of the Vatican where their deliberations are to be held, the Cardinals will divide themselves into two main groups, according as they desire conciliation with the Italian government, or wish a continuance of hostilities towards it as the despoiler of the temporal power of the Holy Sec.

Should both these groups be strong, as the rules require that the person named to the Pontifical throne must have a two-thirds majority of all votes cast, it might happen that the candidate of neither group would be elected. The suffrages would then inevitably converge on some one whose connection with a group was not explicit or definite.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

By far the most conspicuous figure among the present members of the Sacred College is the Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro. He belongs to the Sicilian nobility, and was born at Polizzi on the 17th of August, 1843.

After making his studies in the Capranica College, Rome, he entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. This famous institution, which is situated on the piazza of the Minerva, has long been regarded as the school for ecclesiastical diplomats. Monseigneur Rampolla remained here, fulfilling in the meantime several minor functions at the Vatican, until 1875, when he was sent as auditor of the nunciature to Spain. Two years later he was named Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda for Affairs of Oriental Rite, and later on he occupied the position of Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

In 1882 he was consecrated titular Archbishop of Heraclea and named Apostolic Nuncio to Spain. Here he had occasion to display his rare diplomatic qualities, and won general esteem and consideration. His promotion afterwards to the cardinalitial purple was recognized by all as a well-deserved recompense. This high honor was conferred upon him in the con-



CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

sistory of the 14th of March, 1887, and on the 26th of May he was named to the title of St. Cecilia. Not very long afterwards Leo XIII. entrusted him with the very important function of Pontifical Secretary of State. Since then Cardinal Rampolla has received the further charges of Administrator of the property of the Holy See, and of Archpriest of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter.

His residence is in the Vatican Palace. This eminent ecclesiastic has already acquired for himself a world-wide reputation, and has the merit of being recognized as an able and conscientious lieutenant of Leo XIII. in all the latter's views and undertakings. In Italy Cardinal Rampolla is considered the

leader of that policy of non-compromise towards the Italian State which has been brought out into much greater relief at the Vatican since his assumption of office. Cardinal Rampolla is also believed to be politically favorable to France and averse to the Triple Alliance.

Personally he is a man of magnificent physique. He stands over six feet high, is built in proportion, and has a face with strong, clear-cut features of a most expressive character, which nevertheless he holds in such perpetual restraint that under ordinary circumstances an air of apathy and indifference to the things of the world seems to be the result. Much sensational journalism has been written about Cardinal Rampolla, to the effect, and it has frequently been averred, that his is a "bold nature, brooking no opposition and implacable in hatred." Such statements are pure imaginings. Cardinal Rampolla above all things is a diplomat and one of the ablest on the face of the earth. As such it can be understood that, whatever his inward sentiments may be, he at no time loses control of himself so far as to manifest them.

CARDINAL LUCIDO MARIA PAROCCHI.

One of the most conspicuous of those who are called Cardinals di Curia—that is, who have their residence in Rome and form part of the administration—is Lucido Maria Parocchi, Vicar-General of Leo XIII. for the Diocese of Rome, and known as the "Cardinal Vicar." Cardinal Parocchi is sixty-six years of age and his life has been filled with stirring and important events.

A native of Mantua, after going through his ecclesiastical studies in that city, he was appointed professor of theology in the local seminary. When the Revolutionary party obtained power in the North of Italy, Monseigneur Parocchi was one of the ecclesiastics who vigorously resisted their attempt to obtain control over the diocesan college. For this he was forced to leave his native city and betake himself to Rome. Here Pius IX., always generous towards those who upheld his cause, conferred many important functions on the young Mantuan. Finally, in 1877, he created him Cardinal. Leo XIII. named him as Vicar-General, and recently has appointed him to the very important function of Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition.

Cardinal Parocchi's name has recently been kept prominently before the world from the fact that journalists and speculators



CARDINAL PAROCCHI.

in general name him as the prelate having most probability of being elected to succeed Leo XIII. Cardinal Parocchi has had his hand in politics, and it is well known that he is a conspicuous friend of France and an adversary, to a greater or less extent, of the Triple Alliance. He is in the same line of ideas with Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State. The latter is chief representative of the policy of non-compromise towards the Italian government and of vigorous assertion of the claims of the Pope for the restoration of temporal power. But precisely because he is Secretary of State he has little or no chance of being named to the Papacy. The existing Secre-

tary of State is traditionally regarded as non-papabile; his function involving political and diplomatic action of a very important kind, he almost inevitably gives umbrage to one or more nations when upholding the rights of others, or while merely vindicating the cause of religion. Cardinal Rampolla is regarded as an excellent candidate for the Papal throne in a second Conclave from now, but not in the first. The Secretary of State being out of the way, Cardinal Parocchi is the most conspicuous member of the same group. It is known that he would have the support of France, Russia, Spain, and Belgium, and that his chances of election would *à priori* be most distinctly good. Recently, however, Cardinal Parocchi has been somewhat indisposed. The sedentary life made necessary by the perpetual grind of official duties has lately brought on an exaggerated corpulency. His Eminence suffers at times from asthma, and though he still works with all his former vigor, his physicians maintain that he must shortly desist or that the strain may very soon overcome him.

CARDINALS SERAFINO AND VINCENZO VANNUPELLI.

It is a rule of the Church that two brothers shall not simultaneously be Cardinal. Exceptions are sometimes made, and this has been the case in favor of the brothers Vannutelli who are at present members of the Sacred College.

Both have figured prominently as Papal nuncios and Pontifical representatives at important functions in various countries of Europe. What gives them their prominence among the papabili is the fact that the brothers Vannutelli are the most prominent members of that group within the Sacred College of Cardinals which has as its policy the conclusion of peace, or at least the arrangement of a *modus vivendi*, with the Italian State, as a means of furthering the interests of religion. The adherents of this group are called the Concilionisti (reconciliationists). The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy would naturally hail the arrival to power of a member of this group, and is consequently in favor of the candidature of one or other of the brothers in question for the Pontifical throne. England has manifested similar sentiments, and many draw like conclusions regarding the sentiments of the United States government in the matter from the fact that General Draper, the American ambassador in Rome, is a close friend of both prelates, has had them to dinner in the Piombino Palace, and frequently dines with them at the table of common friends.



CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.

Both these remarkable men, *nobile par fratrum*, are of superb physical proportions, and each still seems absolutely in the flower of his manhood. This semblance of perennial youth, by the way, is a characteristic of quite a number of the present members of the Sacred College—Cardinal Rampolla, for instance, having all the appearance of a man who has barely attained his fortieth year, although he will never again see fifty-five. Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli was born at Genazzano, in the diocese of Palestrina, on November 26, 1834. His period of administration of the Apostolic Nunciature in Vienna will long be remembered in the annals of Pontifical diplomacy for his brilliant success in a period of exceptional crisis for the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was created Cardinal in 1887, and is

one of the six Cardinal Bishops, holding the suburban see of Frascati. Leo XIII. appointed him Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. Cardinal Serafino is named more frequently as the candidate of the Concilionista group, although with the lapse of time it is considered probable that his brother, who is two years younger, will take his place in this respect.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli distinguished himself as Nuncio to Spain, and afterwards as Papal envoy to Queen Victoria's Jubilee in London, and again as Pontifical ambassador to the coronation ceremonies at Moscow for the Czar Nicholas II. a couple of years ago. He has been a Cardinal for nine years.



CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI.

CARDINAL GOTTI.

Cardinal Girolamo (Jerome) Maria Gotti was born at Genoa, March 29, 1834. In his early youth he joined the Discalced Carmelite Order, and after concluding his studies with brilliant success was ordained priest and transferred to the mother-house of that order at Santa Maria della Scala, Rome, to take



CARDINAL GOTTI.

up certain administrative functions there. Little by little he rose in the order from one charge to another until he became superior of the head-house of the society, and finally, at a relatively early age, Superior-General of the Order.

This was his position when a period of serious distress broke out in Brazil. The Republic succeeded to the government of

Dom Pedro, and the interests of the Holy See in the South American republic were placed in serious straits. The Sovereign Pontiff, looking around for a qualified diplomat, took Father Gotti from his religious cell and sent him to Rio Janeiro as internuncio. The position was a difficult one, as the republicans thought that the Holy See was their bitter enemy. Father Gotti, however, triumphed over all obstacles, and within a few years time had succeeded in vindicating the rights of the Catholic Church in Brazil, and in bringing about such a satisfactory condition of affairs that the Brazilian government sent a permanent plenipotentiary minister to Rome as its accredited representative at the Vatican.

In Brazil Father Gotti did not restrict his work solely to diplomatic concerns. He went among the people, performing civilizing and philanthropic works, and on more than one occasion was mainly instrumental in quelling incipient revolts. His return to Italy was made the occasion of a public ovation. The Italian government no less than the ecclesiastical authorities welcomed him as one who had performed great deeds in the interests of his mother country.

Cardinal Gotti is characteristically modest. It is a well-known fact that Leo XIII. more than once of late alluded to Cardinal Gotti as "My successor." But, although no false humility would prevent him from taking up the burden if imposed on his shoulders, he is very far from considering himself a fitting subject for Papal honors. On my attempting to broach the subject to him he said: "To discuss a similar topic would be to admit its likelihood or desirability, and that I certainly cannot and do not wish to do."

Cardinal Gotti has his residence in a palace overlooking the Trajan Forum. He is rather small in stature, of kindly features and exquisite affability. He is still endowed with all the energies of youth and conversant with every subject under the sun. All the best qualities of the scholar, the diplomat, and the saint enter into his composition. Into Italian politics he has never thrust himself, and this fact, joined with his intrinsic qualities, makes him be regarded by many of the most qualified judges as the Cardinal very likely to succeed Leo XIII. on the Pontifical throne. He represents neither the Conciliationist party nor the Intransigents. He is not one of any group, but he is regarded as the outsider, or the "dark horse," who has many probabilities of winning.

CARDINAL JACOBINI.

The great "Schism of the West" showed in an appalling manner what the popular demand for a Pope of Roman origin might lead to. There is no evidence at the present day of the existence of an agitation in this direction capable of leading to extremes, but still in the city of Rome itself a certain popular



CARDINAL JACOBINI.

eagerness for a Pope of Roman origin is very distinctly discernible. Since the death of Cardinal Bianchi, Cardinal Domenico Maria Jacobini is the only member of the Sacred College who is a *Romano di Roma* (Roman of Rome), as they phrase it.

He was born in the Eternal City sixty-two years ago, and is a man of the most brilliant parts. As a young ecclesiastic

in Rome, Monseigneur Jacobini resolved to dedicate himself to the service of the workingmen. In the face of obstacles of every kind, he began by founding artisans' clubs, afterwards organized laborers' libraries, and later on established savings-banks and loan-fund institutions in various parts of the city. It is safe to say that the popularity which Monseigneur Jacobini acquired with the public of Rome has rarely been equalled, and possibly never surpassed, by any ecclesiastical personage. Did the election of the next Pope lie in the hands of the people of Rome, there is no doubt that Cardinal Jacobini, if he were still in existence, would mount the Papal throne on the demise of Leo XIII.

Unfortunately Cardinal Jacobini's health is not all that could be desired. For several years back he has been suffering from a mitigated form of diabetes. Partly in the hope that the change would profit his health, Leo XIII. five years ago sent him to Lisbon as Apostolic Nuncio. In 1896 he recalled him and elevated him to the purple. Cardinal Jacobini is one of those strong men whom the Church has always in reserve, but, as has been stated, the doubt that the malady from which he suffers may be of an incurable character, cannot but militate against his chances of being called on to assume the supreme administration of the Church.

CARDINAL SARTO.

Venice is the only city in Italy which has a Patriarch as its hierarchical head. Its patriarch at present is Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto.

This ecclesiastic is not much known to the world at large, and yet few members of the Sacred College are gifted with greater parts. For a long time in the past it has been observed that the personage selected by the Cardinals in Conclave to fill the Chair of Peter is not one whose name is surrounded with much notoriety, or who has been the centre of big battles, or has taken active part for or against the government. For over a quarter of a century Joachim Pecci had prepared himself for the Papacy hidden away in a mountainous district in Tuscany. Giovanni Mastai Ferretti in 1846 was the youngest member of the Sacred College and the last one that, *à priori*, would seem destined for the Papacy in the Conclave of that year. And yet he was the Cardinal chosen. A similar air of worldly unobtrusiveness surrounded Gregory XVI. and his immediate predecessors. And on the principle that it may be so



CARDINAL SARTO.

in the next Conclave, many persons consider the chances of the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice as very strong.

No one knows if Giuseppe Sarto is a Concilionista or an Intransigente, but they do know that if there is sickness or suffering in Venice he is there in the midst of his flock, ministering to them with his own hands. And they do know, too, that he is a man of great learning, for he preaches great sermons and has written important books on virtue and morality, and they know that when Cardinal Sarto enters into an undertaking, whether it be the building of a church or the waging of a fight with the purse-proud, he will never desist till his enterprise is crowned with success. He is a native of the North of

Italy, was born at Riese, in the Diocese of Treviso, in June, 1835. He was created Cardinal in June, 1893, and has as his titular church in Rome San Bernardo alle Terme.

CARDINAL SVAMPA.

There is a robustness and frankness and a genial humor all their own about the clergy of the North of Italy, and no more



CARDINAL SVAMPA.

typical ecclesiastic exists in that region than Cardinal Domenico Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna.

In his own diocese every one regards him as the coming Pope. Throughout the rest of Italy the same conviction obtains with a majority of the populace, and the strange reason of this conviction is probably known to most of the interested.

Cardinal Svampa may be, as his name is a good Italian word meaning a brand or burning fire, the *Ignis ardens* of the prophecy of St. Malachy.

Cardinal Svampa is one of the "young" Cardinals. He was born at Montegranaro, in the Archdiocese of Fermo, June 13, 1851. Leo XIII. elevated him to the cardinalate in May, 1894.

It may be stated, however, that even in face of the promising outlook by the Malachian prophecies, Cardinal Svampa is not oversanguine of his prospects of the Papacy. He jests freely on the subject himself, and to the present writer he remarked: "It would be all very well if it did not happen that there are two other cardinals alive to whom the prophecy applies no less clearly than it does to me."

CARDINAL DI PIETRO.

Angelo di Pietro, now a Prince of the Church, was born in the charming village of Vivaro, among the Sabine Hills. But dire poverty was the lot of his parents, and many a day the child, as the Cardinal now relates, travelled long miles to school and returned in the afternoon to break bread for the first time in the day. The parish priest of Vivaro early perceived that young Di Pietro was endowed with mental and moral qualities of a high order, and he accordingly had him received as a prospective ecclesiastic in the diocesan seminary at Tivoli. It was at this time that an incident occurred which, relatively trivial in itself, from some of its attendant circumstances made a lasting impression on all who witnessed it.

Young Di Pietro, in company with a multitude of other lads, was one afternoon leaving the seminary when an elderly woman, reputed throughout the neighborhood as a person of genuine sanctity, passed along. Surveying the boys with a glance, she singled out Di Pietro, although he was previously unknown to her, and stooping down kissed the hem of the soutane which he wore. "I have kissed the garment of a future pope," she said in explanation. "You will be ordained priest, will become a canon of the cathedral of Tivoli, will fight the cholera, will be called to Rome and made prefect of the Council, and will ultimately become Pope." No one heeded these phrases of the pious old woman in a less degree than Di Pietro himself. His extreme modesty and simplicity rejected them as words spoken in a hallucination, and when he grew up his one aim was to fulfil in a quiet and unostentatious manner the



CARDINAL DI PIETRO.

duties of an humble country priest. And yet strangely enough the woman's prophecy came true in a large measure. Angelo di Pietro was a conspicuous and noble figure during the cholera epidemic twelve years ago, was called to Rome in 1893, created Cardinal and named Prefect of the Sacred Congregation.

Is the plenitude of the prophecy to be fulfilled, and will Cardinal di Pietro be placed on the Papal throne? Many who have followed his career believe so, despite the fact that he is now in his seventy-second year.



THE GABLES AND OCTAGON TOWERS OF BRUGES.

BY MADDER BROWNE.



SO much has been written lately about the belfries of Belgium, especially those of Bruges and Antwerp, that it seems strange no one has given a thought to certain other objects of interest, no less beautiful, if somewhat less conspicuous—the ancient gables and “tourelles” which are peculiar to Flanders, and are seen perhaps to their best advantage in Bruges.

No one who is at all acquainted with the pictures of the old Flemish painters can have failed to notice the quaint forms of architecture which are depicted in them, the overhanging balconies, the indented gables, and the little towers attached—“appliquées” is the best word—to the angles of the buildings. These are not due to the fancy of the artist run riot, but were component parts of the every-day scene which met his eye. And the proof of this, if indeed proof were needed, lies in the fact that in the old-world Flemish cities their counterparts are to be met with at every turn to this day. What histories these bricks and stones could tell, if they had tongues to speak! What strange forgotten legends of the past! What secrets of blood and passion!

It may be taken, I suppose, for an axiom, that an art bears upon its face the impress of the spirit of the people among whom it flourishes. Thus, the architecture of Bruges exhibits a character quite unique, which is found wanting—or if it appears at all, in a much lesser degree—in other towns of Flanders. Take Ghent as an example of this. In that town the ancient buildings present a remarkably sombre and severe aspect. There is an almost entire absence of detail and ornamentation. The sullen spirit of the people is reflected in the designs of their houses.

Far otherwise at Bruges. Here one finds a delicacy of imagination, of artistic elegance, almost of poetry, which shows itself in the most insignificant details, and which goes far to justify the proud title which the city claims, of being the Venice of the North.

In Bruges, during the middle ages, the builder's art attained a richness and grace altogether unknown elsewhere; and about the year 1480 began to assume a distinct character which differed in a marked manner from that exhibited in other places. This may be seen in the buildings bearing dates previous to 1640.

According to the traditions of the place, and according to the rules of the corporation, an apprentice, before receiving his diploma as a master workman, was obliged to submit certain designs, and execute certain works specified by his particular guild. And until these designs and their technical execution reached a special stage of proficiency, the apprentice remained an apprentice, and was debarred from employment, save as the unskilled journeyman of others. To this may be attributed the numerous exquisite specimens of the carver's art which are to be found in the oddest and most unexpected corners at the present time.

To these wise measures are, doubtless, owing the richly carved chimney-pieces found scattered throughout the town; the most important of which are preserved in some special place or museum—the Archæological Society, for example, possesses many of them.

The first thing that strikes the stranger on his arrival is the contour of the façades, the straight outline of the steep gable being broken up into little steps, or *indented*.

Not fifty yards from the Pont de l'âne aveugle—the Bridge of the blind donkey!—(where do all the funny names of street and bridge, that one meets at every turn, come from? What legends have supplied them? The bridge of the blind donkey! There is something pathetic in the name) is the entrance to the underground canal of the Reie, in connection with which a weird story is told of something that happened not very long ago.



AN OCTAGON TOWER.

It seems that a young English painter



THE STEEP GABLE BEING BROKEN UP INTO LITTLE STEPS.

lost his watch in Brussels. The evidence pointed so strongly to a certain man as the thief that even a Belgian court was forced to convict—an extremely rare occurrence when the complainant is of another nationality—and he was sentenced to some trivial term of imprisonment.

In the following year the young Englishman was in Bruges, and by the merest chance hired this same man—who was a handsome fellow in his way—to carry his traps and act as model when required.

The man had, of course, recognized his employer from the first, and had sought to be employed as handy man.

One day when the painter, having pitched his easel on the Quai du Rosaire, was busy sketching the low tunnel entrance to this underground river, the man spoke out of his experience:

“If monsieur would like to make a picture of a view the most wonderful in the town, I will take him to the spot—ah, it is superb—unique!”

It took the painter's fancy and an arrangement was made for the next day.

Now, the entrance to the tunnel was guarded by two iron

grilles about twelve feet apart, and having a narrow parapet of stone between them, just visible above water when the sluices were closed.

At the hour appointed the painter was conducted by his guide to an old house in a small court off the Rue Breyedel. This they entered, and descending to the cellars, found themselves on the edge of the subterranean Reie. A small, flat-bottomed boat was attached to a ring in the wall, and entering this, the painter soon found himself approaching the end of the tunnel which he had seen from the Quai du Rosaire.

The handy man, drawing a great key from his pocket, unlocked and raised the inner grille; then pushing the boat into the space between the two, said quietly:

"If monsieur will step on to the parapet, he will get the best view possible."

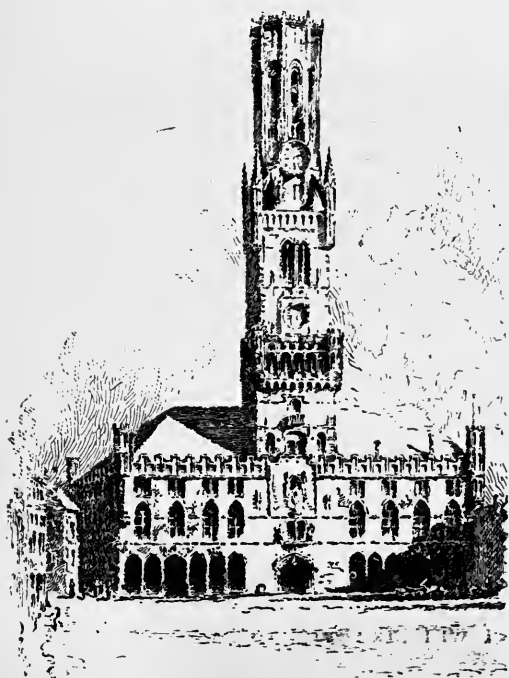
Monsieur did so.

And then the hitherto obsequious handy man became suddenly the triumphant villain.

He pushed the boat back and reclosed the inner grille,

leaving the unhappy painter a prisoner between the two gates, with the black, sluggish water flowing at his feet.

The painter at first took this for an ill-timed joke. But when the handy man explained through the closed bars, with devilish laughter, how he had planned this revenge in return for the punishment he had undergone, a sweat of fear came upon him and he screamed for help; but all in vain, for a quick rush of many waters drowned his cry, and none could hear him except the handy man in his boat.



"THE HALLES."

He, the handy man, had timed his plot well. He knew perfectly the hour at which the sluices were raised each day to flush the underground passage.

So, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, he quietly sat in his boat and watched his victim drown. Happily he did not escape the punishment due to his crime. For the madness that was latent in him burst forth at the success of his evil scheme, and he told of it himself. So, notwithstanding every effort of the Belgian court to find "extenuating circumstances," he met his just punishment.

There is another octagon tower of fine proportions, ornamenting the building of the Académie des Beaux Arts. A curious old stone bear stands in a niche at one corner of this



"THE TITLE OF THE VENICE OF THE NORTH."

old house. He was the emblem of the "Society of the lists of the White Bear," and is pointed out to strangers as the oldest citizen of Bruges. "Beertje van de Logie" is his name.

Turning into the Rue Espagnol, a street which "Beertje" from his pose and position seems to have a special care for, we find ourselves transported into the land of ghosts. They say there is hardly a house in Bruges not haunted by the ghostly actors in some bygone tragedy. But assuredly in this Spanish street we find the headquarters of the fraternity. Bat-

tered, smoke-grimed, desolate are the houses on it, with rust-bitten window gratings and worm-eaten doors falling away from their hinges! Their appearance alone would be sufficient authority for a whole volume of weird legends. The story goes (false, though) that here was the seat of the Spanish Inquisition, and that in the dungeons below untold horrors were perpetrated. There is, however, no foundation for this assertion. It probably originated from the stone slab on the façade of one of the houses, which bears the lugubrious inscription "*Tewart huus: La maison noire: La casa negra.*" It is known now to have been used principally as a depot for Spanish merchandise, and was, in all probability, used as a prison as well. There are persons now living in Bruges who most positively assert that, not once but many times, they have seen a ghostly priest, in mediæval Spanish costume, standing at the corner of the building reading his breviary; who, on being addressed, grins and—disappears.

Further on in the same street is another house beloved of the Psychological Society. Here, on certain nights, a whole tragedy is performed in one act. Unhappily, it is not every one who is favored with a view of the performance. It is only the adepts who are permitted to occupy the front seats, so to speak.

Two hundred years ago the house, together with its neighbors on each side, formed a single block, occupied by a community of nuns. An underground passage leads from the cellars to the Halles, communicating also with a building which in old days was used as a monastery. These data being given, what more natural than to found a romance of guilty love between monk and nun.

A few years ago the spot was visited by some members of the above-named society, headed by a celebrated medium; and the story they published of their experiences was, to say the least, startling.

The séance, of course, opened with the usual manifestations, which appear to be a sort of stock in trade: such as blasts of cold air, rampageous knockings, and other mysterious sounds. Then the medium announced to the company that, "by the pricking of his thumbs, something evil this way comes," or, in other words, that the fun was about to begin.

The first genuine, solid bit of fun was the knocking of the unhappy medium down-stairs, or, as he put it in his report, "I was at the top of the stairs endeavoring to force myself against

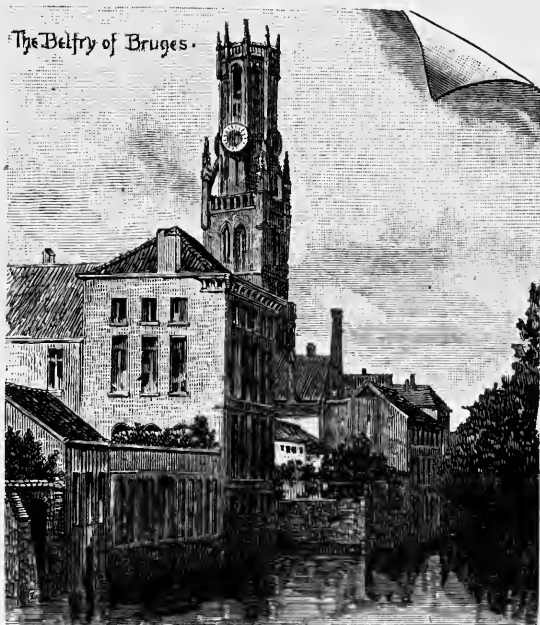
the impalpable resistance, when I felt myself lifted by invisible arms and borne to the bottom of the flight, etc., etc."

Up to this nothing ghostly had been seen by anybody. Cold currents of air had been felt and the lights had burned dimly, after the approved fashion. But when the medium had thrice been borne to the bottom of the stairs the spirits began to gather their forces and to materialize themselves. The medium grew livid and damp with beads of sweat; the lights burned dimmer and the air grew colder. And then out of the darkness crept a form, unsubstantial and shadowy, but unmistakably a nun. She bore herself as one broken with grief, yet overmastered by a consuming passion of love or hate; and appeared to watch with a mixture of longing and loathing the entrance, now bricked up, to the underground passage.

All this time the audience looked on with accumulating horror from the background. The medium himself appeared to be in a sort of trance, and had seated himself in a chair at the bottom of the staircase.

Almost immediately another figure, this time a monk, appeared on the scene. No one saw it come. Only—it was there. On its arrival the nun seemed to take a more bodily shape and the drama began to move rapidly to a conclusion. There was argument and entreaty on the part of the monk, and prayers and wringing of hands on the part of the nun. After awhile the monk seemed to lose his patience, and his victim fell on her knees with outstretched hands and bitter sobbings.

Suddenly, when the feelings of the spectators were wound up to the highest pitch, a piercing shriek ran through the





"A BEAUTIFUL AND QUIANT
OLD FAÇADE."

house, as the monk, drawing a dagger from his bosom, plunged it into his companion's breast and fled, leaving her prone on the floor with the life-blood welling from the wound and spreading in a pool about her.

That was virtually the end of the matter. For there was a resumption of the cold draughts and the ghostly rustlings as of unseen beings moving about; and all at once every one looked in his neighbor's face, for there was nothing to be seen: only the little vestibule and the ordinary, and rather mean-looking, staircase with its worn drugget and the apparently lifeless form of the unhappy medium.

They say that all this takes place regularly on the night of Maundy Thursday. And those whose spiritual eyes are gifted with the power to see may follow, step by step, this story of a bygone tragedy. The people who occupy the house pay little heed to the ghostly tenants—in fact, ignore them altogether. Whether this unneighborly lack of sympathy is taken to heart by the ghosts, is hard to say. Anyway, they do not resent it openly, for the household is never disturbed by any unpleasant manifestations, and goes about its business unmolested.

Enough, however, of ghosts!

Not very far from this street of "Shades"—indeed, just round the corner—is a very beautiful and quaint old façade in stone, built in the year 1477 and restored in 1878. It was here that the "Great Tonlieu," or bureau for the collection of taxes, was held. The ancient family of De Ghistelles held this tonlieu in fief, and collected the imposts upon all merchandise coming from abroad. From the De Ghistelles this right passed to the Sires de Luxembourg, and it was Pierre de Luxembourg who built the premises which still exist. The cellars of the tonlieu have been used as a public weighing-place since 1641; and for this reason the building was called "Sint Jans Weeghuus," *i. e.*, the weighing-place of St. Jean. In 1837 the property was sold, with the exception of the *rez-de chaussée*, and became a private house, until it was repurchased by the municipality in 1876. It is now used for the public library, and contains some valuable books which are at the disposal of any one who wishes to make reference to them.

The beautiful façades adjoining were restored in 1878 on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Jean van

Eyck—that of the bakery is especially noticed as an example of the latest type of what may be called the Bruges style. I call it the *Bruges style*, as opposed to that other nondescript style which at one time threatened to oust from public favor the efforts of the national genius.

It seems, according to M. Weale, that in the sixteenth



"THE LAKE ITSELF WAS USED AS A DOCK."

century the influence of the movement in favor of the Renaissance captivated a small band of Belgian artists who returning from Italy, whither they had gone for the purpose of perfecting their art, brought back with them a devotion for the antique which they had developed whilst prosecuting their studies in the South.

Naturally, they established themselves in the large towns, and this explains a fact which has often been commented upon, namely, that nearly all the churches scattered throughout the country parts which were built or restored in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have preserved, almost without exception, the characteristics of the *moyen age* architecture. In the town it was otherwise, for it was not without a struggle that pagan art won the preference.

This strife between the two schools is clearly marked. On

the one part, the partisans of what might be called artistic reform endeavored to push to the front the ideas they had learned during the period of their southern travels; whilst, on the other, the defenders of the national art essayed to stem the tide of favor which quickly attached itself to the innovations of the new school.

Thus, while, in Bruges, Lancelot Blondeel devoted his pencil to the inspiration of the Italian Renaissance, other artists, notably of the school of Claessins, adhered faithfully to the ancient traditions of Flemish art. So, it is not fair to affirm, as has been often done, that the style of the Renaissance found no favor in Flanders until long after it had obtained a footing in other countries. And as proof of this, one need only point to the old "Greffe" as an example of pure Renaissance built in 1535-37 by Chrétien Sixdeniers, after the designs of Jean Wallot.

Unfortunately this fine façade has suffered much from the climate, and still more at the hands of the mob, during the many revolutions which have taken place. It was restored, however, in 1881, by M. Louis Delacenserie, who has completed his work with a considerable amount of intelligence, even to the decoration of certain ornaments which had originally been polychromed by Jean Zutterman in 1537, and upon which but few traces of color were left to serve as guide.

I have already spoken of some octagon towers, but before taking leave of the subject I must make mention of one tower, although not octagon, which forms the most striking feature of one of the best and most pleasing views of the town that can be obtained. I refer, of course, to the tower which stands by the Minnewater, like a sentinel watching over the safety of the city.

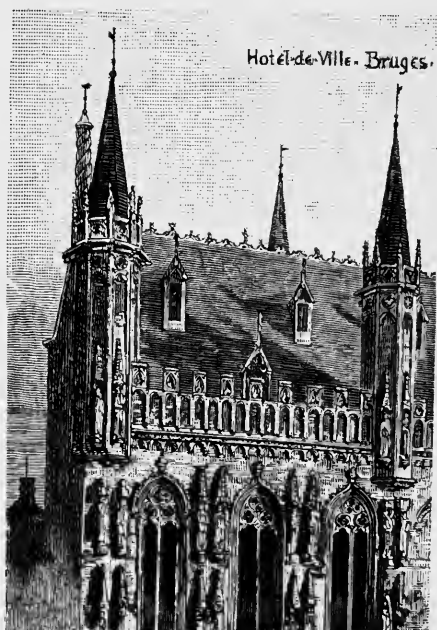
This Minnewater is nothing but a basin—but a most picturesque one—hollowed out of the bed of the Reie; having been enlarged in 1330 at the time when the canal from Ghent to Ostende was made. The name "Minnewater" has often been a puzzle to visitors; not a few of them connecting it with "Minnehaha," the "laughing water" of Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha." But, according to Guido Gezelle, it is nothing more or less than a contraction of "Middenewater," or "middle water," just as "Minnacht" is a contraction of "Middnacht." The lake itself was used as a dock for commercial purposes until the canal called the "Coupure" was cut; since

then it has been left to the passing of the years to beautify it, as nature only can.

Originally, a long wooden bridge crossed the entrance to the lake, and so late even as the end of the sixteenth century the existing bridge was still of wood. But in the year 1740 a handsome stone structure was built, and remains to the present day.

The view from the bridge is magnificent and attracts the attention of artists from all parts. Stand on the bridge where you will, and turn in what direction you may, the eye is met by a picture whose beauty it would be hard to excel.

Once there were two towers to flank the entrance to this lake. Now only one is left. The one which has been demolished was built by Jean van Oudenarde and Martin van Luevene in 1401. That which remains was built in 1398 by the former of these celebrated architects. As far back as the fifteenth century it was used as a powder magazine, and as such it is used now.



The city records tell us that close by was a factory for the refining of the saltpetre used in making gunpowder. They also record the use of gunpowder in the beginning of the fourteenth century. "The Flemings," says Renard, "were at this period at the head of all the nations of Europe in everything that related to the sciences; and there is every reason to believe that they were the first to invent certain engines for the application of this new discovery (gunpowder) for the destruction of armies and besieged places."

Now, I believe that the presence of English cannon at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, is far from being verified; and it is generally asserted that "ribandeguins" (the slang term for the early form of cannon) were not used in the field of battle before 1380 by the Flemish. But there must be an error some-

where. For, notwithstanding the many regrettable "gaps" in the civic records of Bruges, there are numerous indications of the existence of such weapons and of the manufacture of cannon before that date. Also the communal budget of 1303 makes mention of "ribandeguins on wheels." For they were used in that year in an expedition against Tournay.

In the records of the year 1339, too, one finds several items for the cost of artillery horses and drivers; and even at that time the city had its "Meester van den ribanden," which may be freely translated by the modern term "Musketry Instructor." Most assuredly gunpowder was made in Bruges in 1339, and in all probability long before that date. The famous mortar of Tournay, cast in 1346, was the work of the celebrated Bruges founder, Pierre Potghierter. Viollet-le-Duc says that "they began to make cannon in bronze" in 1425. But he is mistaken, for the City of Bruges had its regular gun-foundries before 1382, and the casting of leaden bullets was an established trade in 1380.

However, there can be no disputing the fact that we have in the tower of the Minnewater—still used as a powder magazine—a most interesting relic of the old fighting days of Flanders. To-day, the modern Belgian often assumes the rôle of a boastful braggart, with a wonderfully keen eye for the main chance, and an abnormal appetite for the money of the stranger within his gates. Yet all this and much more may be forgiven him, so long as he preserves the many interesting relics of the past with which his country—formerly the fighting-ground of Europe—is richly and bountifully endowed. And this, I may add in all courtesy, he is likely to do as long as a stranger can be found willing to disburse francs for the privilege—and it is a privilege—of viewing such inestimable treasures.



THE LABOR QUESTION AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY DR. NICHOLAS BJERRING.



HE poor you have always with you," and this will probably remain the order of things on earth; but the distressing poverty, however, which is now the scourge of all countries, and which is very often akin to absolute beggary, is no inevitable fate preordained by an all-wise Providence. "Neither was there any among them that lacked" (Acts iv. 34); this was one of the blessings with which the Catholic Church signalized her entrance into the world. He who bestows upon us the bread of eternal life will not deny us that daily bread for which He taught us to pray. Nevertheless the number of those who would be content with mere food and shelter increases daily, and many there are who are beset by hunger and nakedness. "He who will not work, neither shall he eat"; but not the cry for bread only, nay, the cry for work, grows daily louder. "Right to work" has become the password of the day, and it remains unregarded. Machines replace the work of men, and men themselves must become machines if they desire to find work. The flood of destruction grows ever broader. As the dominion of capital grows on the one hand, so on the other the impoverishment of the masses increases; and in order that the dominion of capital may gain firmer ground and greater extent, industrial establishments of ever-increasing importance are called into life. How shall this destructive current be arrested? Shall prohibitory laws stop the enterprising manufacturer, or shall it be forbidden him to make use of inventions aiming at his benefit?

THE PROBLEM IS TO APPLY AN OLD PRINCIPLE.

Apart from the impracticability of such a course, it must not be forgotten that industry works with those forces which the Creator himself has placed in nature, and that he has given the human mind the power to liberate these forces and make them subject to itself. If evil is the result of the spirit of invention, then God is not its originator, but man, by reason of the anti-social use he makes of it. "Organization of labor"

is declared to be the remedy for the disease of the times, but socialism is not the physician before whom the evil will disappear; much less is it anarchism, that system of robbery which indeed would make the rich poor, but could never deliver the poor from their misery. Nor are poor-rates the remedy for the ills of the times; ready money will not help the poor man. The problem is not to invent a new remedy, but to apply that which is already at hand. Why was there no needy one in the first Christian community? It is certain that had the industrial progress of our times then existed, it would have proved as great a blessing to the faithful as it is, in many respects, a curse to us. But they did not recognize Christianity merely as a doctrine about which much could be spoken, written, and disputed; above all, they learned to search for the kingdom of God and his righteousness; this was their shield for time and eternity. It may not accord with the philosophy of the day to declare, but it is nevertheless true that in no other way can we be saved from our social sufferings. The opinion is becoming prevalent that without the church there is no help. This is one step towards improvement. For, since the church began to be looked upon as an institution for teaching only, and not for healing—since that time the curse of pauperism has come over the nations. If we desire to pray daily with a deeper understanding "Thy Kingdom come," it is time for Christians to show themselves such by helping one another in word and deed.

THE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNISM.

I shall endeavor to sketch briefly the outlines of this social question, as viewed from the principles of religious communism, by speaking of the community of production, consumption, and property. Just as the body has many members, and each has its particular work to do, contributing to serve the whole body, so in a well-ordered household the work is distributed among the various inmates according to their ability, and if every one work industriously, then the house is well cared for.

Thus it is ordered in the household which God has established in the world. All must serve each other, both high and low; to none are time and power given for naught; the main question is not the high or low position, but that time and power are well employed. With the common work of his hand man may serve his fellow-man, still more serve God; for he does the daily work that God has entrusted to him, and by serving his

brother he serves himself. By achieving his maintenance he gains health of body and soul. That we shall eat our bread in the sweat of our brow is a punishment of sin; but willingly borne, the punishment turns into a blessing. That is the Christian doctrine of labor, and social co-operation through labor. If we descend from the ideal to the reality, it must be confessed that the latter agrees very little with the former. The "right to work" is loudly demanded, *the right of gain* is meant thereby. True justice would be established only in *this* condition of affairs: that a member of society be put in his proper position, and thus be enabled to do his duty and work out his share for the benefit of the whole. Labor has been degraded to selfish ends, and has paved a way for open materialism. The employer looks upon the hiring and paying of strange hands as a necessary evil, and pays as little as possible; as a consequence the labor becomes like unto the hire; the laborer on his part only submits to sad necessity, because he cannot do otherwise. He wants "to sweat" as little as possible, and it is therefore to be expected in advance that nothing will be entirely well done. But this is a relationship bearing joy and peace on neither side. As a consequence little work is done, and that badly; there is not so much produced as would otherwise be the case; and yet complaints of *no work* grow louder and louder. It is certainly not a good sign when all the hands in a household cannot find employment. The complaints are well grounded, but this lack of work could not exist if production were so far advanced that it required more labor. The soil of this country, for instance, might be better cared for; immense tracts still wait to be made productive; there is great room for improvement in horticulture, and in the whole domain of the farm and the garden. For these purposes means are required.

PRINCIPLES OF SELFISHNESS DOMINATE.

What is here wanting is an organization by means of which work and wages shall be correctly divided. It is true that such organization of work was contemplated, and even begun, by the French socialists; but they did not progress beyond their grandiloquent words, because they attempted to create an artificial organization. It is not necessary to create an organization. The organization already exists, and exists in all places where, from a common stand-point, labor is looked upon as the affair of the entire human-kind. But it is disarranged where individual selfishness replaces interest for the welfare of the

community. In such cases those who, from their social condition, are the givers of work, do not think of procuring work for those who need it; they do this only when their own interest demands it, the interest of the moment. Enterprises of advantage to the future are, therefore, rarely or never undertaken. As the laborers themselves are only anxious for gain, and to make it easy for themselves, employers herein find a reason for condensing the work as much as possible, and doing it themselves as far as they can. *And yet it would be proper benevolence to supply work, not give alms.* What is everywhere lacking is the spirit of Christianity actualized in the hearts of the people.

The Christian who looks upon the exercise of his profession not as anything merely individual, private and accidental, but as a service done to the world and a function necessary to its life, will of necessity feel a particular fellowship for those other members of the church who follow a like calling, and perform the same functions. In the church a person's calling is not looked upon as something particular to the individual, but as something general in the objective unity of the church. The possibility of every class formation rests on the unity of a profession. The necessary hypothesis for this is that every trade or profession is originally mutual, individual labor only a participation in the efficiency possessed by a higher totality. This interpretation lay at the bottom of the corporation spirit of the middle ages, its guilds and trade unions.

ULTRA INDIVIDUALISM THE CANKER-WORM.

Competition reigns on most fields of social activity. This is by no means a friendly rivalry, but a cruel war for life and death. Whoever cannot hold out in this competition must look to himself or fall by the wayside; his fellow will take no heed of him. The maxim, "Private egoism leads to the general welfare," is not only the soul of modern production, but is actually established as a principle, and in it lies the canker-worm of the social evil. Is it to be wondered at that "professional envy" has become proverbial? Employers and laborers stand in no lasting relation toward each other; each has need of the other for individual purposes, that is all. Hence it has come that the master has banished the young workman from his table and house. Master and servant, factory lord and factory hand, storekeeper and clerk, stand in like loose relations.

It is a Christian principle that we must not only respect and

love ourselves, but also those who are our companions in salvation, and who possess the same rights of citizenship in the kingdom of heaven. When master and servant, employer and laborer, factory lord and factory hand meet on Sunday for the worship of God, then at least they must demonstrate by their actions that they all alike call God their Father. It would appear in the modern industrial world that if such a consciousness ever was present in them, it has become extinguished. Faith, hope, and charity have been forced to make room for the greed to possess, to enjoy, to assert one's self, to govern. How, then, can a religious communism exist, and by its social workings demonstrate itself in actual living relations.

SENSE OF RACE SOLIDARITY IS LOST.

The very kernel of the social question lies, if not exclusively, yet principally, in the conditions of labor; their organization can, as already said, be effected only on the principle of religious communism. The laborer only demands work—work that is profitable and secures him a livelihood; when he has this he is, as a rule, satisfied—at least when he is not yet demoralized by the anarchy in labor. Possession assures the certainty of subsistence; where, however, the possessing class seeks to make the most of its advantages at the cost of those who have not the means for carrying on any business, and in this way to increase its possessions, that animosity is generated which finds its vent in the reaction of anarchism.

“Possession is theft.” This extreme is called forth by that other extreme in which selfishness considers possession as absolute property, and treats it as such. But that which may be lost, which can sink or rise in value, and which can be possessed only in time, must be regarded only as property given in trust, not as an absolute ownership of whose stewardship no account need ever be given. Property treated in this absolute sense is called by the Gospel the “mammon of unrighteousness.” Egoism on one side incites egoism on the other, and the egoism of the poor forms itself into a system of greedy and rapacious communism. “Serve one another, each with the gift he hath received,” we read in the Holy Scriptures. All do not understand this “serving,” nor can it be understood unless we have some practical sense of the solidarity of the race. In a dissolving of all common interest lies the cause of the generally felt want of fortune among the masses. And yet here in America collective wealth has not decreased, but land,

real estate, has considerably risen in value, and personal property been immeasurably increased.

TOO MUCH INDIVIDUALISM CREATES THE GREAT FORTUNES.

How, then, is the ever-increasing indigence of the majority to be explained? By the fact that countless small fortunes have been concentrated into the hands of capitalists, and this tendency is still on the increase. The use of machinery has indisputably contributed much toward this concentration of wealth. Industrial inventions might become beneficent to the masses. If machines replace human labor, this should not necessitate the enforced idleness of the portion who are thrown out of employment. The machine has done not a little to mitigate the original ban that was put on manual labor. By means of it that portion of the human race which has hitherto been prevented by hard labor from mental culture is put in a position to aspire to higher education. If the Son of God has delivered us, why shall not the children of God help to deliver one another from the bondage of service and the still worse oppression of hunger? Where in all the world is it written that society shall consist of a few great proprietors, and an immense number of destitutes who are in every respect cut off from any share in the world's goods? Though machinery makes a greater concentration of industry and presupposes a larger capital, thus making the former efforts of small possessors almost impossible, this does not necessitate that such an alteration of things must lead to the financial ruin of the parties concerned. On the contrary, it is possible to think of an arrangement by which former owners might, with their capital and their powers, take part in the new modes of manufacture and enjoy the fruits thereof without sinking to be proletarian. As in Europe small farmers formerly assisted in various ways in carrying out extensive agricultural undertakings, so the factory system might assume a form that would allow the inclusion of many smaller undertakings.

The law protects property from the attacks of thieves and robbers; why not also from depredations which have their cause only in the right of the more powerful? The annihilation and absorption of the smaller owner by the greater does indeed seem to be only the right of the stronger in the social field. Though the law permits this, the religious and moral relation which makes the law of conscience still obtains.

It seems truly as if the password of the day, the device according to which the right of the stronger is exercised, were :

"Go down!" An appeal to laws which lay no restraint on private acts in the financial field would be useless. If the law of conscience and not of greed governed the administration of fortunes, the capitalist would not altogether strain toward assuring for himself the very greatest profits, but would endeavor to dispose of his fortune in such a way as to contribute to the welfare of others. The Jews have notoriously in many business matters the superiority over the Christians; their religious national community, which leads them to close relations in financial matters, enables them at any moment to concentrate the fortunes of many individuals. In former times, when among Christians also there was greater religious unity, causing more truth and faithfulness in material matters than can now be found, the consequence of these closer relations was that the less moneyed man could undertake something requiring a greater amount than was at his disposal. The actual cause, then, of the present evil is to be found in the *absence of Christian feeling!* *The remedy for the evil lies in the restoration of the sense of religious community in regard to money matters also.*

THE IDEAL OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

This religious community is no unattainable ideal; much of it has already been in existence. Its complete realization must, of course, be looked upon as a goal to be striven after, though scarcely to be completely encompassed on earth. It is quite possible of attainment, however, to some degree. In every circle each individual can contribute his part thereto, not alone by applying the commands of his religion to his actions, but by introducing the church itself into his ideas, placing true Christian teaching at the bottom of all his actions and exemplifying it in his life. Thus, from single families and circles will the church again, in the social province also, swell into the all-comprehensive temple of God, as it was recognized and venerated by past centuries. And on this enlargement rests in every respect the salvation of human society.



"IN THE MIDST OF THE WINE-HARVEST."

THE "UNSPOILT VALLEYS OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS."

BY E. M. LYNCH.

GERMAN-SPEAKING IN ITALY.



THE population of this part of Val d'Aosta is German-speaking, and there has been much wordy strife as to the cause of this Teutonic plant in Italian soil. One explanation is all sufficient. Some centuries ago Gressoney was an appanage of the bishopric of Sion, in Canton Vallais. The bishop naturally sent his own men to look after the diocesan lands, and there they and their descendants have taken firm root, speaking the tongue of the Vallais.

French is the language used for the official announcements in the parish church at La Trinité; and, needless to say, the distinguishing appendages, "St. Jean" and "La Trinité," are also French. Moreover, a religious ceremony in use in France, and nowhere else, so far as I am aware—the handing of a basket of *pain bénit* during Mass—is in force in Gressoney to

this day. Curious to have French and German prominent, and Italian in a distant background, in the *Regno d'Italia*!

The congregation struck me as having the flat, broad face and perfectly wooden figure that is characteristically Swiss.

Gressoney folk are said to be most particular only to wed with those of their own village; a fact difficult to understand, when the valleys round about them are peopled by a nobler, more beautiful race. However, it is profoundly true that

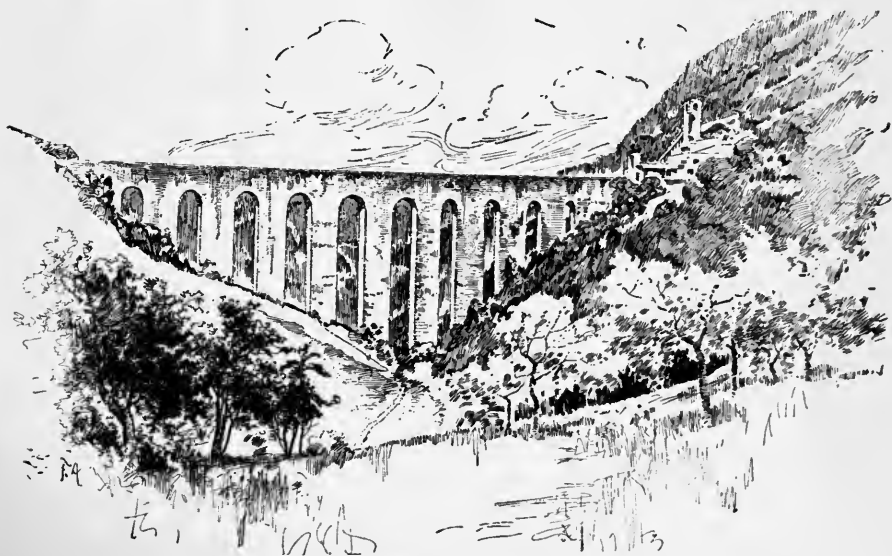
"'Tis man's ancient whim

That eke his like seems good to him,"

as Dante said when his churlish host, Can Grande, complained that *he* found the court fool better company than the poet of the "Divina Commedia."

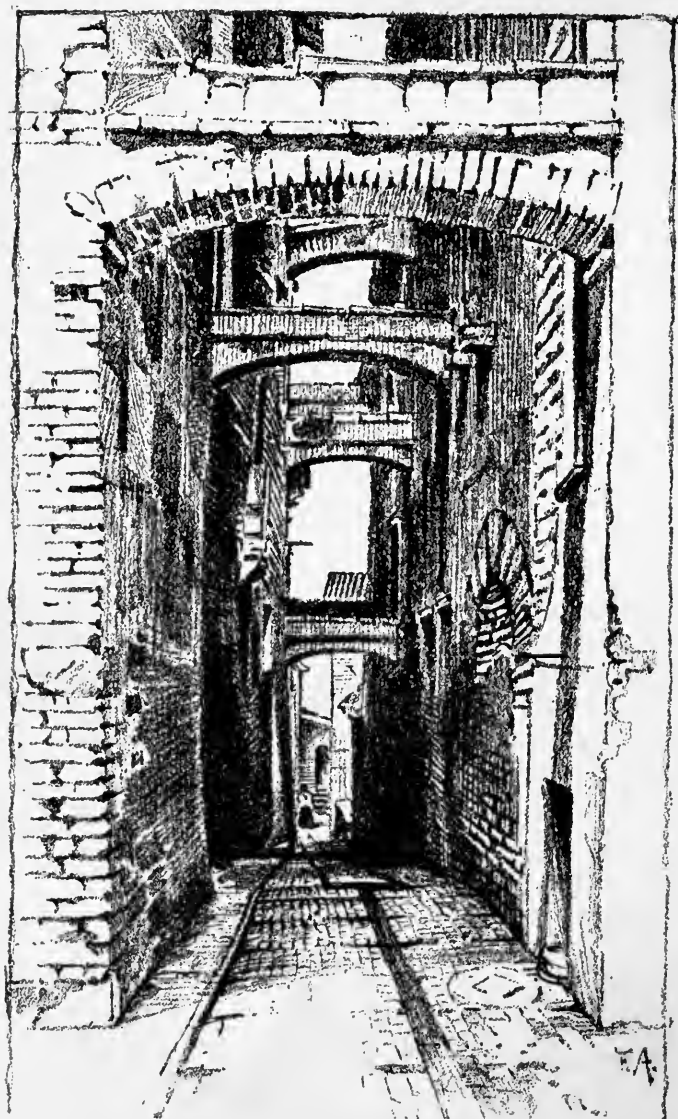
MONTE ROSA.

At the Miravalle, Monte Rosa looked in at our windows. It appeared to be a short hour's walk to the heart of the Lys Glacier; but we must put this down to the clearness of the atmosphere, for it is three long hours alone to the source of the Lys! It is owing to the neighborhood of so much ice that



ROMAN BRIDGES.

the air of Gressoney is so cool. We were told it was warmer when we were there (15th and 16th September) than it had been all the summer; and it was warmer still on our return on the 21st, but it felt frosty at night, and even frosty in the



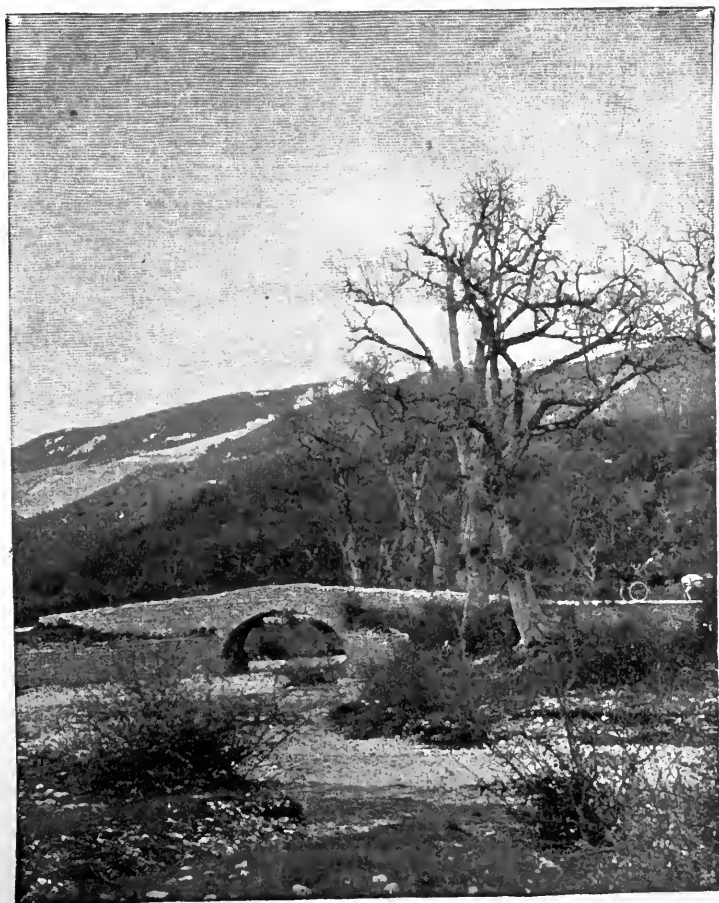
A RUINED ROMAN THEATRE.

shade in the day-time. Gressoney would be an Eden for north-
 erners wishing to summer in Italy, yet dreading the heat of
 the cities and the low levels.

VAL D'AOSTA.

At Gressoney we put two of our mules in the shafts of a
 little carriage, and trotted down the valley to Pont St. Martin,
 in Val d'Aosta; starting in the crisp 'morning, with coat-

collars turned up and all our wraps in use. The early afternoon saw us in the midst of the *vendemmia*, the wine-harvest; the brightest, most picturesque event in all the Italian year. The heat was almost suffocating, but we were very happy notwithstanding. The valley is absolutely unique. Roman bridges, mediæval fortresses, an Augustan Arch of Triumph, a ruined Roman theatre, fragments of a great amphitheatre, picturesque villages, churches with the tinned spires of Savoy, and wayside shrines, are landmarks along the course of the river Dora; while the Alps, with occasional fields of "perpetual snow," and imposing glaciers, cut the sky-line. At Courmayeur the traveller faces Mont Blanc; not in that mountain's rounded aspect, as it is seen from Geneva, but in all the glory of rock-spire and pinnacle.



"WITH OCCASIONAL FIELDS OF PERPETUAL SNOW."

We were on the beaten track at Courmayeur; but of tourists there were none, a spell of bad weather having frightened away (all too early) the adventurous Alpine Club men and their admiring families. The excellent hotels stood empty, mournful, deserted. For people who can climb at all, this is a most interesting headquarters. The feeble are very gently dealt with; all things are made easy for pedestrians and riders of mules. The ascent of that "grass-hill," the Mont de Saxe, which is rewarded with a sublime view over the most famous peaks and passes of Switzerland, is simply a series of woodland walks, and a gradual ascent through some pastures.

Pré St. Didier, a little lower than enchanting Courmayeur, is at the foot of the Little St. Bernard Pass. Here, also, the wayfarer may "rest and be thankful," in a good hotel.

Aosta city, where the old Roman interest culminates—the scene, too, of Comte de Maistre's well-known book, *Le Lépreux*—is quaint and old world enough to satisfy those who most detest the monotony and banality of modern life; but it is not so far behind the age we live in as to be an uncomfortable halting place. It has, at least, two capital hotels. Many days might be spent in visiting the things of interest in and around Aosta. Châtillon, where the Matmoire (which rushes down from the Matterhorn) falls into the Dora, is another interesting spot in Val d'Aosta, at which the traveller finds cleanliness, comfort, and civility, at a quiet old hostelry, across the threshold of which seldom falls the shadow of the stranger. Foreigners, in fact, hardly know of the existence of any part of Val d'Aosta, Courmayeur excepted.

From Verrèz upwards Val d'Aosta speaks French since the time of the Franconian Empire. Therefore, a small stock of foreign languages will go far in these valleys, where three tongues are indigenous. In the hotels, generally, some one understands a fourth—English.

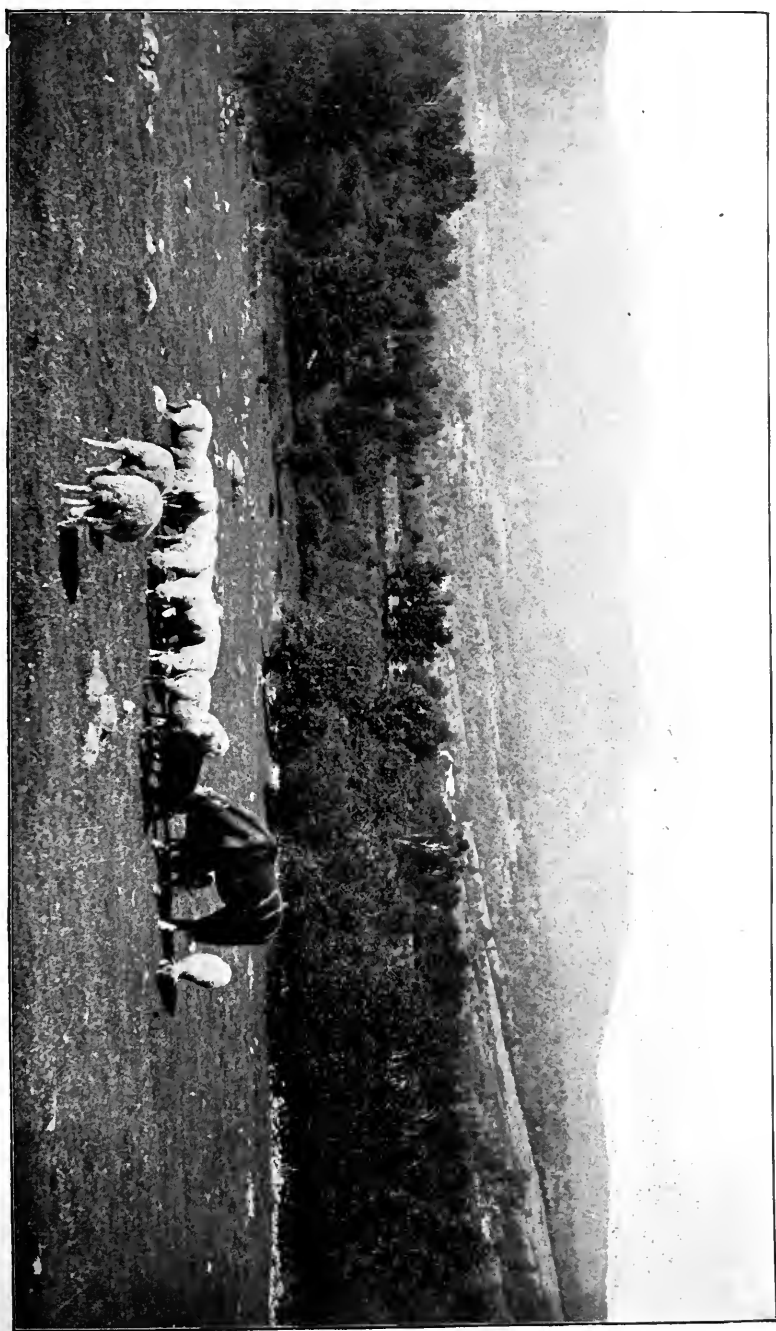
VAL D'AOSTANS.

Aostans are a primitive population: The amateur photographer is a novelty to them, as the following conversation will show:

Photographer—Thank you for letting me take the picture of the plough. Shall I photograph a group of yourselves?

Old Woman.—I'm old and ugly, but I *should* like . . . !

Photographer—(Group being already taken). *Would* you like to see how a picture looks?



"A GRADUAL ASCENT THROUGH SOME PASTURES."

Ploughman—(From behind the camera). You said you took *me*, but I'm not in that group (aggrieved). Unless you took me with the plough, I'm not done at all. I see all the others.

Photographer explains, soothingly, but apparently conveying no clear idea—the ploughman could not "be in the picture" when standing behind the camera!

Ploughman.—I know all about it now. I saw a machine at the Fair. You got the portrait directly—in a gilt frame. Ten cents was all the man charged.

Omnes.—Can we have our portraits at *once*, please?

When the primitive plough needs transportation along the high-road panniers are set upon the mule's back and the plough is laid upon the panniers. So there are advantages in ploughing with a little tin toy that one slim mule can drag through the earth.

A comely old dame in the background of the plough-picture was beset by a sad thought after her portrait was taken. "Ah," she wailed, "if only it had been Sunday and that I had had my nice clothes!"

Yet another proof that the Val d'Aosta is unriden of the tourist lies in the fact that reins are not in fashion there. The carts and other traps meeting our carriage were often drawn by mules and horses that had no bit in their mouths, the only substitute for a "guide" being a foot of pendant strap from a headstall. The man in charge almost invariably reposed inside the vehicle, sleeping sweetly. Happily, draft-horses answer to an alien voice, and our driver's "Yee—aw—aw!" would send approaching quadrupeds to their own side of the way, the *right* side, in both senses, in Savoy. The mules generally picked it out for themselves. We used to notice them, when still far off, making their long ears almost meet at the points in their determined efforts properly to measure their distances; and our coachman, trusting them completely, forebore from troubling their minds with his spoken directions! His confidence invariably proved to be well placed.

FORT BARD.

From the city of Aosta travellers begin the ascent of the Great St. Bernard Pass.

On the 14th of May, 1800, the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, crossed the snows of the Great St. Bernard at the head of thirty-five thousand men. Fort Bard, in the Val

d'Aosta, manned by four hundred Austrians, held the conqueror in check for a week before the battle of Marengo. The French army, horse, foot, and artillery, passed behind the houses above the picturesque bridge. The mountain here is indescribably steep and rugged. Fort Bard commands every inch



"IS QUIANT AND OLD-WORLD ENOUGH."

of the ground. There were sentinels at every angle of the fortress. After that night, dead or alive, the commandant was never seen again; hence the belief that he must have been "bought," and must have carried off his sentinels—those, at least, posted on two sides of the fort. (There *is* a partly-tunnelled, "secret" outlet running from the upper ranges of the buildings to the east.)

Each wheel, each hoof in Napoleon's army was wrapped in manifold swathings to deaden the sound. Darkness, and the roar of the Dora River, were on the side of the invaders. Still, the passage of thirty-five thousand men over the roughest ground, having cannon and ammunition wagons in their train, *must* have been heard in the fort, which rises up in the middle of the narrow valley, had the sentries been at their northern and western posts.

The ancient bridge is highly picturesque—the foot-way rising sharply, as in "saddle-back" bridges, to the centre, where shrines rise above its parapet on both sides. Close by this bridge a great mill-stream falls, like a magnificent natural cascade, into the turbulent Dora.

In the lower parts of Mont Bard three hundred military convicts are now imprisoned. Some of these are said to be officers of high rank.

After five days of walking and driving, we wound our way up the long valley of the Lys once more to Miravalle, Gressoney-la-Trinité.

BROWNING AND GRESSONEY.

In Gressoney-St.-Jean I tried to come upon some trace of Browning's visits, remembering his delight in the place, and in



THEY ARE GATHERED FOR THE SHEARING.

its remoteness from dreaded tourists of his own world. Though he was so sociable, he could not take his rest or work at all in haphazard company. Old friends in the enforced com-



"ALL THINGS ARE MADE EASY FOR PEDESTRIANS AND RIDERS OF MULES."

panionship of hotel life were so many interruptions, while "pushing" strangers afflicted him with positive panic in his holiday-time. Thus, the most lovely spots on the highways of travel were banned and barred for Browning, and he was driven into the byways to find a summer holiday-land.

But the place he so loved keeps no memory of Browning. At the hotel at Gressoney-St.-Jean I was assured it was fifteen years since the poet was in the valley, and that he had never been anything more than a passer-by!

But, we all know, he was at Gressoney in '83 and again in '85, and in both years stayed on and on, till he and his sister must have been the only strangers left. To quote from Browning's *Life*, by Mrs. Orr: "He became so attached to Gressoney, with its beautiful outlook upon Monte Rosa, that nothing would have hindered his returning—or at least contemplating a return to it—but the great fatigue to his sister. . . . They walked *down* in October, 1885, and completed the hard seven hours' trudge to San Martino d'Aosta, without one atom of refreshment or a minute's rest." The early snows had already fallen before they left, and the Brownings might easily have been the weather's prisoners for an indefinite period.

Since those days the new carriage-road has been made from Biela to Gressoney. A train runs through Biela, so that anybody can now reach the place.

There was a pathetic suggestion in this oblivion as to the great poet in his beloved valley that called forth a deeper emotion in a Browning devotee than would have produced any—except the most precious—recollections on the part of the host of his inn.

BACK TO CASA JANZO, OVER COL D'OLEN.

We feared our mules, tired with much carriage-work, were scarcely fit to face the long and trying Pass of the Col d'Olen, but their owner declared that their "foot upon their native heath," they would be fresh again. And so it proved. They dragged at starting, and could scarcely keep up with our re-enforcing donkey; but the harder the climb, the better went the mules.



OUR RE-ENFORCING DONKEY.

Col d'Olen is the happy hunting-ground of the botanist. The Abbate Carestia, who has been knighted by the King of Italy for his services to the science of botany, declares this Pass to be the richest in flowery treasures of any spot in the Alps. The hotel is the

highest in Europe (nearly ten thousand feet above the sea) and we were told we should find it shut up, for the Pass is generally under snow some days earlier than the 22d of September. However, the hotel was *half-open* and still hospitable, and the Col bright with a greater quantity of beautiful flowers than we had seen for many weeks.

Ascending, the heat was very great; the air indescribably clear, the views on all sides magnificent. On the Col a keen wind blew, and everything to east and south was veiled in smoke, for the starved-out *Pastori* had set fire to the withered grass on the upper rocks (they do it every year, saying the ashes enrich the ground at an altitude to which artificial fertilizers cannot be profitably carried), and every growing thing burnt—burnt like tinder. Sparks falling to lower levels,

where the pines grow, set woods ablaze. Châlets, in many cases, during the dry autumn, were in danger in Val Sesia and Val Vogna. There has been much destruction of property, water being so terribly scarce on the heights. Nobody is likely to be punished for the malefaction, because none saw the herbage fired. Mountains burned in Valle Vogna for a week—a terrible but sublime spectacle at night—smouldered for some days in consequence of thunder-showers, and were fanned to flame again by the first high wind. The local defence is to cut a trench across the track of the fire. Sometimes, unfortunately, stones and timber roll down the steep slopes, and no workers dare approach the scene of destruction.

In Val Sesia the mountains burnt for twenty-one days. All Varallo drove out at night to see the *Denti di Cavallo* glowing like a furnace.

Few, at any time, see the view towards the plains from Col d'Olen, except in the early morning; so, for consolation, we reminded ourselves, as we sniffed the smoke and hurried down the long, rough path in the gathering dusk, which was darkness before we got to Alagna. We stumbled up the steep *salite* (stairways) to Casa Janzo by the light of lanterns.

To those who find the old "playground of Europe" rather dusty and over-beaten I repeat, I recommend the fresh and unspoilt valleys of the Southern Italian Alps. They, at all events, have not been—to use Mrs. Browning's expressive words—"trodden flat by the feet of the Continental English."



THE CELTIC REVIVAL.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



HISTORY of the Celtic literature of Ireland from the earliest times to the present day is given in the remarkable book before us.* We have to confess that reading it produced an emotion like that which rises under the influence of certain kinds of poetry. To say that the review of the ancient literature of his country by Dr. Hyde was careful and authoritative, is merely to state what any one would expect the work of such an accomplished man must be; but this would be the least part of the praise to which he is entitled. He belongs to an academical family, one of those leisured and cultivated families to be found in every part of Ireland and which typify the unperverted taste of all classes. The grotesque extravagances in Irish country life that we read of are excrescences, abnormal developments of buffoonery or recklessness when the humor and the good taste which are the natural characteristics of that people ran wild under particular social and political influences. A member of one of those scholarly families, with ample leisure, varied learning, and surpassing critical acumen, our author is marked for this labor as a man of no other class could be; but more, he is marked for it by his passionate love of the old race and its literature; and he gives his possessions of mind and heart to the service with a devotion pure as religion, a spirit of sacrifice higher in courage than chivalry at its best. Had he carried his labors to London and placed his gifts and acquirements on the altar of English public opinion, wealth and honor would be his reward. We would hear of the great "English" archæologist Hyde in the *Times* and the magazines. As it is, he is an Irish country gentleman, known to the scholars of the world indeed, and so far as he is known in England, looked on as the worst kind of irreconcilable—one who would disturb the safety of the empire by filling Irishmen with the delusion that they belong to an ancient and cultured race, instead of leaving them blessed with the privilege of being the Gibeonites of the United Kingdom. In this work Irishmen and their descendants everywhere

* *A Literary History of Ireland.* By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

will find scientific proof that they possess a richer inheritance of the qualities which make man divine than all races save that one whose poetry, eloquence, and wisdom still teach the world as when Greece was young. Nor is this an idle knowledge without title to respect in an age which values only the strong and fortunate. Historic truth is more useful to mankind than successful commerce—I am too civil to say successful violence and fraud. Irishmen, or their children out of Ireland, are not bound to live exclusively in the past; they can take their place in the bustling world, and, if true to themselves, it must be a foremost one. Without offence, one might say that thirty centuries probably, twenty centuries certainly, of intellectual activity must have given to mental processes a power in those fields of labor which require man to be something more than a beast of burden.

There was a great Celtic Empire in Europe centuries before Cæsar went to Gaul to make his fortune; the subject classes of that empire were the ancestors of the modern Germans and of what are called the Anglo-Saxons. It is quite touching in the light of this fact to read the verse which the children in the “National” schools of Ireland were compelled to repeat:

“I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child!”

Dr. Whately, who was one of the Commissioners of National Education, may be the man most directly responsible for this outrage on good taste and decency, but his colleagues were indirectly responsible when they became the tools of that Englishman who did the Irish Establishment the honor of accepting the great revenues of the archdiocese of Dublin as the solace of his exile. The “National system” of education pursued two objects: one with an unanimity among the commissioners which can only be understood in Ireland—this was the destruction of Irish as a living language; the other was the ruin of the Catholic Church as a social and religious influence. Half of the commissioners were Catholics, and though Whately and his allies accomplished much, they were not able to effect their entire aim against the church. Nothing could be more unprincipled than Whately’s conduct—we know it from Nassau Senior, his favorite pupil—but he had to work “with one hand, and that the best, tied behind his back,” because one or two of the Catholic commissioners were obstacles. It was

different in regard to the old language. It was doomed to death by Catholic and Protestant alike.

The same motives which caused the anglicizing of surnames ever since the Statute of Kilkenny, the putting on the shelf Celtic Christian names to-day as well as in penal times, the sending of the youth of our better classes to Oxford instead of to Trinity, the assuming of a "Brummagem" or Cockney accent to disguise the manly burr of Ulster, the rich melody of the south and west, or the clear sharpness of the Leinster tone, were in force with the commissioners in killing the native tongue. They preferred to make a mongrel of the kindly Irish child than to leave him his descent from saints. Whately, the quasi-Unitarian Archbishop of Dublin, supplied "Christian days" of his own for that child whose ancestors were Christians when the Saxon worshipped Woden and Thor and the host of witches and goblins he brought with him from the German forests. If a single Christian influence or one scintilla of letters is to be found in the Saxon before the Norman came, he owes it to the Irish missionary and teacher, the Irish monasteries and schools. The first chapter of our author, in which he answers his question: "Who were the Celts?" will be a revelation to many, the fixing of floating ideas to many, a new impulse to all.

They were a conquering race. When first seen by authentic history they occupied the region along the banks of the upper Danube, together with Bavaria, Baden, and the district round the Maine. Our author tells us that issuing thence they established for two centuries an empire over all North-west and Central Europe, or, as we might put it, they possessed the territories which some fourteen or fifteen centuries later, under Charles the Great, revived the Western Empire. We are in the dark as to their polity, but that there was a political unity is evident from the extent of their conquests. That the occupation was not like a Barbarian inroad must be inferred from the names of places which have remained amid all the changes of Europe, and those which are mentioned in the history of the nations. Possessing historical intuition as exact as the intuition of mathematical science, Dr. Hyde leads his reader along safe roads. He is never betrayed by that speculative historical imagination which even in Gibbon, Thierry, and Sismondi from time to time becomes a haze.

Dr. Hyde, we think justly, infers that from 500 B.C. to 300 B.C. the Celts possessed a high degree of political unity, and "to have followed with signal success a wise and consistent ex-

ternal policy." * I must send the reader to him for his reasons; † but we have during the period named three successful wars, in one of which they took Spain from the Carthaginians, the north of Italy from the Etruscans, and considerable territory along the Danube from the Illyrians. In passing I call attention to the close alliance between them and the Greeks during this period; I contrast with it their haughty contempt of the Romans, which even nine or ten centuries later found expression in that letter of St. Columbanus to the Holy See, so well known to us all. ‡

A fair question arises at this point: Where were the Germans? The ancient Greek historians of the sixth, fifth, and fourth centuries B.C., who tell so much about the Celts, know absolutely nothing of the Germans. The explanation is given by Jubainville: § they were conquered by the Celts. They were so completely beneath the surface that the immediate neighbors of the latter, so far as political life was concerned, were the Scythians. This was the view of the Greeks, and it is singularly enough corroborated in the old Irish manuscripts which in one way or another appear to claim a Scythian origin for the Irish race. Dr. Hyde does not note this last point, for the reason, doubtless, that his argument at the moment is mainly philological; and we refer to it because the Scythian origin has been always looked upon as a wild idea. The notion sprang from political juxtaposition probably, but even in this the old poets and chroniclers had some ground for their tradition.

An interesting statement is that there existed a kind of Celto-Germanic civilization. || A number of words common to the Celts and Germans are not to be found in the other Indo-European tongues, and there are many common to all these tongues which bear the same meaning in the Celto-Germanic languages while bearing a different one in the other languages of the group. How such words and such meanings became

* The valuable discussion on linguistic tokens and the allusions of foreign writers, Greeks and Romans, seem to prove his thesis to the very letter. We hope Irish-Americans will arrange to invite him to deliver a series of lectures on the work of their ancestors in forming modern society.

† Livy gives an account of Ambicatus, who seems to have been a Celtic Charlemagne.

‡ To guard against misconception, I mean that the proud Irishman, while recognizing the greatness of the URBS, added: "It is great to *us* only because it contains the tombs of the Apostles."

§ *Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*. The German's "language during ages of slavery had been reduced to the condition of a patois."

|| It is clearly inferrible that there was an Italo-Celtic period previous to the establishment of the Italian races in Italy, perhaps some twelve centuries before our Lord's coming. This is the opinion of the great authorities. The perfection of the Celtic tongue seems to have been attained at a very early period.

common to the tongues of Celts and Germans is easily understood; the two peoples, the dominant Celts and the subject Germans, obeyed the same chiefs and fought in the same armies; but the invention of the one class of words and the assignation of new meanings to the other, open up a different question, one of profound interest concerning the reach of time about which European history is silent: What was being evolved the while? Some solution may be found in the ancient Irish traditions preserved in the mass of manuscripts scattered through the libraries of the Continent, buried in the libraries of Trinity College and Oxford, of the Royal Irish Academy, and other collections in the United Kingdom. A social and political life must have been developing side by side with the growth of language during this night. To men possessed of historical intuition a more solid field for speculation on the early life of man is afforded by those manuscripts and similar aids than from traces left in caves and river-beds, or from glaciers melted in the consciousness of a savant.

We have, incidentally, proof of the strong sterling qualities of the German: namely, that despite his long subjection he held his own language, his own religion, was never assimilated by his conqueror, and finally broke his yoke. This rising was about the year 300 B.C. The Celts were driven from the region between the Rhine and the North Sea, between the Elbe and the basin of the Maine. It was a rending in sunder of the Celtic Empire. Those Celts driven from the right bank of the Rhine to the left are known to school-boys as the Belgæ of Cæsar's Commentaries; others settled along the Rhine; others turned from the west and founded that colony of Galatia to whose inhabitants, three centuries later, St. Paul wrote the famous epistle "with his own hand"; later on they lost Spain and Gaul, and there remained to them nothing of their vast possessions* except Britain and Ireland.

We pass over the thousand years in Ireland previous to our era—and in this we are like Romeo's apothecary, consenting against our will—and just refer to the great servile revolt against the free clans or nobility. It was led by Cairbré, and would seem to have been what Balafré would describe as "a sufficient onslaught," for the Milesians were all but exterminated. I think under the text we may find a metaphorical palimpsest telling us the rule of Cairbré was that of the worst kind of tyrant there could be, a serf intoxicated with triumph.

* St. Jerome, who was not a friend of theirs, allows himself to speak of them as "the conquerors of the East and West."

and maddened by memories of humiliation. The Four Masters transcribing the contemporary chronicles say: "Evil was the state of Ireland during his reign, fruitless her corn, for there used to be but one grain on the stalk," and so on through a tale of blight during the inauspicious period. There was a very ancient belief among the people, a belief transmitted almost to the present, that bad seasons were a judicial punishment for the crimes of kings. Of course no one can pretend to trace its origin, but we may suggest that as kingship was a sacerdotal office in the earliest times, the person entrusted with the dignity should be worthy of the friendship of God. Acts forfeiting that friendship would naturally be punished by God. Our author translates the hymn chanted in the ears of a prince of Erin on his inauguration, as a warning of what he might expect from unkingly conduct:

"Seven witnesses there be
Of the broken faith of kings:
First to trample on the free,
Next—to sully sacred things,
Next—to strain the law divine,
(This defeat in battle brings,)
Famine, slaughter, milkless kine,
And disease on flying wings.
These the seven-fold vivid lights
That light the perjury of kings!"

On the restoration of the old line the country bloomed as of yore and peace was on the land—to be interrupted, however, by another rebellion and massacre of the masters. This seems to have been the last great social rebellion in Ireland, and I suggest that the influence of Christianity, if it did not fuse the free and unfree clans, obtained for the latter some advantages in the tenure of land by which many, though never rising above the rank of peasants, became wealthy men. Indeed, on account of the strictness with which the genealogies were enrolled and preserved, it would be impossible for one not belonging to the chief's stock to be included in the clan. Before our era the local genealogies were written, recopied, and made matter of court roll as part of the regular business of clan administration, and at the triennial parliaments of Tara were subjected to national examination and revision. The vast mass of matter contained in these documents might in part explain the opinion which seems to prevail in certain quarters, that Irish manuscript materials are of no literary value. The term literary value is relative. The critic the other day who pronounced an unfavora-

ble opinion on the novels of M. Sienkiewicz because they were studded with a number of hard names, has, doubtless, his own standard; but if these documents contain names which appear in the sagas and which are associated with historical events, the reality of the heroic and historical characters would be established by autochthonous testimony alone. We know that from the fourth century of our era, at least, historical events are confirmed from external sources; we can go further and say that wherever there has been the chance of controlling historical events from outside testimony, or correcting accounts by outside criticism, the Irish records have been put beyond all praise for accuracy. A sufficient reason for the exactness of the genealogies would appear to a lawyer on the bare statement that the title to a share of the tribal lands depended on a claimant's power to prove his descent from the ancestor of the chief; but a provision of the law dealing with documents of the kind and with the related subject of poetical recitation might not be so convincing. The poet and historian should be free from "theft and killing and satirizing and adultery, and everything that would be a reproach to their learning." We fear if such a law existed in our time there would be no poetry and very little history. Mac Firbis, quoted by our author, speaks from the sentiment which possessed his whole being as an historian belonging to a great professional family of historians, and his words have the ring of that overmastering sense of duty which is inseparable from honorable life. The honor which in the knight made a suspicion burn like a stain, had its counterpart in the respect for truth by which those Irish historians were ruled, and which compelled them to exercise a critical faculty severe indeed, but just, before letting the work go from their hands. It may be said, that if all manuscripts were subjected to such scrutiny the faculty spoken of was not needed. Why, it is the very essence of professional training to take nothing for granted, and this same professional training supplied that secondary common sense in which modern critics—often the free lances of inquiry—are so deficient.

I pass over the lovely descriptions submitted by our author of the Elysium of the Gael.* Quoting one, he says: "It breathes the very essence of Celtic glamour, and is shot through and through with the Celtic love of form, beauty, landscape, com-

* "The Voyage of Bran," a pagan poem translated by Kuno Meyer, who speaks of its antiquity. Zimmer thinks the transcribed version is not later than the seventh century. A curious remark concerning the word "Rein"—"of the sea"—which occurs in the poem, is made by a great French linguist—the Gaels brought it with them as a reminiscence of the Rhine.

pany, and the society of woman." "I verily believe," he goes on, "there is no Gael alive even now who would not in his heart of hearts let drift by him the Elysiums of Virgil, Dante, and Milton, to grasp at the Moy Mell of the unknown Irish pagan." I must send the reader to the work for the fine story of Cuchulain's sick-bed. The conceptions are pagan. The deserted wife of the Celtic Neptune, Manannán, sends an ambassadress to the hero to invite him to the other world.* He would find

"There are at the western door,
In the place where the sun goes down,
A stud of steeds of the best of breeds,
Of the gray and the golden brown."

Belief in rebirth comes out in the "Wooing of Etain." She is the wife of one of the Tuatha De Danann; is reborn as a mortal and weds the King of Ireland. Her former husband follows, and tries to win her back by painting the Elysium to which he would again lead her. It surpasses Innisfail, beautiful as that land is, and rich in good things though it be.

In the chapter on the "Early Use of Letters" we have much that is interesting; among them this: the philosophical character of the Ogam alphabet is accounted for by Dr. Rethwisch, a German, as follows: "The natural gifts of the Celts and their practical genius for simplicity and observation ripened up to a certain stage far earlier than those of their Indo-European relations." We have from the fact that this writing was peculiar to the Irish Gael, and only to be found where he had settled, distinct proof that he planted colonies in Britain and Scotland in those marauding expeditions of which later on we read complaints as well from Gaul as from Britain. This justifies Dr. Hyde's opinion that the hypothesis which treated the Ogam as an early cryptic alphabet will not bear investigation. There would have been no meaning in recording the simple facts centering round invasion and settlement in any except the ordinary script. Plundering a village, driving out the inhabitants or the like, and the date would be the matters carved upon the stones. But the question is set at rest by the number deciphered owing to the key contained in the *Book of Ballymote*, and to duplicates inscribed in Latin letters. That many still defy all efforts to read them is not a proof that the original intention was to use the signs as a cryptic alphabet, though in the absence of fuller knowledge we may allow that in time they might be employed as a cypher by writing names

* "Their ocean-god was Manannán Mac Lir." See McGee's fine ballad if you want to be affected as by the gathering of the clans.

backwards, transposing syllables, or any other method by which the ordinary reader would be set at fault.*

The prehistoric Irish were very much behind the inhabitants of Great Britain in civilization, we are informed by English writers. They infer this from the remoteness of Ireland from the Continent. Down to the time when the full swing of the National school system killed Irish as a spoken language, English conviction was a preconceived theory. We offer a comparison between the Irish-speaking peasant at the beginning of the forties and the English peasant in this year of grace at the end of the scientific century. The vocabulary of the latter ranges from three hundred words to an extreme never reaching six hundred; that of the Irish-speaking peasant went from four thousand to over six thousand. Sir John Davis, James I.'s Irish attorney-general, finds Irish law all naught. Bacon, who knew nothing whatever about it, speaks of it as a barbarous custom. Yet the former says there is no man in the world likes fair and equal justice better than the Irishman. He is satisfied even when it goes against him if he believes it has been honestly administered. There is no man has such a dread of the law when justly administered as the Irishman, in which respect he is greatly in advance of the Englishman, who only fears the law when he thinks it will be enforced if he violates it. Davis shows in this observation much of the quality which distinguishes the lawyer from the legal artisan, the statesman from the politician. He wrote as an eye-witness whose business was to defame the people whose estates were to be confiscated and whose laws were to be taken from them by his testimony. Everything in their favor from such a pen obtains exceptional authority. The truth is the Irishman's reverence for just law has the touch of a sacred instinct; he dreads it as something awful and venerable, as if in that sentiment of religion with which he is so strongly imbued he looked upon indifferent justice as an emanation from the divinity. This, I think, is the way this stranger and enemy is to be understood whose cold and pitiless policy reached the same goal as that aimed

* The challenge in Ogam on the stone pillar before the court of the three sons of Nechtan to every one who passed by should be ordinary script. On the other hand, the Ogam on Corc's shield when he fled to the court of King Feredach in Scotland must have been intended to be read only by the initiated, for the prince himself did not know the meaning of the inscription which was intended to be as fatal to him as the *sémata lugra* which Bellerophon was to take to the King of Lycia. These, however, were pictorial, and we think indicate a more primitive stage of letters than the Ogam. Some kind of secret understanding may have subsisted as to a special use of symbols or the ordinary letters in very early times, and would probably regulate the intercourse between kings and great men; so with Proetus and Jobates; so in the instance in the text.

at by the false, cowardly, and malignant Bacon. If I am right, I think that their own system, intricate as it was, with its guarantees and pledges, its notices and counter notices, its steps so like what we call dilatory pleas, its judgments devoid of anything which we understand by the word sanction, save that of conscience and opinion, must have worked in peaceful times with a power, precision, and harmony never before or since attained. It wrought out of this bundle of passions and prejudices, hopes and fears called man, the citizen of an ideal state; for such he must be who obeys a law behind which there is only a moral force.

I am not here to claim for the Brehon laws a character which they did not possess. I am not competent to pronounce an opinion as to whether the code expressed anything like the active principles of a jurisprudence; but it is clear as daylight, if Davis's testimony be not an imagination, and if the whole tenor of Irish political and social life as we find it in history and tale, in proverb and in doom laid down by king or Brehon, be not the invention of some romancer fancying himself living for thousands of years among a people who had never existed, there is only one conclusion—that the system suited a people of simple but lofty ideals, that in its elements it came to them from the farthest past endeared by every association which makes home and name and fame a passion, that it was part of their inheritance and their pride, marking them off from others like their language, and their gods like that later religion which seems their very own by the ring of sorrow and of glory in which it binds them.

I had intended to say something of the schools of Christian Ireland, something of the Bardic schools, something of the great cycles of romance and chivalry and song, but I have gone beyond my space. The work has been in the reading a pain like that which intense emotion places in the heart, the subtlest pleasure life can meet with, the sweetness of the songs that tell of saddest thought. Of the scholarship of the writer it is not for me to speak. Wherever learning has an influence his name is known—in the Empire of Germany, on the banks of the Seine, among the few men of science in England who do not look upon him and his like as branded with the curse of Swift. I may not despair. The land to which such love is given, and for which so much is sacrificed, must have something in store for her in the time when the powers that wait on noble deeds shall enter on their reign.

THROUGH THE MÜNSTER'S PEACE.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

I.



IN a late spring afternoon peals of baby laughter came through the open windows of one of those old houses facing the cathedral; within, the room with low ceiling and wainscotted walls would have afforded a fine subject for a picture. By the window sat a young woman, whose typical Madonna face bore a sweet and serious expression; the fair hair formed a kind of halo round the white brow, and the soft brown eyes shone with a starry light. She had been working at a child's frock, and the dainty tucks and frills that grew under her needle might have been the work of elfin fingers; but the heap of white cambric had now fallen unheeded into her lap, as her eyes rested with a look of intense love on the two-year-old baby who had been playing on the floor till attracted by a slanting band of golden sunshine sweeping straight in from the west. The little one had struggled on to her yet unsteady feet, and was now vainly striving with both dimpled hands to catch the myriads of dancing, leaping motes which whirled rapidly up and down, round and round, in the glory of that golden stream. At each fresh attempt the child broke out into renewed peals of laughter, till the sound filled the room like a peal of joy-bells, and finally roused the third occupant, a tall man bending over a table littered with musical scores and chant-books, causing him to look up with a smile. It required but a glance to recognize Ulrich Spindler as a musician, and to realize that with him his art was a passion: the dreamy look in the blue eyes, the gesture with which he threw back the heavy locks falling over his broad forehead, the slender hands with their sensitive fingers-tips, all bespoke the artist. The little one standing in the sunset glory was a lovely child indeed, but totally unlike either parent, with her crop of ruddy curls and violet blue eyes. That spontaneous baby laughter welling up and overflowing from sheer gladness of heart was irresistible, and after looking on for some minutes, Ulrich,

pushing back his papers, rose and lifted the child on to his shoulders, exclaiming: "There, you sprite! see if mother can get at you now!"

"Mother! mother!" shouted the child from her coign of vantage, her attention at once diverted from the now fast fading sunlight, as there began one of those romps which form the supreme joy of a baby's life; round and round the room, in and out of corners they sped, till the exhausted elders sank laughing on to the cushioned window-seat with the child between them.

Gravity soon returned, however, as the young wife, leaning against her husband, said in a low and hesitating tone: "Ulrich, there is something I have long wished to ask you, but I have refrained from fear of paining you."

"Say on," was the reply, as he stroked the fair head beside him. "You know, dear heart, I can refuse you nothing; to make you happy is my one desire, my sole aim and object," and they exchanged one of those looks of perfect confidence blended with tenderness and mutual understanding known only to those who are of one heart and mind.

"It is only that I want you to let Hedwig grow up regarding me as her own mother. I would not ask it if she had known her mother, for then it would be wronging her memory; but since she has known no love but mine, it is different."

"I have no objection," answered Ulrich, "but is it quite wise? If she should hear it some day when she is old enough to understand, would it not be worse than if she grew up knowing the truth?"

"There is no fear of that," was the eager reply; "we know no one here as yet, and of course every one takes it for granted she is my own child. I spoke to your sister before we left Berlin, and she agreed with me."

"I still think it is rather a risk, Lisa. Is not honesty always the best policy? She will not love you the less when she understands."

"O Ulrich! you do not know the prejudice that exists against step-mothers," answered Lisa, with an imploring look in her eyes. "I think it would break my heart if Hedwig grew up with that feeling in her mind, she is so precious to me."

The pleading voice, the tears in her brown eyes, were more than he could resist. "Very well, dear, have it as you like," he replied; "if any one has a right to the title of mother, it certainly is you," as fondly raising the child into her lap,

"there, little one, kiss your Mütterchen," he folded them both in his own embrace, till the Münster bells suddenly rang out their vesper chime, and hastily gathering up his chant-books, he hurried across the Platz to fulfil his office of organist.

Lisa, remaining behind in the twilight, passionately strained the child to her heart, murmuring: "My darling, my baby! you are mine now, my very own. Oh! how can I ever thank God enough for all his goodness to me! I will try to be more worthy of it," and across the Platz from within the Münster came the echo of the choristers' sweet voices chanting "Amen," as though in benediction on her head bent low over the now sleeping child.

Ulrich Spindler's youth, spent in Berlin, had been that of most artists—a struggle to live by drudgery whilst he longed all the time for leisure to devote himself to art. Then marriage with a lovely, dowerless orphan girl, who died at her baby's birth after one short year of happiness, leaving her husband crushed and desolate. His sister, Frau Doctorin Weide, a childless widow, came to keep house for him and to look after the motherless child, while Ulrich, spiritless and disheartened, went on wearily with his daily round of lessons till, when little Hedwig was two years old, he casually met Lisa Büchener. Her sweet sad face, gentle manner, and the wistful look in her dark eyes attracted him from the first; her loneliness appealed to him, and once his heart was touched, the old passionate love which he thought had died for ever with his young wife leapt into life once more. It was not that he was disloyal to her memory, but he was one of those who cannot stand alone, who must ever be first with some one; his sister's placid affection did not suffice him, nor was her prosaic nature capable of entering into his dreamy enthusiasms and high ambitions. In Lisa Büchener he met with full response and perfect sympathy, while to her the love of this strong man came as a glad revelation of what life could hold, and her whole heart went out to him and little Hedwig, for she was one of those true women in whom the instinct of motherhood is strong. The weakness and helplessness of the little child, the touch of her baby hands and outstretched arms, the weight of the soft head nestling against her breast, roused all the mother nature inherent within her. Few lives had been so lonely, so devoid of home affections as hers; left an orphan at an early age, without a near relative in the world, she had been brought up in a home for officers' daughters, and when her education was

completed, a situation was found for her as teacher in a large girls' school, where Ulrich Spindler, in his capacity of music-master, first met her.

A few months of courtship ensued; they were married, and shortly after Ulrich, whose talent had made its mark, was offered and accepted a position as organist in Freiburg Cathedral, a good appointment, with sufficient leisure and salary to allow of his devoting all his time and energy to the higher branches of his beloved art. Hither then they moved, settling into one of the quaint old houses in the Dom Platz. Frau Weide, though she thought her brother might have done better for himself than, for a second time, marry a penniless orphan, did not regret being relieved of her responsibilities as guardian and housekeeper, for being an easy-going, selfish woman, she could now go back to her quiet, self-indulgent life which had been rudely broken into by having had to look after a disconsolate widow and a delicate baby. She had no appreciation of children and was not sorry to be quit of the charge of her little niece, though she was her own god-child. Unable to make up her mind to leave her beloved Berlin, with her rounds of *Kaffee klatsch* and narrow circle of friends, she promised to pay the little family an annual visit at Freiburg, and thus they parted.

Winter lasts long in some lives, there is no spring-time for them. Summer burst upon Lisa; out of the cold and wintry darkness, out of the poverty of a loveless, starved existence, she found herself suddenly transplanted into the warmth and fulness, the richness and glow of golden summer, effacing and blotting out the past by the absorbing satisfaction of the present; her heart, so long deprived of kindness and affection, now poured out its treasures of devotion on the husband and child who had been given to her in fulness of compensation for the long years of loneliness she had so bravely fought through.

II.

No children of her own came to disturb the great, all-sufficing love that Lisa showered on her charge throughout the uneventful years that glided by.

The pleasures of the little household were of the simplest kind and common to all the dwellers in the secluded old town. In summer they took walks across the green fields along the Dreisam, under the tall poplars which shivered in the breeze; or a drive up to the Schlossberg, a prettily wooded hill laid out

in winding paths, with wooden seats and little restaurants where, according to the homely German fashion, milk, coffee, fruit, and other light refreshment may be obtained, together with Bretzeln and Streuselkuchen; at the summit a rest to enjoy the view over the valley bounded by the blue hills of the Black Forest, the town lying below; the lovely filigree work of the cathedral spire with the white pigeons circling round it, rising above trees and houses, like a finger ever pointing heavenward; strolls across the vine-covered slopes to a nursery garden where Hedwig would stand entranced before the brilliance of the dahlias, scarlet pokers, and nasturtiums. In winter—and indeed at all times—the cathedral was a source of endless interest and delight to mother and child, who would spend hours exploring every corner, and Hedwig would listen spell-bound to its lore which Lisa related during the long winter evenings: how the figure of the dead Christ lying in one of the chapels wrapped in a white linen shroud, with the marks of the wounds in hands, feet, and side, has a door over the region of the heart communicating with a small hollow where, in bygone days, the Host was reserved during Holy Week; how in 1146 Bernard of Clairvaux preached the Crusades and celebrated Mass in the Münster, where still hangs a silver crucifix of eastern workmanship, hammered and gilt at that period; how in 1340 a monk named Berthold (Constantin Anklitzen), who invented the use of gunpowder, was here surnamed Schwartz because he practised alchemy, the black art as it was then considered; how the bust under the exquisitely carved pulpit, representing a man looking out of a window, is none other than that of the builder, Meister Jörg Kemph, who lived in 1561, while the subjects of the paintings and the faces on the gargoyles gave rise to endless fanciful conceits. To Lisa's eyes it was ever a feast to rest on the exterior of the noble pile, whether it glowed rosy red under a soft mantle of white snow—every tower and pinnacle, spire and buttress outlined with a wreath of sparkling crystals, or whether the warm tints of the sandstone stood out flaming against the blue of a summer sky.

The child inherited her father's dreamy artistic temperament, and, while Lisa was busy over her household duties, would wander into the Münster and spend hours listening to Ulrich at the organ. Sometimes she would climb up into the organ-loft and sit beside him, a silent little figure; after he had smiled and nodded to her, he would forget her presence, and go on

with his music; but more often she would creep into a favorite corner of the church, especially towards dusk when the shadows gathered and the lights gleamed more brilliantly on the altar; then the angel forms in the windows and the saintly faces on the carvings seemed to move and grow whiter in the fading light, and she would weave dream fancies and prose poems, losing herself in a mystic world of music, beauty, and coloring. In strange contrast to this side of her nature was her indomitable will and her absolute truthfulness; never, even as a baby, was she guilty of falsehood or untruth; the horror of deceit seemed instinctive in her. Was it from her dead mother, Lisa often wondered, that she inherited this firmness and rectitude?

Imperceptibly Hedwig grew out of childhood into a tall German maiden, her auburn hair hanging down her back in two long plaits, her face lit by large, deep blue eyes. In common with the other girls of her station, she profited by the excellent education afforded by the Töchterchule, starting off in the morning with her satchel of books and her luncheon basket, returning in the evening radiant with joy at being home again. There was no sweeter music in Lisa's ears than the sound of those hurrying steps on the cobble-stones outside the door, and the fresh young voice calling through the open window: "Mother, mother, where are you?" The girl never cared to be absent long, and it was almost under protest she could be induced to accept her school-fellows' invitations to the birthday parties and innocent festivities which Lisa fondly urged her to attend, thinking it good for her to meet companions of her own age.

"The best part of the day is coming home to you, mother dear," she would say when questioned as to how she had enjoyed herself, nestling meantime into the arms always ready to enfold her and to ward off every shadow of harm. She had no thoughts or secrets from her mother's ear, no other friend half so dear; rare even between mother and child is such perfect love and sympathy as subsisted between these two, and it was tenderly and pitifully that Lisa often thought of the young mother to whom belonged all the joy which had been given to her.

Once a year Frau Weide came to visit the little family, glad, now she was growing older, of the rest after the busy turmoil of the capital. As Hedwig grew up she took a deeper interest in the girl, and a greater liking to her gentle sister-in

law. Her annual visit was a great event in their quiet lives. Hedwig was proud of the "*Tante*" from Berlin, who was looked upon with great respect and whose advent was the signal for many a *Kaffee-klatsch*, while the good lady herself thoroughly enjoyed her distinction, enthroned like a queen among the lowly housewives of the little town. All Freiburg was proud of its organist, whose reputation attracted musicians from far and near. Frau Weide, deeply gratified at her brother's fame, carried back glowing reports of his celebrity to Berlin, mingled with indignant regrets at his want of ambition, for many an honorable and lucrative post in the musical world was now offered to Ulrich Spindler, but he unhesitatingly refused all. At Freiburg he had leisure for original work; besides, he had grown to love the Münster so deeply that no worldly advantage could tempt him to leave it. Lisa, ever of one mind with her husband, felt like him; her life flowed on so full of happiness and peace in the enchanted calm of the old town that she wished for no change—indeed she shrank from the thought of leaving the shadow of the cathedral in which she had now dwelt so long.

Entirely accustomed to ignore the fact that Hedwig was not her own child, it never entered her mind that some day chance might interpose and the well-kept secret be revealed. Twice during those blissful years her heart stood still when a trivial accident revealed to her how thin was the veil that hid the reality. Once, when Hedwig was about fourteen, she was helping her mother to dust her father's writing-table, which no other hands were allowed to touch; the top drawer had been left open, and Lisa, whose back was turned, was suddenly startled by the exclamation: "O mother, look at the picture of this pretty girl! Who can she be?" There stood Hedwig, with her mother's miniature in her hands, gazing spell-bound at the features so like her own. Seeing it lying in the drawer, she had idly taken it up. "I wonder who it is," she went on; "the face somehow seems familiar to me. I must ask father."

Lisa, who had turned white to the lips, strove to retain her self-possession: "Put back that picture at once where you found it; how dare you meddle with your father's things?" she said in a voice so cold and harsh that Hedwig dropped the miniature in consternation. Never in the whole course of her young life had she heard such tones from the gentle lips; looking up, however, seeing how ashen Lisa's face had grown,

forgetful of all else, she sprang to her side: "Mother, mother, what is it? are you ill? Sit down; what can I do for you?" But already calm had returned. "It is nothing, my darling, nothing," she answered, smiling at the anxiety in the girl's eyes, but pressing her hand to her side, "only a passing spasm. Never mind; it is over now."

The incident passed without further result; Hedwig never alluded to the miniature again, and its discovery apparently left no impression on her mind.

A year or two later she returned from school one day flushed and excited. "O mother!" she exclaimed, "I have just heard such a dreadful thing. Clara Samter's father is going to marry again!" Clara was a school-fellow of her own age, and the only girl-friend she possessed. "He is going to marry Frau Meir," she continued. "Oh, I am so sorry for Clara!"

"But, dear child, if it is Frau Meir, I do not think you need pity Clara; she is the kindest woman possible, and will be sure to make her happy."

"A step-mother!" responded Hedwig, in a tone of intense conviction: "oh, no! if I were Clara I could never get over it."

"But sometimes step-mothers love their step-children as if they were their own," observed Liza almost timidly, for the subject was excessively painful to her.

"No, no, it is impossible!" cried the girl impetuously, "Why, mother, just think, if you were to die, and father married again, it would break my heart; only he never could do such a thing!" And bursting into a passion of tears, she threw herself into Lisa's arms, and it was long before tender words and caressing touches could soothe her. This episode troubled Lisa strangely. For the first time she now asked herself whether she had acted wisely in withholding the truth from her darling; pure as her motive had been, born of her great love and of the desire to keep every shadow of pain from falling on the child's head. Had Ulrich been right after all when he had urged openness? In any case it was too late now to undo the past; she kept her misgivings hidden in her own heart, and did not even share them with her husband; but as time passed on without anything further occurring to disturb her, she regained her previous peace of mind and basked in the sunshine of her home and her dear one's presence.

III.

Happiness is a great beautifier and keeps us young; the years passed lightly over Lisa's head, and by the time Hedwig had reached her eighteenth year they looked more like sisters than mother and daughter; no gray threads yet mingled in the fair hair, the brown eyes still retained their starry look, and the gentle face its soft coloring.

It was shortly after Hedwig's eighteenth birthday that Frau Weide wrote to her brother: "I am afraid I shall not be able to come to you this year for my annual visit, as my rheumatic pains have been so severe that the doctor absolutely forbids my undertaking the journey. I am not so young as I was, and I wish you would send Hedwig to spend a month with me instead. It would interest her to see Berlin, and would do her good to have a little society. Do not refuse, dear Ulrich, for I long for a sight of her fresh young face; she will cheer my loneliness, and I know Lisa is too unselfish to begrudge me this satisfaction."

To refuse was impossible, and Hedwig, who as far back as she could remember had never been beyond the bounds of the Black Forest, was full of excitement at the prospect; though the natural eagerness of youth for "pastures new" was somewhat damped by the thought of leaving her mother, from whom she had never been separated even for a day. "If only you were coming too, Mütterchen, it would be perfect," she exclaimed. But Lisa, bravely hiding her own sinking of heart at the thought of separation, only replied:

"I could not leave your father, dear, even if Aunt Lena wanted me; besides, a month will soon pass, and think how much you will have to tell us when you get back."

An acceptance was sent and busy needles were set to work on the traveller's wardrobe, for the next week or two, to render it worthy of the great event. A friendly neighbor, also bound for Berlin, was to act as convoy, but at the last Hedwig had clung closely to Lisa, murmuring: "O mother, I wish I had not to leave you; it takes away all my pleasure." And as Lisa caught a last glimpse of the waving handkerchief, ere the train passed out of sight, she turned homewards with a strange presentiment of evil.

Ulrich rallied her gently on her depression, and she herself strove hard to shake off all dark thoughts; but the nest seemed very empty with the fledgling flown, and the house strangely

silent without the fresh voice and light footfall which had ever been the sweetest music in the mother's ears.

Then came Hedwig's letters, long outpourings always addressed to Lisa, with loving messages to her father; diaries in which every little event of her life at Berlin was chronicled, descriptions of the sights her aunt took her to see, the museums, the Thiergarten, the Schloss, etc.; accounts of the parties they attended, minute word-portraits of the people she met; how large and gay Berlin seemed after Freiburg, but how she was always picturing to herself the dear little house in the Domplatz, and longing every hour of the day for her beloved "Mütterchen."

Frau Weide, on her side, wrote how much Hedwig was admired, and what a satisfaction it was to have a pretty niece to take about who did her so much credit; she felt years younger and better since her arrival.

"The child seems to be enjoying herself," Ulrich remarked as he perused the closely-written sheets; and Lisa would smile and answer, "Yes, I am glad," and live on those letters whose advent now formed the chief event in her day.

Soon Hedwig began to make frequent reference to a certain Lieutenant Gottfried Volz, whom she appeared to meet wherever she went. His name was always mentioned casually, with none of the comments which embellished her accounts of other people; but with the quick intuition of love Lisa read between the lines and guessed Hedwig's secret; thus it was no surprise to her when one morning, six weeks after the girl's departure, a rapturous letter announced that "Gottfried" had proposed, and she had accepted him subject to her parents' approval. The young man himself wrote a manly, straightforward letter to Ulrich Spindler, pleading his cause, and requesting permission to come to Freiburg, while Frau Weide also wrote saying what an excellent marriage it would be for Hedwig, and praising Lieutenant Volz as a rising young officer with good worldly prospects, being the only son of a wealthy widow.

"Volz! I wonder why the name is so familiar to me?" remarked Ulrich. "I seem to know it, and yet cannot recall why."

Lisa's heart was sore, yet glad; her darling would indeed slip away from her, but her happiness came first; and she was so happy and confident in her love, what mother could desire more than the words which ended her letter: "But now, Mütterchen, I am homesick for a sight of your face and for the

touch of your arms ; I want to tell you all that is in my heart in words not on paper. Gottfried's mother has been absent ever since I came to Berlin, but she returns to-morrow and he is to take me to see her ; after that I am coming home as soon as I can—home to you, my own mother, whom I love more than ever since this great happiness has come to me."

A few days later another letter arrived from Hedwig, addressed to her father this time. "It will be to say when we may expect her back," he observed as he opened it. Inside were only two lines, evidently hastily penned by a shaking hand. "Dear father," she wrote, "I shall arrive on Tuesday by the 4:30 P. M. train. Please come to meet me yourself, and *alone*, at the station. Your loving child, Hedwig." Not a mention of or a message to the fondly loved mother, no word of anticipation at the impending reunion.

Lisa turned white as death. "Something has happened," she said ; "perhaps she has heard the truth about her mother ; if so, she will never get over it ; I have lived in dread of this all these years. You were right, Ulrich ; it would have been wiser to have told her from the first."

"Nonsense !" answered Ulrich ; "how should she ? And even if she had, what difference could it make now ? She is flustered and has written in a hurry, that is all." But secretly he felt ill at ease as he set out the following afternoon on his solitary walk to the station, leaving Lisa at home pale and trembling with foreboding. He paced the platform while waiting for the train with an uneasy mind ; should Lisa's anticipation be correct, he knew Hedwig would not easily forgive nor get over it, and he dreaded the suffering it would inflict on Lisa's tender heart.

His first glance at his daughter's face as she alighted from the railway carriage confirmed his worst fears. A hard look had come into her eyes, and there was an expression of fixed resentment round the usually soft mouth. After the first greeting was over she said : "Let us walk home ; I want to speak to you alone ; my luggage can follow by the carrier in the evening." Scarcely had they left the station when she exclaimed : "I have at last learnt the truth about my own mother. O father ! how could you consent to my being thus deceived during all these years ?"

"It was not intended as deceit," he answered uneasily. "It was to save you pain, and indeed, Hedwig, you have had the tenderest mother's love ever since you can remember."

"A step-mother can never be like one's own mother, and she had no right to play a part," was the indignant rejoinder. "I cannot get over the deceit practised upon me; it is too much."

"Child, child!" said Ulrich gravely, suddenly stopping short, "beware how you wound the heart of her who has been a mother to you in deed as well as in name. It may have been a mistake to have kept the truth from you, but it was done from the purest motive. Your own mother could not have been more devoted, more passionately fond of you than Lisa has been" (he could not bring himself to use the word "step-mother"). "She is waiting for you now so anxiously, so longingly; do not meet her coldly."

"I cannot help it," replied Hedwig, her eyes full of hot tears. "To think that you should never have spoken to me of my own mother, that even her memory should be forgotten! It hurts too much."

To argue with her in such a mood was hopeless, and sadly enough Ulrich went in to prepare his poor wife for the blow that had fallen.

The shock of the discovery had for the time being almost paralyzed the girl's sensations, for her betrothed had taken her to see his mother at Berlin, a gentle, elderly woman, and had left the two together to make further acquaintance. After greeting Hedwig warmly as Gottfried's bride, Frau Volz had exclaimed: "I am doubly glad to have you for my daughter, dear child, since your mother was my dearest friend."

"Did you know her?" answered Hedwig eagerly. "How glad I am!"

"You are so like her!" murmured Frau Volz, stroking the ruddy waves of hair which would curl in spite of the coils in which it was wound.

"Oh, no!" replied Hedwig, "indeed I am not! I always wish I were more like her. You know her hair is fair and her eyes are brown; perhaps you have not seen her for so long that you have forgotten."

"But, child, I am talking of your own mother, my dear old friend, Hilda Rosenthal."

"You are evidently making a mistake," was the answer. "Mother's name was Lisa Büchener."

"Ah! but you are talking of your step-mother, whom I never saw."

"My step-mother! Why, I never had one!" And Hedwig laughed merrily.

"Dear child, is it possible they have never told you!" ex-

claimed Frau Volz indignantly. "Your father first married Hilda Rosenthal, my girlhood's friend, who died at your birth; two years' later he married Lisa Büchener, your step-mother."

Hedwig had turned deadly pale. "Surely, surely, you are mistaken?" she murmured. "Oh, it cannot be!"

"Poor child! I am sorry I told you, since you were ignorant of the fact," said Frau Volz, full of compunction. "Still, I do not think they ought to have kept the truth from you. Why, you are the very image of your mother. Judge for yourself"; and rising, she opened a drawer and took out a small case containing a likeness, which she put into the girl's trembling hands. Yes indeed, she was right; feature for feature it was the same. It might have been her own portrait. Suddenly, unbidden, there rushed to Hedwig's remembrance the incident of years before when she had found the miniature in her father's study; it was the same face, she remembered it only too well. All doubt vanished before this overwhelming evidence; fierce resentment, burning indignation mingled with a sharp sense of pain and loss, seized hold on her as she laid her head on the table and burst into a flood of tears. To all Frau Volz's expressions of regret and attempts at consolation she answered: "No, no! I am thankful to know the truth, even now; but oh! how could my father consent to such deception?"

Later on, pushing back her hair from her tear-stained face, she begged to hear all Frau Volz could tell her of her mother, and learnt how the two had been together at the same school; how Frau Volz, older by a few years, had married early and left Berlin for a town in the north of Germany where her husband was banker; but the two friends had kept up an intimate correspondence, and so, though she had never met Hedwig's father, she had heard of him, and of his second marriage after his young wife's death. "I often thought of my dear Hilda's child," she ended, "and wished I could see her, little dreaming she would some day become Gottfried's wife and my daughter. And now, you must not take the past to heart so much, dear. Your step-mother has acted a real mother's part by you, and you owe her love and gratitude in return; besides, a new life lies before you as Gottfried's wife."

Not very judicious remarks, perhaps, though well meant, and her lover's whispered consolations were the best cure; but the girl's heart had received a blow from which it would not easily recover; also youth is very cruel, and slow to make allowances or to understand.

Thus it was that Lisa's outstretched arms fell to her side

at the cold expression on Hedwig's face; her tender inquiries met with short answers and scant response. Day by day the breach seemed to widen; mother and child, who had loved each other so passionately, drifted further apart; there were no longer any confidences for that mother's ear, for Hedwig avoided being alone with her as much as possible, and rarely addressed her by the name of "mother." It is wonderful how much we may evade addressing a person by their name if we try. In the home erstwhile so peaceful and happy discord and sadness now reigned, and a chill had fallen.

What Lisa suffered no words could express; she strove by every imaginable device to regain the girl's love, but her efforts only served to widen the breach. Once she even humbled herself to plead: "O child, child! can you not understand that it was no intentional deceit, but my love for you that made me do it? Do you not see that this estrangement is breaking my heart?" But Hedwig answered: "I cannot help it; the shock was too great, it seemed to kill something within me. Indeed it is not that I am ungrateful for all your goodness to me, but I cannot pretend that things are as they were before." Unconsciously her words only wounded the sore heart further, cutting deeper than a sword. Gratitude! Does a mother expect to be thanked for the love she expends upon her child in the way an outsider acknowledges a kindness done? Is it not the child's natural right to accept that wealth of devotion unquestioningly and return it in loving silence? It only made Lisa hunger the more for one of the old loving glances or caresses, one of the confiding touches of the past.

Vainly Ulrich strove to comfort her: "Let her be; it is only a phase she is passing through; it will all come right in the end, believe me." Lisa shook her head and smiled patiently, but in her inner consciousness she felt she had lost her child more completely than through death itself.

"Take care," said Ulrich one day to Hedwig; "take care, child, that some judgment does not overtake you if you harden your heart beyond measure."

"And do you think that I too do not suffer?" answered the girl sadly; "only I cannot play a part; you must have patience with me." Perchance none of them realized sufficiently how bitter it had been for her to learn that the mother she had well-nigh worshipped was bound to her by no tie of blood.

It was a relief to all when the wedding took place, and Gottfried Volz came to carry off his bride. The tall, fair-haired young soldier, with the frank, open face, won all Lisa's

liking and confidence, and he in his turn was strangely attracted to the sweet-faced, gentle woman with the sad eyes and patient smile which had now become habitual to her. He tried to cheer her, saying how grieved his mother was at the harm she had unwittingly done, and begged her to take courage—things could not fail to come right in time; and Lisa, smiling gratefully, answered: "Never mind me. I made a mistake; perhaps I have loved her too much and must now pay the penalty, but I feel you will make her happy; I can trust her to you, and that is everything."

Tearless and calm Hedwig left with her husband for Berlin, where his regiment was quartered and their home was to be for the present. Lisa felt how different it would have been before; what confidences would have been poured out to her, how her child would have clung to her at parting, what plans they would have made for frequent meetings! All that was past now.

IV.

In those few weeks Lisa had suddenly aged; her hair turned white, her sweet eyes lost their brilliance, a patient curve grew round the sad mouth, the bent shoulders took a pathetic droop.

Ulrich, smitten to the heart, tried by every device to comfort her. During those happy years they had unconsciously drifted slightly apart; he had given himself up unreservedly to his art, she had sacrificed him in her devotion to the child. But true and deep as ever their love for each other had flowed on all the time, and now in the hour of desolation they drew near once more, close to one another, closer perhaps than in the days of their courtship even; and Lisa, through all her pain, felt that life held compensation for her, since in the heart of her husband she still had the first place, and since he shared and fully entered into the peculiar bitterness of her loss. Hedwig's letters were exclusively addressed to him now; they spoke of her happiness with Gottfried, of the interests of her new life—there was never an allusion to the past, and Lisa felt it was a closed book.

But in the spring hope once more sprang up in the mother's breast. Hedwig herself was about to know the joys of motherhood; when the baby came, when she felt the soft touch of those little hands, then surely she would understand what Lisa had gone through, would make allowances, would pity and forgive! Alas for her hopes! it was not Lisa whom Hedwig sent

for at this time but Gottfried's mother, and the baby's advent only seemed to harden her heart the more; for as she held in her arms her little Hilda, named after her own mother, she whispered: "Oh, my baby! if I were to die, could you forgive another woman pretending to take my place?"

After that Lisa gave up all hope of reconciliation; sometimes in the solitude of her room she would open the drawer in which she kept her treasures—a pair of baby-shoes, a broken rattle, a coral necklace, a curl of ruddy golden hair. How many mothers have such treasures laid up; how many tears have fallen on such relics, as they recall their lost darlings! But no bitterer tears ever fell over little green graves in the churchyard than Lisa shed over these tokens of her living child, dead to her in the saddest sense of the word. When the burden pressed heaviest she sought a refuge in the dear old Münster, within the shadow of whose walls so many generations of weary men and women had prayed and found peace; where the hush around spoke of benediction, and the very air seemed laden with tranquillity. Here resignation came to her as she laid down her own will and gave up all struggling, bowing her head to the Divine Will.

Hedwig's baby grew into a beautiful child; the young mother's whole heart was wrapped up in her treasure, whose winning ways and sunshiny nature were surely unlike those of any other child! Her letters to her father were full of her little Hilda; he must soon come to Berlin to see his grandchild, she wrote.

Then one day, unexpectedly, a telegram from Lieutenant Volz was put into Lisa's hands:

"Hedwig wants you, come at once," was the laconic message.

"What can have happened? Surely it is a mistake and intended for you," she said to Ulrich, but he shook his head. "No, it is meant for you, dear; she is no doubt ill or in trouble, and has turned to you, as I always knew she would in the end."

Hedwig ill, in trouble! Everything else was forgotten as husband and wife took the first train to Berlin, having telegraphed to announce their arrival. At the station Gottfried met them; it required but a glance at his face to discover something terrible had happened.

"It is the baby," he explained hoarsely, "little Hilda. She died after only a few hours illness from croup, and as for Hedwig—I am trembling for her reason! She seems literally

paralyzed, and sits there rigid and tearless by the child; the only words she has spoken to me are: 'Send for mother.' Thank God you have come!"

Through Lisa's heart, spite of the pain, there darted a ray of hope. "O Hedwig, my poor darling!" she murmured, with dim eyes.

When they reached the house, Gottfried led her upstairs and pointed dumbly to a closed door. Lisa opened it noiselessly, and stood a moment on the threshold. The baby was lying in its little white coffin, looking so fair and lovely; round the still figure snowdrops were strewn, and violets lay in the tiny waxen hands; there was something inexpressibly sweet in the smiling baby face, as though it were listening to a whisper from Heaven.

"Ah, happy little one!" thought Lisa, "taken from the evil to come; but oh, poor mother kneeling there, how empty her arms must feel!"

She approached, and held out her own, saying softly: "My darling, my poor darling!" Then, with a great and bitter cry, Hedwig threw herself into them: "Mother, mother, forgive me! Oh, forgive me!" and the long pent-up tears burst out, easing the breaking heart.

One touch of nature, the bond of a common pain, had brought the two so long divided close together once more—had reknit the link between them, and made them truly "kin"; forgotten was everything, forgiven, wiped out was the past. Lisa had found her child again, Hedwig her mother, as their tears mingled together over the little coffin.

"My baby! oh, my baby!" cried Hedwig, "she was so sweet! O mother! how I must have made you suffer! To lose one's child!—is there any pain on earth like it?" And on that faithful heart, in the caressing touches and tender words of that mother, some balm came to her, and she found the perfect sympathy which only exists where the suffering has been mutual.

Other children were given to Hedwig in after years, but the mark of this sorrow was a life-long one, and little Hilda's memory remained ever fresh. Even in her brightest hours a shadow rested in her eyes as she thought of her first born, but to her step-mother she was more closely and tenderly united than ever before. The gift of her own will laid down on the altar of sacrifice by Lisa was restored to her fourfold as Hedwig's children, clustering round her knee, fondly called her "Gross-Mütterchen."

DEATH OF THE INNOCENT.

BY GRACE BEATRICE BARLET.



He sleeps :

He is sleeping ;
 And the white of his brow
 Is whiter e'en yet—he is slumbering
 now ;
 And his mother—poor mother!—
 Will trust to none other

As she watches so closely the bed,—
 For her darling sleeps—he is dead !

He sleeps :

He is sleeping ;
 Oh ! the dear little hands
 Are shackled together by Death's icy hands ;
 And the flowers—sweet flowers!—
 From Love's richest bowers,
 In clusters strewed ev'rywhere round—
 The costliest, loveliest found.

He sleeps :

He is sleeping ;
 Oh, the dear little one !
 His bright wings have guided him far past the sun.
 While his mother is weeping,
 He's peacefully sleeping—
 His body is here ; his soul—it is gone.
 Up to Heaven it fluttered, anon !

THE VAGARIES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

BY ERNEST HAWLEY.

EVERY age of the civilized world has seen the rise and decay of its social, philosophical, and religious fads. In this present society of ours scarcely a month passes but we hear, through the medium of journals or periodicals, of some new system of religion or philosophy which, as those who profess it claim, will reform and regenerate the world, give complete happiness to mankind and society, bring us within reach of the millennium,—in short, accomplish what, in the opinion of the new school, Christianity has failed to do. Of this legionary class are Esoteric Buddhism, Culturism, Theosophy, Humanitarianism, and Christian Science, so called, together with many other systems equally pretentious in their promises, equally fruitless in their final results. The latest and perhaps the most pernicious, because most in vogue, is the Christian Science fad.

The pride of the reformer is of a most subtle kind. Some minds, especially, find an unspeakably sweet pabulum for their self-love in the admiration accorded them, even by a very small number of believers, as teachers and hierophants of a new and startling doctrine. Such an impulse, one would be tempted to think, is not altogether foreign to the lady (which we take for granted from the name on the title-page) who compiled these booklets of lessons for the general public.

It requires, certainly, not a little self-assurance to stand up before the world of to-day as the exponent of a doctrine whose professed object is the moral betterment of mankind, yet whose principles are, nevertheless, fundamentally opposed to those of the Christian religion, and also (as we hope to prove) to those of common sense.

Religion, in whatever form it has hitherto appeared in the world, has always persuaded man that he was to be exalted, and his final destiny realized by humility and lowliness. But the author of these booklets has discovered such a doctrine to be entirely false; and she gives us to understand that our only

* *Lessons in Truth*. Three booklets. By H. Emilie Cady. Kansas City, Mo.: Unity Book Company.

hope for redemption is in pride and mightiness. Though this is not stated in so many words, it is clearly explained in the doctrine of Christian Science, as she expounds it.

The world has long known that pride and pantheism are convertible terms, since pantheism is the absolute deification of the creature. Moreover, although Emilie Cady takes care frequently to assure us that there is but one God, we are left under the conviction that if her doctrines be true, each one of us is a god unto himself.

Such an inference, while it will undoubtedly shock all right-minded people, will afford inexpressible pleasure to a multitude of libertines whose only law is their own sweet will and caprice. These persons cannot, we think, but be grateful to Emilie Cady for giving them such undoubted assurance of what, in their hearts, they must have always desired to believe.

We remember once having read a little book in Italian,* which unfortunately is not yet translated into our tongue. It deserves to be, for it affords a model not only of correct literary style, but what is still more important, of true and natural principles of a philosophy of man.

The author commences his book by relating, in all the simplicity of detail, the biblical history of the fall of man, which Miss Cady very presumably rejects as a mere fiction of Moses. He shows with clearness that the great advantage of the Evil Spirit over our first parents consisted principally in his subtle appeal to their innate pride and curiosity: "Ye shall become as gods, knowing good and evil."

The author then traces the application of this crafty suggestion to all the errors which in subsequent ages have infected mankind; demonstrates that their origin is always pride, and shows how, by a most fatal concomitance, men have always grovelled in the mire of moral turpitude at the moment of their highest declaration of intellectual pride.

As the exponent of a new doctrine Miss Cady has the advantage of Satan in one respect, and she surely ought to be congratulated upon it. Her promises to mankind are considerably more generous than his. For, whereas the Old Serpent merely told his disciples that they should become "like unto gods," she, on the other hand, assures hers that they are God in fact—on a small scale.

We have often thought it a great misfortune that persons, especially women, of superficial understanding and acquirements

* *Frommento d'una Storia dell' Empietà.* By Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì.

should be seized with the mania of posing before the world as teachers and philosophers. If they get a little notoriety (which they almost always succeed in getting) their example breeds dissatisfaction among others of their sex, who forthwith begin to imagine there is nothing more noble than to stalk upon some platform or pulpit expounding to an interested and admiring audience some new-fangled notions on religion or economics.

The general public, it is true, laugh at them heartily, the journals satirize them unmercifully, and benevolent people compassionate them sincerely. But they are pretty nearly always sure of a certain number of admirers, if they happen to be still young and good-looking.

So, being completely fenced in by the applause of their followers and the impregnable armor of their self-conceit, they do not pay the least attention to the opinions of those outside their own little circle.

Not very long ago Olympus was shaken to its very centre by the announcement that a "Woman's Bible" would shortly be given to the world.

The literary midwife in this monstrous parturition was the now notorious Mrs. Cady Stanton, who also condescended to act as Cassandra (albeit with modern petticoats) in the interpretation of the divine prophecies. From the oracular revelations of this lady, it would appear that the Almighty, in collusion with the ancient writers of the sacred books, had had things too much in his own way; and, naturally enough, had regarded the creation and the economy of the universe from an altogether too masculine stand-point. It had thus become high time to set matters straight, to establish a more impartial order of things, and to restore revelation to its rights—female rights, of course.

The laughter of the gods has not yet ceased to echo; but one hears nothing more of the "Woman's Bible," and still less of those who were instrumental in bringing it into the world.

But let us approach the subject before us in particular. We have read the three booklets, and Miss Cady will, we hope, allow us to say that the first of the series contains the theories, or rather assumptions, upon which the whole subsequent structure of her system is raised. We shall therefore confine our remarks and quotations to the first booklet.

This contains four lessons: Statement of Being, Thinking, Denials, Affirmations.

The remaining booklets contain nothing but what is intended to be an extension and practical application of the tenets set forth in the first.

In a short introduction the author tells us that for the present we must lay entirely on one side all previous theories and beliefs, and become as little children in our adherences to her utterances (Book I. page 2). The caution is quite necessary. For we shall see that we must also lay aside our common sense, which would otherwise continually crop up to interfere with the progress of our conversion. It will not be long before it becomes quite clear that the principles of reason are not at all friendly to Christian Science.

Miss Cady then proceeds, not indeed to prove, but merely to assert her cardinal tenet: namely, that God is not *a* Spirit, but simply Spirit.

This assumption is based on the absence of the article in the original text of the New Testament, and she claims the translators of the Scriptures into our tongue have inserted it without cause.

Now, whether the original text bore the article or not, makes no substantial difference in the sense of the words of Christ. When he said: "God is Spirit (or a Spirit) and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth," he merely called our attention to the *divine nature*, and showed that merely material and external signs of worship—such as were before given by the Jews—were no longer sufficient under the New Dispensation. But what does our author wish to infer from such a trivial distinction? She tells us plainly enough (page 2). According to her there is but *one* Spirit in the universe, an impersonal one, of which all other forms of being are mere manifestations.

"Each rock, tree, animal," she continues, "everything visible, is a manifestation of the One Spirit, God, differing only in degree of manifestation; and each of the numberless modes of manifestation or individualities, however insignificant, contains the whole" (page 6).

Here is a fine specimen of the manner in which we are to be persuaded of this startling doctrine! It is evident the pupil must dispense with reason that the teacher may dispense with proof.

The philosophy of these ideas is quite as original and startling as is the theology. It has been found necessary for the purposes of the system to introduce a duality of essences

in the spiritual part of man's being. So one is fabricated to suit the case. "Man," she says (page 8), "is a threefold being made up of spirit, soul, and body. Spirit, our innermost, real being, the deathless part of us, . . . has never changed. Soul, or mortal mind, . . . is the *region* of the intellect *where* we do conscious thinking." The italics in this last dainty morsel of philosophy are our own.

There is a strange confusion of ideas in this last trait. Besides which, the triple distinction is a false one, and is contradicted by reason, consciousness, and history. When Miss Cady talks such philosophical nonsense as this: "Soul . . . is the *region* of the intellect *where* we do conscious thinking" (*ibid.*), one is almost tempted to doubt, not only whether she really knows what she says, but whether after all she really admits any spiritual substance at all in man, and is anything other than a materialist in disguise.

Our own consciousness and respectable thinkers of all ages convince us that there is one identical spiritual substance in man: the soul, which, though endowed with many powers, faculties, and operations, remains personally identical in the midst of them all. It would require greater philosophical learning, we imagine, than Miss Cady is possessed of to demonstrate, even at the expense of common sense, how two distinct spiritual substances could exist in the same body, without being identified. And if she do not admit this duality, what then does she mean by the distinction? It becomes an entirely frivolous one, invented solely for the purpose of supporting assertions which cannot be proved.

Now we come to an instance of literary modesty, which ought not to be passed over in silence since it is not characteristic of Miss Cady alone, but is a distinct feature of the class of modern upstarts who claim the sole possession of the truth.

"Childlike, untrained minds," remarks Miss Cady commiseratingly, "say God is a personal Being. The statement that God is principle," she continues (page 8), "chills them, and in terror they cry out 'They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him.' But," she adds sweetly, "broader and more learned minds are always cramped by the thought of God as a person; for personality limits to time and space."

Setting aside for the moment all direct confutation of this ludicrous tirade, it may be asked whether Plato, Augustine, Pascal, Bossuet, Newton, and Kepler are included in this

category of "childlike, untrained minds"? If she modestly consent to leave them out, we can inform her that all these great men believed firmly, not only in a personal God but in the essentially distinct and created nature of the human soul; and that, moreover, they found such belief in perfect harmony with their philosophical convictions. Nay, we will go further, and challenge Miss Cady to name any really great man in the world's history who might ever have doubted this truth. If she fail to do this, her assumption falls back upon herself, and really proves, not indeed that only "childlike, untrained minds say God is a personal Being," but that only proud and foolish spirits ever presumed to doubt his personality.

Apart from revelation (which Miss Cady completely ignores, though she draws largely from its pages to give some color to her statements), men have ever recognized the existence of a Supreme and Infinite Personality, from the necessity of reason itself. That which is impersonal cannot be the cause of that which is personal. And neither Miss Cady nor any other self-styled philosopher will insist upon the contrary without risk of being pretty well laughed at. The eternal principle of cause exists in the human reason spite of the efforts of our modern religionists to reduce its action to a state of abeyance.

The other statement, viz.: that "personality limits to place and time," is entirely false. And human common sense, as well as the highest philosophy, proves the direct contrary to be true. The personal will or "Ego" of any human being (letting alone that of God) is essentially free of both time and space, though its *operations* are subject to both these limits. The absolute *identity* of the human principle, through all the changes which affect its operations, has always afforded the greatest thinkers a convincing proof of this great truth.

But we have been already told that those who differ from the assumptions of our pantheistic-scientifico-religionist Christians are "childlike, untrained minds," even when they have the suffrage of common sense!

Afterwards, it is true, Miss Cady says that God is both principle and person. But, as she herself explains, it is only inasmuch as he is individualized in the creature. Outside of that he is entirely impersonal. Yet she speaks of God's "*willingness* to manifest more of himself to us" (page 9), "of the Spirit's *desire* to come forth into our consciousness" (*ibid.*), of the "Source which contains *love, wisdom, etc.*" (*ibid.*), and who is the "Giver of all good gifts."

Now, will Miss Cady explain to us how, in the name of common sense (which we will suppose she has not entirely rejected, though she requires us to), a Being who is *willing*, who *desires*, who *loves* and has *wisdom*, can possibly be supposed devoid of personality?

Another mania she has, in common with other pseudo-religionists of the day, is that of quoting Christian authorities, especially St. Paul. One would imagine, to see the frequency and familiarity with which he is brought forward to substantiate the claims of Christian pseudo-science, that he was one of the sect.

But our author shows plainly that she has little to do with either Paul or Christ as teachers of truth, and that she screens her absurd doctrines behind the ægis of their high authority only when their words can be interpreted to suit her meaning. In like manner certain demireps, whose moral character not being above suspicion, find it convenient to claim the countenance and acquaintance of highly respectable people in the world.

We will give one example of an appeal made to St. Paul, to show how senseless such an attempt is.

One of the favorite hallucinations of these pseudo-scientists is, that the outside world is a chimera, and that nothing has any substantial existence outside of ourselves; hence, also, that no truth can be learned from the data of our senses (*Denials*, Book I., page 23).

"Mortal mind," says Miss Cady, ". . . is the intellect, the conscious part of us which gathers its information through the five senses from the outside world. *This mortal mind has no way of knowing truth from falsehood.* It is what Paul calls 'carnal mind'" (page 12).

Here St. Paul is quoted as an authority in favor of the distinction as to the carnal mind, which, says Miss Cady, has no way of knowing truth from falsehood. Now, does St. Paul bear witness to this? We shall see that he bears witness to the exact contrary.

In the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans (verse 18 *et seqq.*) the Apostle, speaking of the Gentiles, says: "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

"Because that which may be known of God *is made manifest, in them*: for God hath shewn it unto them."

Now, what was the source of this manifestation of God to the Gentiles? The Apostle says it was nothing less than the external senses which were the irrefragable witnesses of the truth of God's existence, majesty, and power.

"For," continues he, "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world *are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made*; even His eternal power and godhead; so that they are without excuse . . . who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator."

We have quoted this passage in full, for it has a special significance. If Emilie Cady is ever given to meditating, she would do well to reflect upon these words, for they touch the case of Christian Science very aptly indeed.

We do not think it worth while to proceed any further in the examination and confutation of such absurdities. Such a task would only be annoying to our readers, and we should run the risk of becoming as unreasonable as those whose claims we have undertaken to refute. We shall, therefore, conclude with a few remarks upon the principles of so-called Christian Science, and bid adieu to Emilie Cady for the present.

This form of pseudo-Christianity (however its professors may understand it) is really no other than a system of mental therapeutics dressed up in a pantheistic garb. It is not Christian, certainly; neither is it science; though its votaries make no scruple of claiming for it both these qualities.

A very little will suffice to show what connection (for a connection there is, and a very intimate one) exists between the practices of so-called Christian Science and pantheism, which has been chosen as their natural groundwork.

It would certainly be unjust to pretend that there is no single element of truth in the system. It is our intention to show just where it lies, as well as to point out its ridiculous abuse.

We believe no error could possibly be formulated unless it rested on some slight basis of truth.

Now, the element of truth in this system is, that it avails itself of a very remarkable psychological fact, viz.: the extraordinary power of persuasion upon the human mind and body.

It is well known to psychological students that a persuasion which has acquired a deep root in the mind will, in many cases (though by no means in all), produce a favorable or unfavorable condition of the body, according to the nature of the persuasion.

This fact, we think, can only proceed from the dynamic and substantial, yet altogether mysterious, link which subsists between body and soul, permitting them to react reciprocally upon one another.

Whatever the cause, the fact cannot any longer be called in question. And Christian scientists have availed themselves of this power of auto-persuasion as a therapeutic agent—sometimes, it must be confessed, with beneficial results.

Now, did they only confine their pretensions to thus much, nothing could be urged against them; except, perhaps, that they push their claims too far and seek to bring about the cure of bodily ills which it is beyond the power of the deepest persuasion to effect. No extent of belief, it is clear, will ever restore a lost eye or member, or even straighten a club-foot; though it may perhaps cure a headache or heartache, and counteract those physical ailments which result therefrom. Hypnotism, after all, is but a still more efficacious method of applying, for therapeutic purposes, the doctrine of suggestion. The principles in either case, as is now generally admitted, are exactly the same.

But our Christian scientists were not content to pose as occasional healers merely. They must needs inculcate their system of persuasion under a quasi-religious form to render it more efficacious, and cover it with the ægis of Christianity to make it appear more respectable. Having once decided that the system of auto-persuasion should have a universal application to disease, the founder of Christian science at once assumed as a cardinal point that the body is but an appearance, and that the external world is nothing but a series of phenomena without any substantial existence whatever. Hence they at once arrived at the conclusion that the human spirit is the only self-existent being.

This doctrine, as will be at once perceived, is identical with psychological pantheism, which was first taught by Bishop Berkeley and afterwards formulated in a transcendental shape by the German Pantheists, Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling.

By this assumption God, the universe, and the human soul become identified, or, to speak more correctly, the two former have no independent existence outside of the human soul.

This great error is the source of the opposition the Christian Scientists have had to encounter. It will also be the cause of their extinction as a sect.

If they had recalled the wise advice given by a master

nearly two thousand years ago, they had then been spared the final catastrophe:

“Nec deus intersit,
Nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit. . . .”

The rule applies in all its force to makers of new sects as well as to makers of new epics. There was no need of the “*Deus ex machinâ*.” Every phenomenon of Christian Science is of a purely natural and psychological order; and the presence of the quasi-religious element will spoil everything, because it is both superfluous and misleading.

We have done. Yet, before entirely dismissing the matter, we may as well touch lightly on the moral and religious effects of such a doctrine as the above. That there is in such a system no possible existence of sin or moral responsibility towards God or man, needs no proof. It follows necessarily from the nature of the principles upon which it is founded. The supreme court of appeal in all cases is the individual will. And all this is admitted by the Christian Scientists themselves. (Book I., Third Lesson.) The effects of such a system if it were pushed to its last consequences are better imagined than described. Nor shall we attempt to describe them. With moral anarchy there comes necessarily the absolute throwing off of all restraint. Hence we may justly conclude that Christian Science, so-called, in its logical consequences, is the most perfect expression of unreason and misrule, and may well claim the right of calling itself the doctrine of anarchy in the three orders of being—physical, moral, and intellectual.

We would not have paid any attention to these weakly-written little books of Miss Cady if we had not been persuaded that they are a very poor expression of a system which has taken root, in one form or another, in the minds of a great portion of our modern generation.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

"THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL VISION."



*How beautiful thou art, how
fair, my love ;
Thy lips are scarlet lace, thine
eyes the dove
Hath not ; and like pomegran-
ates are thy cheeks
The ivory tower of thy neck
above.*

*As flocks of goats from Galaad thy hair,
Wounding my heart. Oh, love, thou art all fair :
A paradise with fruits of orchard set,
And sweet with spice and aromatic air.*



*Do not consider me that I am brown :
On me the desert's burn-
ing sun looked down
And altered all my color.
I am black
But beautiful, and with a
king's renown.*



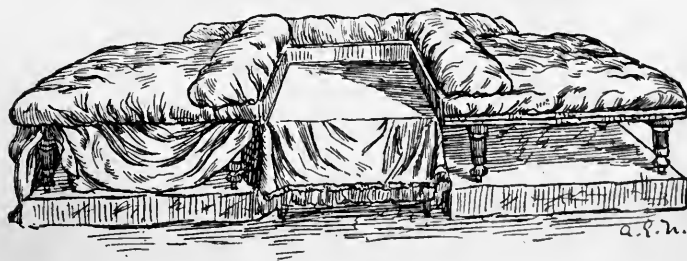
*Come thou from Libanus, my love : behold,
From Amana thou shalt be crowned with gold ;
From Sanir's top, from Hermon, and from those
Dens that the leopard and the lion fold.*



*Of Libanus a litter
have I made,
Pillars of silver, seat
of gold in shade
Of purple silk with
cedarn canopy,
And ivory with hya-
cinths inlaid.*

*Upon my breast as myrrh, beloved One
Abide ; for of the concubines are none
So terrible in beauty and so bright ;
Fair as the moon and radiant as the sun.*

*Thy throat most sweet, thy neck a bulwarked tower ;
Thy head like Carmel, thy fair mouth a flower ;
The purple of the king is in thy hair,
Thy breasts appear as clusters of the bower.*





*Thou art a fountain sealed ; a garden close,
Wherein are plants of Paradise—the rose,
Pomegranates, lilies—all the chief perfumes,
Spikenard and saffron, cinnamon, aloes.*

*O thou most beautiful,
show me thy face !
My dove in rock cliff, in
the hollow place,
Let thy sweet yearning
voice sound in my ears ;
Let me rejoice in thy per-
fumed embrace.*



*Open thy door to me, my
weary head
Is wet with dew. Oh
whither is she fled ?
My locks are heavy with
the drops of night ;
Come to my crying ; hasten
from thy bed.*



*Oh, let me as a seal for ever dwell
 In thy beloved bosom's inmost cell :
 For love is strong as death, but jealousy
 Doth light her lamps at fire and flames of hell.*



*Unbar thy lattice, O my rose,
 my dove !
 And comfort me with flowers :
 from above
 Thine eyes have wounded me ;
 I languish here,—
 Beneath thy lattice I will die
 of love.*



A REVOLUTION IN IRELAND.

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS.



DURING the past few decades a revolution has been working in Ireland—a revolution great, and strong, and deep-reaching; but calm, noiseless, and so smoothly graded that I shall not be surprised if not alone foreigners but many thousands of observant Irishmen regard this as a piece of startling news. When these latter, though, rub their eyes and look around them again, they shall ask why they did not awake to the wonderful event long since. The revolution to which I refer is social and intellectual.

For upwards of half a century the population of Ireland was, year by year, day by day, surely and rapidly dwindling. Able authorities from time to time amused themselves and their magazine readers by fixing the date for the final extinction of the troublesome Gael in Ireland, and proved home their theories by very plausible calculations indeed. As early as '48 the *London Times* flapped its wings with delight as it screamed, "They are going, going! They are fleeing in their thousands! Soon a Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan!" Half a century of a great and steady drain went on, and whilst they created beyond broad seas an Ireland which has often since wrung screams in quite a different key from the vulture, the prolific and obstinate Celt was only four and a half millions rare on his native heath—just rather more than one-half what he had been when the goading cry of the *Times* pierced his ear and his soul. Still the tide was all the time ebbing, ebbing, with painful monotony. Day and night, month after month, and year after year, for all of fifty years, a stream of westward-hurrying Celts reached from Old to New Ireland; the blood, and the brawn, and the brain of our nation was incessantly being borne across the western ocean. The cries of the *Times* and its ilk, like a terrible curse from which they desperately sought to flee, rang in the strained ears of these rushing exiles—and if they had forgotten this in after prosperous days (as many moralists tell us

they should) the effort would have been superhuman. They who remained in Ireland—either because they had not the wherewithal to flee, or they perversely preferred Ireland and poverty to exile and plenty—ceased to hope that this terrible drain upon their country's sap would ever diminish sufficiently to give Ireland courage and strength to rouse herself from apathy and inertia.

RETURNS OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

But lo! to the surprise of all, a year or eighteen months ago the Registrar-General's returns for Ireland, for the first time in fifty painful years, did not mark another mile-stone on the downhill grade which we had been rushing. The returns, in this instance, not only did not show a diminution in Ireland's population, but strangely and surprisingly they recorded an actual increase! An increase, it is true, of some insignificant decimal percentage—but, an increase! Thinking minds were instantly set going; and when the next half-yearly returns again showed an increase, earnest ones, justifiably jubilant, twirled their hats aloft on their blackthorns. The ship's rudder had been heard to grate upon the shoal; but lo, it had gone over at a jerk, and the leadsman began to cry deeper marks! That there may be minor shoals to negotiate before our Celtic ship is clear of the bar I am prepared to expect, but with that Providence at the wheel which piloted our race through storm and shoal, dangers and dread, for long, long ages when other (seemingly stouter) ships went down and were forgotten, I have not the faintest doubt we shall surely, surely, unharmed, reach the deep waters of the haven which our wonderful persistence, through toils and dangers, has rightly earned for us.

When this stubborn welcome fact of the Registrar-General's caused us to open our eyes and look about, we discovered that, imperceptibly, the face of the country had been changing, and was mightily changed. Ireland was more prosperous and more comfortable; its fields better tilled and stocked; and the people possessed of (somewhat) more money, and more ease, better clothed and more enlightened, than what had been the case thirty years ago, and what up till now we still believed to be the case. The greater part of the change was certainly wrought in the last thirty years—probably within the last two decades. The new generation forms an entirely new Ireland.

THE SPREAD OF SCHOOL EDUCATION.

It is very interesting to seek out the causes of this happy revolution—for it has been the result of a combination of causes. First amongst these causes I place the spread of school education. For a few hundred years the term "ignorant Irish" came trippingly off the English tongue, and was a happily convenient argument for the English nation to throw at our heads and at the heads of an upbraiding world. And only to-day is it dawning upon the English politician and the English snob that the phrase may have outlived its truth. But yesterday one of England's leading lords and statesmen* likened us to Hottentots—and, I think, did so honest-mindedly. I daresay we poor Irishmen, or our fathers, or our fathers' fathers, earned the epithets. At one time, long, long ago, before God bestowed upon us the blessings of English rule, Ireland, "the Island of Scholars," was the light of the West. The Northmen strove in vain to quench the light, and succeeded in dimming it, but the beneficent rule of England extinguished the last glimmer—almost. Under English law, as meted out to our country two centuries ago, and continued with more or less rigor down to one hundred years since, it was a penal offence for an Irishman to send his child to school. The school-master, with a price upon his head, like a sneak-thief or a murderer skulked from townland to townland under cover of the night, and lay in hiding during the day, when only honest men stepped abroad; and to harbor him was to invite upon one's head and one's house the rigors of rigorous laws. True, there were proselytizing schools open, to which Catholic Ireland was coaxed and cajoled, wheedled and bribed, to send its children—but Catholic Ireland was wickedly perverse. The father and mother who could do so, scraped and gathered, and pinched themselves and the rest of the family to the point of starvation, to get enough cash to send one son to the Continent, there to gather some crumbs of that knowledge which the Irish have ever worshipped. In those days few smuggling smacks stole out of forgotten Irish bays that did not bear away to France a precious burden, a soft stripling in whom were centred the hopes and fears, and the very soul, of the mother who wailed upon the shore, and the father whose grief found no outward expression. But this was a hazardous proceeding, and the parents who were proven to have been

* Lord Salisbury.

guilty of the flagrant crime quickly felt the heavy hand of Justice laid upon them. So, I must confess that our people did shamefully lapse into ignorance—ignorance dense and deep. And when our English friends scornfully twit us with our ignorance they have truth on their side—and when their statesmen tell the world the Irish are no better than Hottentots, they have history to prove it.

Seventy years ago the Penal Laws were repealed. Teaching was by act of grace decreed no felony henceforth, and learning no crime. Shortly after, England, in a spasm of generosity, bestowed upon us a system of education, yclept National because all references to our nation and its history were to be rigorously excluded from the curriculum of the schools. The master who had taught his little school behind a hedge, or in shelter of a bank, and who went home with each of his pupils on successive weeks, was permitted to have a school built for him by the parish, and was salaried by government with the (to him) fabulous wage of fifteen pounds a year. For many years after schools were, however, still sparse, and pupils trudged five, six, and seven miles of moor and mountain daily to get the benefit of a lesson in the Reading-made-easy, a drill in the Universal Spelling-book, and a dive into the mysteries of figures as propounded by Vosther and Gough. At the present time schools are plentiful, teachers remarkably capable and salaried moderately, and Irish parents as eager as ever to see their children educated. So, almost without exception, every child of school age in Ireland is now acquiring an education; and when the present generation have arrived at maturity Ireland will, for enlightenment, hold an honored and honorable place amongst civilized nations. When such remarkable headway will have been made in three-quarters of a century, it is pleasant to speculate where the children of Ireland will find themselves a century hence.

THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICA.

Besides school education, another highly important element in Ireland's intellectual advancement has been the influence of America. And American influence has been a factor far more important than is usually suspected. The educational influence which America has, during the past forty years, wielded over the Irish race at home is marvellous. Every young Irishman and Irish girl who sails for America carries thereto an unfurnished, impressionable mind, a keen observation, and a quick

intellect. The great, strange, fresh, new world that bursts upon them beyond the seas fills their minds with facts and ideas, sets them thinking, and broadens and deepens their understanding. It is fair to calculate that to each townland throughout Ireland at least six Irish-Americans yearly return—six who have spent long enough in the New World to have placed them in a position to journey home on a holiday, or return with money enough in their pockets to encourage them to start life in Ireland again—and this means six new missionary teachers per year to each townland,—six big with American facts and American ideas, and eloquent to give them expression. The schools at which these missionary teachers call their pupils together are the wakehouse, the winter fireside, and the harvest-field; on the way to Mass, and in the chapel yard on Sunday mornings; and at the cross-roads or on the pleasant hill-tops on Sunday evenings. An Irish audience is always an appreciative one; but if the subject be one bearing upon the wonders and the ways of life in a new country, the theories and habits of thought of its people—and if, moreover, that country be one in which every listener has a brother, and a sister, and a cousin, toiling for the dear ones at home, then an Irish audience is one to charm the heart of the talker. Furthermore the returned “Yankee,” as he is called, is a perambulating object-lesson of independence—independence of thought, and of speech, and of act, his or her comrades’ ambition being of the same mood.

THE NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR.

Irish political agitation has been incessantly held up as demoralizing to our people. But they who so pronounced it took for granted a theory which it pleased them to believe in and promulgate. Agitation—and particularly the excited agitation which raged over the land throughout the eighties—has had a great educational influence on the Irish mind. It aroused us out of our intellectual torpor. It made us read, it made us think, it made us analyze and debate. The newspaper was subscribed for, and read aloud in the shoemaker’s, or in the tailor’s, or at the forge, and then item by item the political news was turned over and over, and criticised and debated. Men’s craving increased till many who could ill afford the luxury indulged in the private vice of a three half-penny weekly, devoured it in their own chimney-corners, and then went abroad to read it at less fortunate neighbors, or to argue it

with equally fortunate ones. Those were the days when there was a flourishing political night-school in every townland, and men's ideas developed and ripened, discovering to each that God had blessed him with an individuality and a mind of his own, and inciting him to measure that mind against his neighbor's. And when, later, the great Irish political party split into many sections, the growth of individuality was yet further fostered thereby, for then even the most lymphatic found himself confronted with a problem that compelled him to think, to weigh, and to choose; and if he could not find choice, then to nail together a raft for himself, and seek to navigate the troubled political waters according to his own chart. The training given to the Irish mind during this agitation was, I assert, invaluable; it developed a reading taste which very often reached beyond newspaper literature, and raised the standard of intelligence over Ireland. I speak from long, close, and intimate experience.

IMPROVED INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS.

In Ireland of to-day there is much more money, ease, and comfort than in Ireland of thirty years since—and this for several reasons.

There is a marked improvement in agricultural methods throughout the mountainous, and remote and poor districts; and just these years this improvement is becoming more remarkable still. Bitter experience, after a long and sore lesson, forced upon the Irish small farmer the fact that the fertility of his ground and the luxuriance of his crops are governed by inexorable laws that will not be curbed or thwarted, and must be obeyed. It unfortunately took a long time to teach the Irish farmer this fact; but now he has come to acknowledge it, he will travel fast enough along the road of progress.

The greatly improved land laws, the results of his long agitation, too, have not only directly alleviated his hardships, but encouraged and inspirited him to struggle afresh with the niggard soil. His rent is from one-third to one-half (and often still more) less than what it was; he does not dread a raise of rent as the consequence of a good crop and an improved soil, and he fears not eviction. The land laws are not yet entirely satisfactory—but, by comparison, they are good. There are yet thousands who wrestle with rocky patches, and coax almost sterile moors in Donegal and the West, who are compelled to pay a highly unjust rent, which they win at the

edge of their sickles in the Scotch lowlands and the English midlands during the summer months. It is a moving sight to see hundreds and hundreds of these hardy, poorly-clad Westerns, bearing their sickles and their little red bundles, on a June evening boarding the cross channel boats at Derry and Belfast and Dublin. And, a few months later, it is a touching sight to see them, still with their sickles and little bundles, in the gray mornings leap upon Irish soil again, brown and happy, and wealthy with the wealth of forty, or sixty, or mayhap a hundred shillings. Their wives and daughters, or their sisters, have attended to their own harvest, while they garnered the harvest of the stranger.

FROM THE KIN AMONG THE STRANGER.

Emigration benefited Ireland, I am of opinion, by relieving its congestion. That it benefited it educationally I have noted. But Ireland has likewise profited to an extent that will never be known—an extent as wonderful as it is creditable to the exiled sons and daughters of Ireland—by the stream of money that for long, long years has been coming back over the ocean, in return for the flesh and blood and brain and soul that have during the same years been going. The poor Irish boys who toil and sweat on the streets of Chicago and in the mines of Montana, and the poor Irish girls who are to be found in the kitchens from Connecticut to California, toil and sweat, and give of their flesh and their muscle, and their spirit, that they may win the yellow gold which will keep the hearth warm and the meal-kist full at home, put a shawl on their mother, and a new coat on a father who has not known the luxury since he began the desperate struggle that the upbringing of them, his children, demanded. The “Amirikay letter” comes daily to one house or other in each townland, is borne in in triumph and opened with joy, and the much-needed money order which it always contains is passed around the circle of hastily gathered neighbors, amid exclamations of joy, and ejaculatory prayers for “poor Shusie among the sthrangers, may God bliss an’ prosper her every day the sun dawns on her!” It is difficult to estimate the proportion of Ireland’s present-day prosperity which is the direct result of the wages earned by Irish boys and girls in America—but the proportion is much higher than is generally suspected. In the poorer parts of Ireland *every* family must wind up its nightly Rosary with “Wan Pather-an-avvy now for poor Pathrick (or Shusie)

in Amirikay. May Almighty God guard, guide, and protect him; keep him from all sin and harm, parils and dangers; may He comfort his heart among the black sthranger, strengthen his arm, and prosper whatsoever he puts his hand till." And the murmurous Pater and Ave which in response rolls up sstraight from their pure and fervent hearts to God's throne ever seems to have been hearkened to.

It was at one time fashionable to refer to the Irish as great drinkers. Whether or not this was justifiable, I will not undertake to say. But I will say that statistics prove we were not "in it" with our saintly Scotch neighbors, nor (taking alcoholic drinks generally) even with the highly moral English. And I know, too, that a quart of whisky among a crowd of Irishmen would tell more tales than a gallon soaked by a group of Scots. A Scot takes whisky into his stomach, an Irishman takes it into his head. But if whisky was a vice amongst us, it is a national vice no longer—thanks to the movement inaugurated by the great Father Mathew, and thanks to the higher code of ethics that has obtained as a consequence of the spread of education and refinement.

THE PARTY SPIRIT DYING OUT.

And another national disgrace is fast disappearing. The party spirit which, under the name of religion, rent the North of Ireland for generations, making many a hearth desolate and many a heart break, is, thank God, yearly growing weaker and weaker and losing its devotees by crowds. The Orange Institution, in most parts of the North of Ireland, has, one by one, lost from its muster-roll the names of the respectable and intelligent men which once swelled it. So that, chiefly now remain in it only the rowdy elements of the towns, and the narrow, good-hearted zealots of the remote districts. And then the Catholics are in like manner getting rid of the bitterness and hate that marked their feelings for their Orange neighbors. It is ridicule that kills—and the Celt is keenly alive to the ridiculous. The more sensible have begun to see matter for laughter rather than recrimination in petty little displays of party spirit. Laughter is always catching; and as the zealot sees his neighbors laugh at him more and more, he is less eager to act for their entertainment. Many a matter which, forty or fifty years ago, would have been sufficient matter for murder, is now good matter for mirth. The few intermarriages between Protestant and Catholic, occasionally,

still cause a little domestic strife of the storm-in-the-teapot order. In black Belfast a Catholic woman lived happily with her heretic husband till one day she committed the crime of buying and hanging at the bed-head a picture of Leo XIII. Next night Andrew brought in a much more elegant and costly picture of King William crossing the Boyne, with King James's heels just showing in the distance, and as a counter-acting influence hung it at the bed-foot. On Saturday night Andrew got drunk and pious, and so came in and danced upon the Pope until he effaced him. On Monday Andrew went to his work, and Ellen took down King William, pawned him, and purchased a grand new Pope, under whose loving eye Andrew snored the snore of a martyr resigned to his fate (if martyrs do snore) thereafter.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE REVIVING.

Our language and our literature are blossoming forth again. The stride that within the past half-dozen years the Gaelic League has made towards the revival of our language is a matter of sincerest congratulation to all Irishmen who love the beautiful old tongue, and who recognize what its revival means in the intellectual uplifting of our race; and, further, in the preservation of our nationality. To the Gaelic monthly which has long been in existence was added last year a Gaelic weekly newspaper, *Fainne an lae* ("The dawning of the day");* an annual Gaelic literary festival, *An t'Oireachtas*, at which large sums are distributed in prizes, is now firmly established; an able and eloquent travelling organizer, Thomas O'Concannon of Arran, has been appointed and salaried by the League; Gaelic League branches have sprung up, and flourish in all corners; classes at which enthusiastic teachers give their services gratis are common over the island; the teaching of Gaelic as an extra subject in the National Schools is rapidly on the increase, and year by year shows more encouraging results; the demand for Gaelic books, not only those for learners but Gaelic classics for proficient scholars, has become great within the past few years; almost a million people still speak the language, and have now learnt to take pride therein; and, if the wonderful success of the Gaelic League continues (and there is small reason to doubt that it will), Ireland will have become a bilingual nation half a century hence.

Although less than twenty years ago Irish literature—or,

* Literally, "The ring of day."

to be correct, Anglo-Irish literature—by which I mean literature produced by Irish writers, and breathing the Celtic spirit through the Saxon garb, had almost ceased to be produced. Now we have Irish writers, chiefly young, who, fired with the mystic Celtic genius, are attracting wide attention, and creating a new and bright era in the history of our literature and our country. William Jenks and the Sigersons, "A. E.," Lionel Johnson, Standish O'Grady, Frank Matthew, Nora Hopper, William Rooney ("Fear na Muintir"), Shan Bullock, Frank Fahy, Jane Barlow, Alice Furlong, and (from the Black North itself two rising stars who shall certainly brighten that dark firmament, to wit,) Iris Olkryn and Ethna Carbery—these are only some of the names of those who are giving to Irish literature a new and promising lease of life. There are several Irish writers of distinction not referred to because there is little or nothing distinctively Celtic in their work. Dr. Douglas Hyde does not, of course, come within this list—he has earned for himself a special place inasmuch he is one of the very few truly Irish *littérateurs*, conveying as he does the charming Celticism of his thoughts in the tongue that alone befits them.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT.

The Local Government, which this year is placed in the hands of the people, will be highly beneficial—less a direct benefit than an indirect one, though. It will be a grand educational influence. It will cause our people to think for themselves still more; it will bring home to them the study of political economy, apprentice them to the use of power and administration, and create a healthy rivalry and independence of action, in even the most remote district in Ireland.

Several simple-minded good people inquire if this scheme of Local Government will be likely to satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people. To those who know our people "from the inside" the question is amusingly ridiculous. This Local Government affords to us more purchase ground upon which to continue the strife—and as such we shall use it.

What will, then, satisfy your aspirations? you ask. Will nothing short of absolute Home Rule do so? Now, I have studied my countrymen, their nature and their character, and I am vain enough to think that I know their hearts. And before answering this, I beg the questioner to know that the Celt is still mediæval in that he listens to the whispering

of his soul, which is Sentiment. The world and the material things of it are not all in all to him. There is a world within him which appeals to him more strongly than the world without. To him

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

So, the cold logic and inexorable facts inside which wiser peoples would sit down and nurse their knees will not curb his spirit, nor allay its cravings. If it be not either conformable to the absolute law of eternal justice, or warranted by tradition, the faintest restraint put upon his spirit is irksome to him, he becomes restless, and the restraint chafes and cankers his tender flesh, and grows daily more intolerable.

You promise us material prosperity, then, under Home Rule and English protection—a degree of prosperity which, you say (probably with truth), we could never attain as an independent nation—and you ask will that satisfy for ever the aspirations of the Irish people? And I return the one answer which my little knowledge and experience—entirely independent of my own inclinations—forces upon me, *Never!*

Yet, notwithstanding, the year 1900 will, with God's help, dawn upon a hopeful Ireland.

AGNOSTICISM.

BY “EAMON HAYES.”



THE youth Ben-Ezra, honest, pure, and brave,
One day in hunting found a lustrous stone—
A pretty bauble worth a caliph's throne—
And greed seduced his soul. A spell-bound slave
To its ignoble witchery, he gave
No further thought to all he erst had known
Of grace and beauty: loveless and alone,
He went a gibbering miser to his grave.

So often fares, alas! the devotee
Of science who, to win the paths of light,
Sets out with all the lofty zeal of youth,
But heedless of what perils dire there be
In following every firefly's fickle flight,
Forgets the splendor of the Sun of Truth.



FISHING VESSELS HARBORING AGAINST THE STORM.

A CRUISE IN THE FJORDS OF NORWAY.

BY C. M. O'BRIEN.



THAT is true of the school-boy is even more true of the business or professional man: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All work and no rest leaves him in a few years unable to pursue his avocation. A summer holiday, where it is at all possible, is a recognized necessity in modern life. Some in holiday time hasten to the sea-side, and strolling on the beach, or perched on the summit of a cliff, breathe in the bracing air. Some explore the beauties of nature on their cycles, and not a few there are who seek renewed vigor in the land of Morpheus. As for myself, I delight in going as far from home as possible—subject, of course, to the advice—well not of my physician, but of my banker. The Pyrenees and Mont Blanc, John O'Groats and Land's End, the Giant's Causeway and The Twelve Pins had I made acquaintance with already, so looking round me, and being determined to carry out my principle, I aimed at the North Cape to see the midnight sun. I was doomed to disappointment, however, as no "conveyance"

went that way so late in the year, when I was free. I did what I considered the next best thing, however; I went for a cruise in the Fjords of Norway.

Newcastle-on-Tyne was our starting place. About the beauties of that emporium of the North I shall say nothing except what a merchant friend recently remarked to a customer who entered to purchase some potatoes: "I won't praise them; if you buy them, they will speak for themselves." If you care to see Newcastle, it will speak for itself. Though it isn't always "good for a man to be alone," yet for a bachelor when travelling the possibility of disagreement with gentlemen, and the certainty of endless trouble about ladies' baggage, make it desirable to travel alone; and you are sure to meet plenty of interesting travellers. Curiously enough, however, my first acquaintances on that trip were a youthful pair from the Emerald Isle who were happy, "though married"—indeed were ideals of happiness. Novices in travelling take as much baggage as they can; as they get experience they take as little as they can. As I awaited the tender that was to take us to our ship, which lay at Tynemouth, I noticed the amount of luggage that was appearing: huge hunchback trunks, portmanteaus, hold-alls by the score, and the thought flashed across my mind whether I was bound for a short cruise to Norway, or going to winter on the "Fram" at the North Pole. However, the matter was easily solved a few days later, when I discovered that while a few "philosophical" tourists, like myself, were content with a couple of suits, the gentlemen as a rule appeared in a different suit every day during the first week, and the ladies appeared in new costumes several times a day, for the whole fortnight; indeed, recognizing passengers for the first few days was out of the question.

Popé knew man when he said, as a child he is "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw: . . . scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage: . . . a little louder, but as empty quite."

There was considerable excitement when we got on board, as the passengers sought out their baggage, searched for their cabins, and made themselves acquainted with the topography of the boat. We were about two hundred aboard, all Britishers. When I got to my cabin—"state-room" is the name given in the prospectus—I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Well, this is a *cell*!" I had come to Norway to rid my lungs of the twelve months' dust of a city, but, alas! to spend a fortnight

in a room not "big enough to swing a cat in" was a disappointment, and then to have to sleep on an "apology" for a bed! The first thought that struck me was to return home; but that was out of the question, as we were now well into the North Sea. I was leaving my "state-room" in high dudgeon when I met a gentleman just passing, and remarked to him, "Aren't these cabins awful?" "Well," he said, "I have come off pretty well; where is yours?" "It's just here," I answered, and he stepped in to see it. "Oh!" he said, "you



"PANORAMA OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY FILLS THE EYE."

have a capital cabin; you won't get better in any ship; I have been on several. You will get accustomed to it, and you will like it." He was right, for I did; I slept soundly every night on that "apology" for a bed, and woke every morning as fresh as a lark.

Like the Bay of Biscay, the German Ocean has a boisterous name; however, crossing and recrossing, we had no fault to find with it. Our first day on board happened to be Sunday, and naturally a quiet day was spent. Next day there was little social intercourse, and had I not come across some good-humored passengers I should have got into the "blues." Necessity is the mother of invention, however, and the following note appeared on the notice board at the entrance of the dining-saloon before dinner: "Owing to the general hilarity of the passengers, and the anxiety of the Management to cater

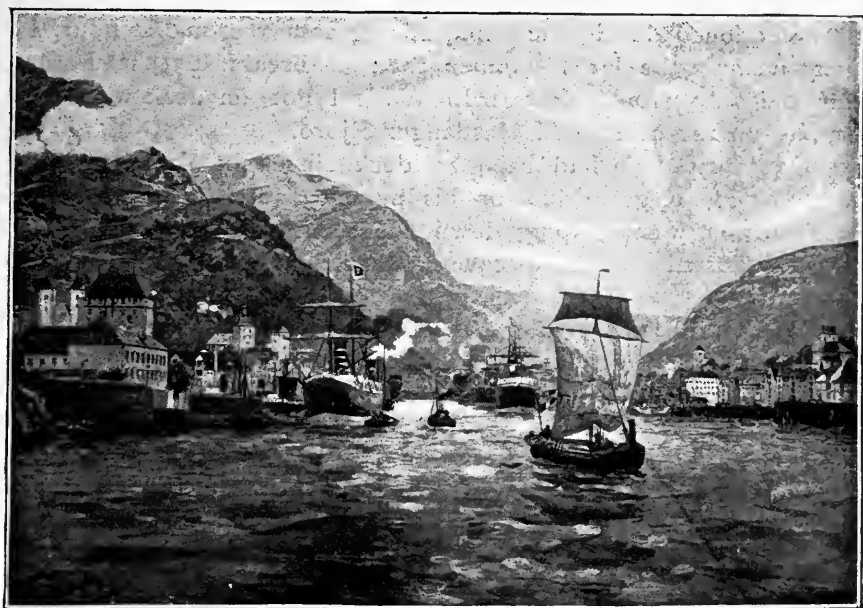
for same, a dog-fight has been arranged in the Saloon at 9 o'clock P. M." The notice was read by all as they filed into dinner, and there was a general smile. The good humor thus begun continued during the rest of the cruise. Needless to say, an Irishman was at the bottom of this useful joke. We left Tynemouth on Saturday evening, and we were timed to be in sight of land on Monday morning. The bugle sounded on Monday morning at six bells, and soon after all were hurrying on deck expecting to get a view, as per programme, of the Norwegian hills. We were not disappointed; we were sailing up the beautiful Bukkenfjord.

It was with no small emotion and delight that we gazed upon the scene before us. We had seen numerous beautiful photographs of Norwegian scenery in our guide-books and in the ship's saloons, but they only gave the faintest idea of the reality.

It would be impossible to describe this grand panorama of beautiful scenery. There was here a combination of the beauties of nature that one sees in various lands. As our ship steamed up the fjord, and wended its serpentine way, I was reminded of the south-eastern end of Lake Katrine. Further on, on either side, were the mountains, so precipitous that they reminded one of the cliffs of Moher. The little red-painted hamlets at the water's edge and on the side of the mountain where the slopes were not too steep, and the snow-capped summits everywhere, brought to my mind Lake Lucerne and the Alps.

The various tints of color on the mountains, as we proceeded, could not fail to call to mind the beautiful tints that characterize the surroundings of the Lakes of Killarney. But one characteristic, which one does not meet elsewhere and which Norway exclusively possesses, is the countless magnificent cascades, formed not by streamlets but by mighty torrents which shoot down from the glaciers over precipices a thousand feet high. If what we saw on this our first morning was the only interesting item of Norwegian scenery that we were to behold, we would have returned home contented. But, happily, we were to enjoy during ten days a feast of equally beautiful scenery. After several hours' journey up the fjord we landed at the little village of Sand. We were glad to have a couple of hours' stroll on terra firma. Following the conscientious obligations of tourists, we examined everything. The houses were small, and were entirely of wood, except the roofs, which were

of tiles, probably the better to resist the winter gales. Nearly all the exteriors were painted in gaudy colors, and the interiors were neatly kept. The villagers were fairly well dressed, and



BERGEN IS THE WETTEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

we were surprised to find that quite a number of them spoke English.

Getting on board again, we sailed down the fjord, and new and beautiful views were again meeting our gaze. The sound of the bugle reminded us that we were not in fairyland, and that after feasting our eyes on the scenery for so long a time we ought now give the inner man a chance. During dinner there was a run—not on any particular dish exactly, because the catering was perfect—but on the adjectives of description: the scenery was “grand,” “beautiful,” “magnificent,” “gorgeous,” etc., the ladies keeping principally to their favorite adjective, “lovely.”

An impromptu concert in the evening brought a most enjoyable day to a close.

While we were dreaming of fjord and glaciers our good steam yacht was cleaving once more the German Ocean and hastening northward to enter at early morning the Hardanger Fjord. “God save the Queen,” played at eight o’clock next morning, fulfilled the double purpose of reminding us that we

weren't Norwegians and also that it would be desirable to get up for breakfast. Thus aroused, I remembered what time I went to bed, then applied the old rule—six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool; I said I would risk being the last-mentioned during the trip. Rising at a reasonable hour, I perceived by the large number then at breakfast that I was not the only "fool" on board. When I got on deck we were sailing up the celebrated Hardanger Fjord.

One gentleman had been on deck since six o'clock A. M., determined to get value for his money and, to use a passenger's words, was "gulping down the scenery." He was somewhat disgusted when he discovered that the fjord was a hundred miles long.

This fjord was similar to the last, but the scenery is so much beyond what one sees elsewhere that it does not become monotonous.

We landed at Odde, and we had the greater part of the day at our disposal to visit the interior of the country. I had become very friendly with a certain Mr. B——, who had been in Norway before and whose charming manner and superior intelligence made him a most delightful companion, and he invited me to accompany him to the Buer Glacier.

He had seen it before, and said he considered it one of the best sights in Norway. When we got there I was not disappointed. As we had plenty of time at our disposal, and as our walking capacity was so restricted on board, we elected to walk to the glacier, though there was a question of six miles each way. The roads in Norway are very good. As one would expect, they are circuitous and rise and fall in switch-back fashion, yet the surface is perfectly smooth, and either on foot or on car they are comfortable. At either side, at a short distance from the road, are situated the farm-houses.

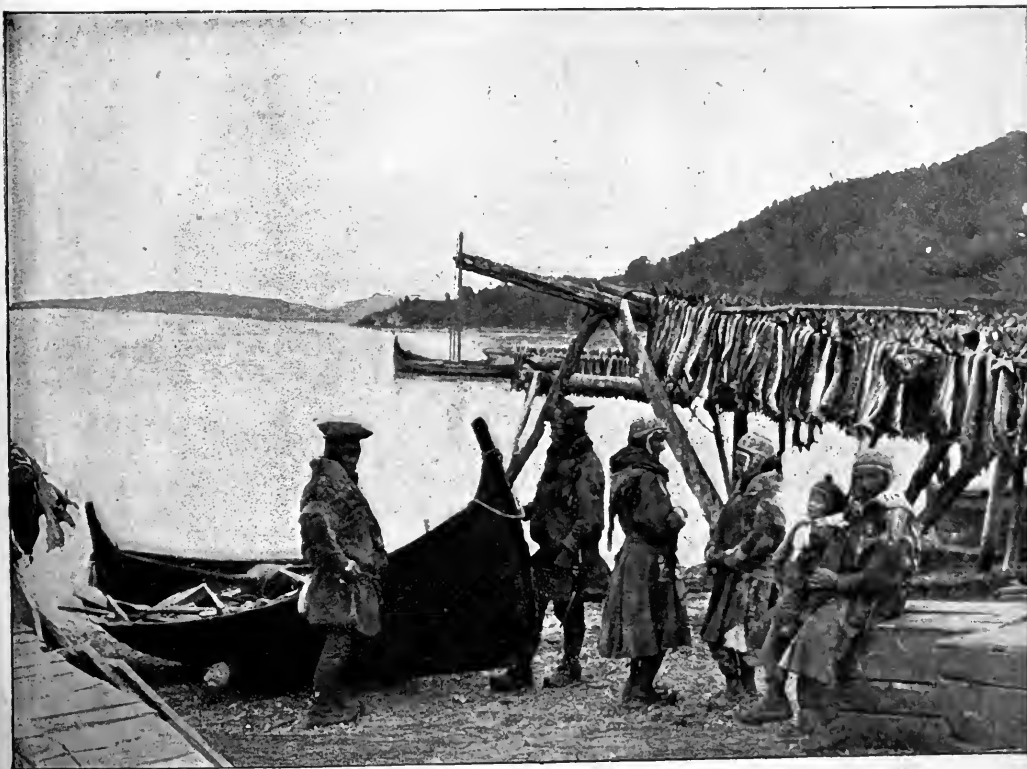
The farmers possess usually four or five cows, and while the little farm is producing hay and grain during the summer the cows are driven up to little verdant patches on the mountain side—*Saeters*—and kept there till the winter. Here they are attended to by some members of the family, and as ascent and descent is exceedingly difficult, the milk and butter is sent down from the saeter on a strong wire rope which extends from the saeter to the plain.

After walking some three miles we came to a pretty lake nestling among the hills; we crossed over in a small boat and began our ascent to the glacier, some two and a half miles dis-

tant. Beside a hissing mountain torrent that issued from the glacier we wended our way, stumbling over large stones, climbing over slippery rocks, slipping on the wet pathway, and restrained from turning back by the thought of refreshment at the hotel near the glacier.

We were amply rewarded for our trouble. To stand at midday beside an ice-field some twenty miles long by fifteen wide, glittering like a silver sea in the autumn sun, is a sight never to be forgotten. We returned to our ship in the evening, and though wearied we were highly pleased with our day's outing. Neither Mr. B—— nor I heard the national anthem next morning.

All having returned from their respective excursions, we steamed away late at evening and arrived next morning at Bergen. This city of thirty thousand inhabitants, the second largest in Norway, has the unenviable reputation of being the wettest city in the world. It is said that on an average five



FISH-DRYING AMONG THE LAPPS.

days out of seven are wet. The story is told of a Dutch yachtsman having sailed into Bergen one day and, finding the sun shining gloriously in the harbor, scudded away immediately, thinking he must have been somewhere else. We spent two days there, and fortunately both were fine. I did not inquire whether the five days previous had been wet. Bergen is a rather up-to-date city; it has electric trams, electric light, and is neatly kept. The public buildings are good and there are some very fine churches. There is a newly built magnificent Lutheran cathedral, Gothic in style and situated on an eminence; and there is also a Roman Catholic church with a handsome spire. One of the greatest curiosities in the town is the fish-market, where the fish swimming about in the tanks are sold alive to customers. There was an exhibition held in one of the public gardens—principally a fishery exhibition—but it was rather a poor affair. We steamed off from Bergen at evening, and, after doubling one of the Norwegian promontories during the night, we entered next morning, further northward, another fjord named the Sogne Fjord.

The sun was shining brightly, the air was dry and bracing, the scenery was once more beautiful, and all the passengers—except a few disciples of Morpheus—were up betimes to see Nature in her picturesque Norwegian garb. We reached the little town of Gudvangen before noon, and the general plan was a drive to the summit of Mount Stalheim. The route was along one of Norway's most beautiful valleys, named the Naerdal, or Narrow Valley. The ordinary vehicles of conveyance are: the cariole, which takes only one person and the driver, and the stolkjaerre, which carries two and a driver. Just as we were landing I fell in with a good-humored Scotchman, and we both selected a stolkjaerre and an English-speaking "cocher" and set off for Stalheim.

We jogged along, one among a procession of some twenty cars, noticing the neatly kept, painted farm-houses, the little patches of flourishing barley, and the new-mown hay, which gave a delightful aroma to the air; crossing and recrossing the torrent that swept the valley, observing on left, on right, the little saeters on the hill-sides, and whiling away the time with cross-examining our good-tempered driver on all possible Norwegian subjects.

After two hours' drive we came to the base of the Stalheim hill, and as it is too steep for carriages we had to walk, or rather to climb, to the top.



"BESIDE THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT THAT ISSUED FROM THE GLACIER."

The air was so dry and exhilarating that even the ladies walked to the summit.

Here a good lunch awaited us at the hotel, and while we partook of the viands an orchestra, consisting of a violin and piano, discoursed interesting Norwegian airs.

The view from the hotel down the Naerdal valley, the winding road appearing at intervals, the cataracts in scores

rushing down the mountains on both sides, the mountains themselves all capped with snow, leave a lasting image on the mind. We returned to Gudvangen after a very pleasant day in the interior, and returning half-way the fjord, we spent the night at anchor at the very pretty village of Balholm.

While at least many of us were as yet in dreamland our good steam yacht left the Sogne Fjord and started still northward. The next day's journey was a very interesting one: under the guidance of an experienced Norwegian pilot we were steaming among islands at a short distance from the shore. The weather was fine, the air was clear and bracing, and the scenery was novel and interesting.

The coast resembled that of the west coast of Scotland—rugged and wooded, but here, even in early autumn, it had a background of snow. We entered at evening the Nord Fjord. The sunset was the most beautiful that we had seen. The golden sun sank gradually behind the western mountains and gilded them with glittering gold. Orange-bordered mists appeared among the hills, and we moved along in a sea of fluctuating waves of gold with nothing to disturb the silent calmness except the thud of the machinery of our ship.

The sun soon sank, however, and the most exquisite scene that we beheld in Norway had passed away for ever. The vanishing of such a sight leaves one wrapt in contemplation, and moments of irrepressible sadness follow.

Soon, however, the Aurora Borealis appeared, making the night bright as day and filling the fjord with a flood of light. To add to the effect our good captain, a genial Scotchman, sounded the fog-horn, which echoed and re-echoed several times and gradually died away among the hills. Then suddenly there were sent up a few rockets, which, falling into a spectrum of colors, made us think we were again in fairyland. We landed next morning at the village of Visness, and spent the day in strolling quietly into the interior and back. Returning to our yacht, we again set off northward towards the Sonnud Fjord, the most northern that we were to see. The scenery considerably differed from what we had seen heretofore. The arctic climate was becoming evident; snow was everywhere on the hills, mountain torrents were more numerous, vegetation was becoming limited, few birds could be seen, and sportsmen could be heard on the summit of the mountains bear-shooting.

At the head of the fjord was the village of Merok, and

from this we climbed a few miles up the mountain, turning back every now and again to behold the scenery.

Towards evening we descended to our steamer, and, regretting that circumstances would not permit our going further north, we bade good-by to Norway and steamed away for Merry England.

“Ye mountains capped
with silver snow,
Where Thor presided
long ago;
Ye winding fjords that
smile in blue,
Cascades and rocks,
farewell to you.”

Soon the hills sank away in the distance, and as they disappeared we gave “a longing, lingering look behind.”

The next two days, while crossing the North Sea, were given over to sports and amusements.

As we sailed into Tynemouth the hunchbacked trunks again made their appearance, and the portmanteaus and holdalls, now filled with Norwegian curios, had assumed gigantic dimensions.



NEW ROAD IN HARDANGER FJORD.

THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION, AND THE
VOICE OF THE COURTS.BY E. B. BRIGGS, D.C.L. (*Catholic University*).

WHATEVER may be the final verdict of the American people upon the wisdom of the policy pursued by the government in regard to the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, they will never be justified in complaining of the silence of those opposing that policy. There has been a superabundance of pessimistic eloquence poured forth in denunciation of the alleged illegality of the acts of the executive, and if, as recently asserted by one of the orators at Chicago, "it is true that we went to war in 1861 to free the Negroes, and in 1899 to enslave the Philippines," the republic is now *in articulo mortis*, for, if President Lincoln in accepting the gauge thrown down before him by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, did so to free the negroes, and not to maintain the integrity and sovereignty of the nation, his acts were unconstitutional, as much so as were the acts of President McKinley in striking back at the armed forces of Aguinaldo, after they had assaulted our lines at Manila.

THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE EMERGENCY
WHICH CONFRONTED HIM.

Prior to the battle of Manila Bay, the undisputed sovereignty over the Philippine Islands, as recognized by every nation on earth, was vested in Spain. On February 4, 1899, the city and bay of Manila were in possession of the forces of the United States, as a conquest effected in public war; and a proposed treaty of peace providing, among other things, for the cession to the United States of this sovereignty of Spain over those islands was pending for ratification in the Senate of the United States. That treaty was duly ratified, and Congress adjourned without making any provision for the government of the newly acquired territory. In international law, as well as in constitutional law, the effect of the ratification of the treaty was to make the Philippine Islands *territory of the United States*; and the treaty itself became "*the supreme law*

of the land" (Const., Art. VI.) The Constitution, Art. II. Sec. 1, requires the President to take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States"; and it further says of the President, Art. II. Sec. 3, "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." In other words, the President is absolutely bound by his oath of office, and by the explicit language of the Constitution, to "take care" that this treaty, which vests the sovereignty over the Philippines in the United States, and which is "the supreme law of the land," be "faithfully executed" throughout all the "land" over which floats our flag. To do less would constitute an executive violation of the Constitution and the laws. This ought, of itself, to be a sufficient refutation of the charge that our President, the freely chosen of a free people, is violating the Constitution, and recklessly causing the slaughter of our brave and steadfast soldiers, in furtherance of an attempt to deprive a "people" of the right of self-government. Something more than argument, however, is needed, and the voice of potent authority is not lacking. The initiatory attack of the Tagalos and Chinese half-breeds, styling themselves "Filipinos," was made upon the American army on the night of February 4, 1899, while the peace treaty was still pending; and their armed resistance to the authority of the United States has been maintained since the ratification thereof, always with due and profound regard for the adage "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day." President Lincoln was confronted with an astonishingly similar condition of affairs in 1861, the "run away" part of the programme being conspicuously absent, however, and he, like President McKinley, promptly concluded that his duty was to "take care" that the "supreme law of the land" be "faithfully executed," without allowing the national sovereignty to be flouted, and the national flag to be insulted, while waiting for Congress to "declare war" against "insurgents." Precisely like President McKinley, he "struck back," with all the national strength. In due course of time his acts were subjected to the judicial scrutiny of the Supreme Court of the United States; and the constitutional doctrines then laid down could not more completely cover the present emergency if the court had been gifted with prescience.

AN APPOSITE UTTERANCE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

In the collection of cases generally styled "The Prize Cases," reported in 2 Black, page 665, the court says: "As a civil war is never publicly proclaimed, *eo nomine* against insurgents, its actual existence is a fact in our domestic history which the court is bound to notice and to know. The true test of its existence, as found in the writings of the sages of the common law, may be thus summarily stated: 'When the regular course of justice is interrupted by revolt, rebellion, or insurrection, so that the courts of justice cannot be kept open, *civil war exists*, and hostilities may be prosecuted on the same footing as if those opposing the government were foreign enemies invading the land.'

"By the Constitution, Congress alone has the power to declare a national or foreign war. It cannot declare war against a State, or any number of States, by virtue of any clause of the Constitution.

"The Constitution confers on the President the whole executive power. He is bound to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States. He has no power to initiate or declare a war either against a foreign nation or a domestic State. But by the acts of Congress of February 28, 1795, and 3d of March, 1807, *he is authorized* to call out the militia and use the military and naval forces of the United States in case of invasion by foreign nations, and to *suppress insurrection* against the government of a State or of the United States.

"If a war be made by invasion of a foreign nation, the President is not only authorized but bound to resist force by force. He does not initiate the war, but is bound to accept the challenge without waiting for any special legislative authority. And whether the hostile party be a foreign invader, or States organized in rebellion, it is none the less a war, although the declaration of it be unilateral." . . .

"The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought before the passage of the act of Congress of May 13, 1846, which recognized '*a state of war as existing by the act of the Republic of Mexico.*' This act not only provided for the future prosecution of the war, but was itself a vindication and ratification of the act of the President in accepting the

challenge without a previous formal declaration of war by Congress. The greatest of civil wars was not gradually developed by popular commotion, tumultuous assemblies, or local unorganized insurrections. However long may have been its previous conception, it nevertheless sprung forth suddenly from the parent brain, a Minerva in the full panoply of war. The President was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself, *without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name*; and no name given to it by him or them could change the fact."

Thus does the Supreme Court dispose of the attacks upon the President for discharging his plain, manifest constitutional duty. In the war of 1861-65 the President was confronted with organized rebellion by States against the sovereignty of the Nation; and "was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself, without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name." In the Philippine insurrection of 1899 the President was confronted with rebellion by local insurrection against the sovereignty of the nation; and "was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself, without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name"; and *is* required to "take care" that the Treaty of Paris, which is now "the supreme law of the land," be "faithfully executed" in the Philippine Islands until such time as Congress, in the exercise of its plenary power "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," shall determine upon the final disposition to be made of the islands and their inhabitants.

ARE THE MALAY AND PAPUAN INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES
A JURISTIC "PEOPLE" OR SOCIETY?

We hear much, nowadays, about our alleged abandonment of the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence; and with as much historical, philosophical, and legal truth as is contained in the assertion that our government went to war in 1861 "to free the negroes."

The framers of that immortal Declaration, statesmen, publicists, philosophers, and lawyers, in speaking of "a people," and of all governments deriving their just powers from the "consent of the governed," were certainly not themselves so fantastically idiotic as to dream that their words would be taken to apply to individual men, or to heterogeneous masses of individual human beings, not constituting the moral entity known as social and civil society. Government, in the juristic sense of

the word, as contradistinguished from the family or even tribal meanings applied to it, presupposes the existence of organic social and civil society; in other words, a juristic organic "people," from the consent of which alone it can derive its just powers.

Such a jural society or "people" must, of plain philosophical necessity, and in the nature of things, contain five elements, viz.:

1. A multitude of people inhabiting definite territory.
2. The possession by that multitude of substantial unity of social and civil end.
3. The knowledge by that multitude of this unity of social and civil end.
4. The desire of that multitude for the attainment of this social and civil end.
5. The conscious conspiracy of that multitude for the attainment of this social and civil end.

No jural society, civil and politic, no jural "people," nation, or state ever has existed, or in the essence of things can exist, short of this analysis. Can it be pretended, in the face of history, that such a moral entity exists organically among the mass of Malay, Papuan, Chinese, and mongrel half-breed inhabitants of the Philippine Islands?

It may be developed, yes. But until it is evolved there will be no society capable of giving the "consent of the governed" spoken of in the Declaration of Independence.



REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN
ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

III.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ENGLISH HIERARCHY.—ITS EFFECT
ON THE PROTESTANTS AT HANLEY AND UPTON.

THE deliberations at Rome which resulted in the constitution of a new Hierarchy for England are understood to have occupied some five years. Of all this I knew nothing until its actual establishment. It was announced in all the churches of England as early as October 27, 1850, and a week earlier in the churches placed under the immediate jurisdiction of Dr. Wiseman himself, as Archbishop of Westminster, who received also the additional title of Cardinal. The announcement was first made public by the Cardinal himself, in a communication to Dr. Whitty, Vicar-General of the London District. I was then attached to the Redemptorist house at Hanley, in Worcestershire.

The letter is generally designated as the Pastoral, or letter from the Flaminian Gate.

The establishment of a Catholic Hierarchy with local titles derived from English soil was, of course, a religious right. It belonged to freedom of worship. It was a surprise to most of us, but a joyous one. I confess, however, that I was not without much apprehension of the consequences. There was something in the tone of the Pastoral which sounded like the flourish of trumpets, or the flaunting of a red flag before the eyes of a bull; and I felt sure it would be so received by a prejudiced Protestant population.

The Anglican clergy, particularly the bishops, were by no means insensible to the social advantages which the state gave them in exchange for their religious dependence. Catholics, even, were not wanting to manifest their delight that not only our bishops would be put on an equality with Anglican prelates, but that the new cardinal would have a claim to social precedence. Catholics of a thoughtful temperament prophe-

sied that mischief would likely arise from this social relation, and regretted that the Cardinal in his Pastoral had not adopted a humbler and more spiritual tone in announcing this great event to the Faithful.

Whatever causes may be assigned, the result of the establishment of the new Hierarchy, when published, was a perfect storm of popular indignation. Protestant England was thoroughly aroused. Bigotry, always ready, sounded all its trumpets, and prejudice, always credulous, listened with all its ears. A Hierarchy for Catholics in England! What could that mean but a religious invasion, a papal aggression. Meetings were speedily summoned in town and country, in large halls and in the open air. It seemed as if the riots aroused by Lord George Gordon, not long before, were on the eve of being revived. Things did not really come to so violent a pass, but mobs were not infrequent. We had one at Upton-on-Severn, only four miles south of Hanley, the charge of which station had been committed to me. We had a very pretty little chapel there, recently completed, where I preached on Sundays and visited catechumens two or three times a week. This mob did me the honor of escorting me out of the town, carrying behind me an effigy intended to resemble the Pope, but they did not interfere with our services in the chapel, or with the little pony and wagon which had brought me from Hanley. After I had driven home they carried the "Holy Father" across the Severn, well tarred, and burned him there.

Outside of England, and among Catholics, I have always found the idea prevailing that the establishment of the new Hierarchy in England was simply a grand step forward on the part of Catholics and an unmixed blessing. It is well enough understood that it was received by the Protestants of England with a very general feeling of indignation. This was to be expected as a matter of course. But this indignant feeling is supposed to have died away after a few weeks, with little damage done to Catholic interests. It gave rise to the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," so called, which made it a penalty for any Catholic nominee to a bishopric, or archbishopric, or deanery in England or Ireland, to assume the title. The penalty affixed amounted to a hundred pounds for each offence. This law, however, has never since been enforced; it remained a dead-letter for twenty years, when it was quietly repealed by Mr. Gladstone.

The belief prevails generally, at least in America, that the

Catholic faith in the United Kingdom has never received any serious damage from the introduction of the Hierarchy. That the Catholic cause has benefited largely by this wise and grand step is unquestionable. It would, however, be a strange forgetfulness on the part of any one who lived in England at the time to say that no harm was done, not even a temporary damage. To feel hunted in a country on account of one's religious belief is a painful thing. To be avoided by friends who showed themselves kindly in the past is also painful. To be met or followed by scowls is often profitable to the soul, but all who have hearts must needs feel it. The storm which burst over our heads in Great Britain in 1850, at the opening of its autumn, brought with it a more serious damage than all this. It stopped a vast number of conversions to the true church. These conversions were taking place like a tide. I myself had a constant class of catechumens, varying from half a dozen to a dozen. Some of these I gathered together at Upton-on-Severn. Some of them resorted to me at our house in Hanley, and some of them I visited at their own homes in cottages and farm-houses. The same work was going on in country places throughout the breadth of the land. Where Newman, Faber, Petcherine, and other notable converts preached or lectured in large cities, or country districts, crowds of the higher and more educated classes gathered to listen, and were either then and there taken into the church, or received impressions which led to conversion later. Was it no serious damage to check and almost stop such a tide of conversions? In point of fact this work will always continue to some degree, but at the time of which we speak the flow of souls to Catholic unity was like a flood-tide; and that tide was suddenly checked. A terror was spread through the land which reached down to every hamlet and family. The movements of the Catholic clergy were closely watched. The movements of Protestants suspected of any leaning Romeward were carefully observed and made the subject of talk, and a universal espionage thus established, which amounted to a social persecution and often to actual violence. In one case a married woman, who was accustomed to come to me a long distance for instruction in the catechism, told me that her husband made a point to beat her whenever he heard of these visits. The distance she came was so great that he generally heard of it. I went on purpose to meet him at the house of her parents on a day when I knew he would be there. He was there. She

and her parents were there also, and all in the same room. Her parents were alarmed at my visit, but greeted me civilly. She trembled with fear. He sat by himself, close to the fire, with his back to the rest of us, and never turned his head. After greeting the others, I went up to him and offered my hand. He would not take it, nor answer any of my questions. I said to him:

"I have come on purpose to speak to you, and meet you, and hear from you."

Then I reasoned with him very gently upon his behavior towards his wife, until at last he spoke.

"What can I do?" said he; "for my part I don't care whether she is a Catholic or not, but the parson does. We are living on church land, in one of his houses. He has threatened to turn me out unless I keep her away from the Catholics. I told him that I had done my best, but could not keep her away from the Catholics, and I could not help it. 'You could help it,' said he, 'if you cared to; and I shall see that you do.' I said to him: 'What more do you expect me to do? I have scolded her, and swore at her, and beat her, and picked at her. Do you want me to kill her?'"

I continued to reason with him, but with all gentleness, for I felt that both he and his wife were living under the domination of a reign of terror, and were both worthy of pity. The persecution of the husband ceased from that time. I never heard that the threatened ejectment took place. My impression is, that my interference was sufficiently public to have had something to do with the protection of both man and wife.

The excess of terror excited among the people, especially the more ignorant and credulous, at this critical period had sometimes a ridiculous aspect. A very respectable widow woman in the neighborhood of Hanley was told that the Catholics were not only determined to take possession of England and introduce Popery, but that the next step would be to kill all the Protestants. She finally not only yielded to the general clamor, by allowing herself to be silenced, but actually believed it. The determination to which she came was that it would be wiser to join the victorious Romans at once, rather than wait to be killed. She therefore sent for the priest to come to her house, for she was an invalid. He came accordingly. She asked to be received into the church, and gave for her reason that she did not wish to be killed. Of course she was helped to better motives before her request was complied with, but she did become a Catholic and a good one.

This incident I mention in the briefest way, and only to show how suddenly religious excitement and bigotry may work its way in alarming right-meaning people, until fear reaches a state of perfect terror.

Storms soon pass over, but they always produce some mischief. These mischiefs are sometimes very damaging, and the damages are sure to remain after the storm is ended. Much harvesting may be prevented. The laborers most interested in the work of harvesting will, of course, feel this the most and remember the damage done longest. Their disappointment makes a part of true history, and the annals of history should not forget that part.

If any blame in all this is justly attributable to Cardinal Wiseman, no one can deny that he made up for it promptly and manfully. He roused all his energies to meet the emergency, like a giant awaking from a dream. He shifted no responsibilities from his own shoulders to others. Every Catholic was made to feel that his hand was the one at the helm and that Peter's Ship would ride the waves in safety.

I never kept any records of these transactions in England, although living there during the height of the storm and expecting to die there. Many important dates form no part of my memories. The same may be said of various documentary monuments belonging to the crisis. One document I remember very distinctly. This was a petition, or remonstrance, put forth by the Cardinal-Archbishop against the proposed "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." This remonstrance was circulated through all our Catholic parishes to be read in church and receive Catholic signatures. This duty was assigned to me for the church at Hanley. After reading the remonstrance and the letter of directions which accompanied it, I stationed myself at the porch of the church, with pen, ink, and paper lying upon a table by which every one must pass, and there received the names. We were directed to give a prominent place in the petition to Catholics of rank or special note. This included not only the name of Squire Hornyhold, a great land-holder in the township and nearly allied to the Talbots of Alton Towers, but a number of noble names who were often seen worshipping in our chapel, especially visitors at Malvern Abbey and Little Malvern Springs, villages which lay on the eastern slope of the Malvern Hills and adjoining our township on the west.

It was, of course, important that these names of the gentry

should be found on the petition and be brought to the notice of the Queen and her Parliament, who would be more impressed at the sight than I was. Yet even I received a surprise when a delicate hand took the pen from me and left on the paper only a single word. The word was "Kenmare." I saw that such a name would go to the government with emphasis. I felt the emphasis myself, but differently. To the government it would stand forth as a present important fact. To an American mind like mine it looked backward, and was history. My own imagination during that eventful morning was more impressed by a different picture, which was not by any means a castle in the air. I saw the whole of Catholic England engaged in writing a letter of remonstrance. It was the whole body of loyal Catholics in England sitting, as it were, at one table writing to their Queen and asking to be protected in their right to worship God according to their conscience. It was something still more than this. It was the same body of English subjects loyal also to purely spiritual power, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, protesting in his name and in their own, protesting against a threatened injustice, an injustice which, if carried out, would not only be a wrong, but become a religious persecution.

There was a certain glow of earnestness and self-consciousness pervading the whole crowd of signers, which I could feel at the time and consequently remember well now. Catholic England stood ranged under its two sovereigns, spiritual and temporal, and every mind and every heart was made to feel the distinction most distinctly. Out of this, necessarily, grew a great confidence in the leadership of that master mind at whose bidding they affixed their signatures. I stood at only one church doorway, but I seemed to be present at a great many more.

IV.

THE GREAT APOSTLE OF PROTESTANT CONVERSION TO THE TRUE CHURCH.—DISTINCTIVE TRAITS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

It is now our time to pass from the consideration of the great scholar, divine, church dignitary and leader, Nicholas Wiseman, to the portraiture of another mind, equally intellectual, equally noble, and far more spiritual. The Catholic history of our day will have its apostle. Canonized or uncanonized, a form will tower above all others as the apostle of this

century! The church of our day has, as she always has had, her hidden souls, her secluded flowers of sanctity, with a beauty only partially revealed, or only locally recognized, because cloistered by vows or screened by humanity. She has, also, her canonized saints, brought to the church's special notice by a miraculous hand from heaven, or by such a testimony of heroic virtues as human reason cannot reasonably resist. But when we name a child of the church as an apostle, we mean something more than all this. Some of these holy spirits may be made known to the wide world only after their death. The church, for instance, has a paleontology of her own. A little slab of marble or other stone, with perhaps only a name with one word, perhaps one or two figures to mark the years of life, perhaps sometimes a palm-branch cut on the stone; if not that, a vial containing blood like a fossil shell or fern, is enough to make a revelation so far as it goes. But it does not go very far. It does not make a portraiture. It brings before us the name of some Christian who lived, had his time of probation, and we are able to classify him as a martyr. But we have little to distinguish him from many others of the same class. He must have had, in his day, a personality of his own, in many respects quite different from any one else. But this personality, this individuality, is not known to us. The church may have proofs enough to canonize him, and by this we know that heaven holds his spirit; and if we feel prompted to erect a shrine to his memory, we have the church's guarantee and feel safe in doing it.

When we name John Henry Newman the individual man stands out before us, not endorsed as yet by any seal or signature of the church. We have the man, however, in full form and color. He is not a mere fact in history. He belongs to biography. His home was in England, but he has written the facts of his life on a record which the wide world holds in its possession, and will not lose. We know him as a deeply spiritual man, a holy man. To England, an apostle; to Christianity, a great light. But even in his great character as an apostle there is a wonderful peculiarity which attaches to him, which makes him out as something distinct from all other apostolic men of this age or of any other. Newman's peculiar vocation and life-work was to bring Protestants, especially English Protestants, back to the ancient and only fold of Christ.

Of course, like all other men, he had to look after his own

salvation. But we are speaking of him as a workman in the vineyard of Christ. He had a special call from Heaven which was peculiarly his own. He could not have recognized this call in his early years. He grew up to it by a slow consciousness. As he himself expressed it before his conversion, he was only conscious that a "kindly light" was leading him, but whither he could not say. His way was dark, and patiently and submissively he uttered his memorable prayer, "One step enough for me."

His own conversion came at last. He stood in the sanctuary of the Holy Church, a Catholic. He was one of a body of men, constituting a visible society, a definite and corporate Christian union, to which no beginning can be assigned later than the beginning of Christianity. What was his vocation to be henceforth? Myriads of disciples looked after him with longing and loving eyes who hesitated to follow his example, though they belonged to a wide and strong current which was flowing Romeward. These circumstances are evident marks of the Divine Will. God has opened to him a field of action, and in that field his life-work lies. His vocation is manifestly to lead his old companions and followers back to that fold where his own heart had found rest. This was Dr. Newman's own deep conviction. It lay at the very centre of his soul. No man can understand Dr. Newman who fails to comprehend these signs of his apostleship, or loses sight of them. By this light we must read his true character. In this light his motives stand revealed. If some Catholics, who should have known him better, misconstrued him and opposed him by this light, we can sympathize with his disappointments and sorrows.

Who can forget the cry that came forth from Dr. Newman's heart when it became manifest that Pope Pius IX., and the majority of the bishops who composed the Vatican Council, were determined to press forward to a formal definition the doctrine of Papal Infallibility! He himself was ready to receive it, but how would it tell upon the prospects of the true Faith among Anglicans? "It will put the conversion of England back full fifty years!" These words came forth to the world like the wail of a broken heart.

In like manner all Newman's triumphs and hours of purest joy grew out of this peculiar devotion of his to that one same cause of England's conversion.

In the winter of 1879 Newman was appointed Cardinal by Leo XIII. This was a triumph in the great cause of Eng-

land's conversion. It was a seal of approbation upon Newman's life-work. He felt this in the very depths of his soul. He made no pretence of concealing his joy. To his own brethren of the Oratory he said: "The cloud is lifted from me for ever." (See Ullathorne's letter to Manning of March 4, 1879; Purcell's *Life of Manning*, vol ii. p. 567.) As soon as able, he hastened to Rome to express his gratitude to the Vicar of Christ. The manner in which this was done was a subject of merriment to his companions of the Oratory. I cannot refrain from giving a brief account of it, received from one of these.

On arriving at the Holy City, without a dream of using any formality, he hastened to the Vatican. He sent no announcement of his arrival beforehand, took no means to arrange for an interview, but simply dropped in. The Pope, who had served in the time of his predecessor as camerlengo, was perfectly capable of appreciating the joke, but received the new Cardinal in the same spirit of simplicity. In this way, sometimes, "nice customs curtsy to great kings." An illustrious Pontiff of the church was closeted with England's great apostle, and both were joyful. Was anything else needful to that meeting?

It ought not to be a surprise to any one interested in John Henry Newman to find that he encountered in his life-time great adversities, as well as periods of prosperity; that he had times of bitter grief, as well as hours of joy. Such is the lot of all men. But can it be that such a man had enemies? Can it be even that it was his lot to find adversaries in the very circle of his seeming friends, amongst men engaged with him in a common cause, and that cause religion? Can it be that he was assailed, accused, or misrepresented by brethren, harbored, like himself, in the very bosom of the church? Yet so it was. Newman's position was made more painful by a peculiar embarrassment which rendered it difficult for him to speak his mind plainly, while at the same time circumstances would not allow him to maintain a complete reserve. In other words, he mistrusted some with whom he had to deal constantly, and with whom he would be supposed, naturally, to mingle on terms of friendship. The reader will easily conjecture what I mean by perusing the following extract from a letter dated August 10, 1867:

"MY DEAR ——:

"You are quite right in thinking that the feeling of which,

alas! I cannot rid myself in my secret heart, . . . has nothing to do with the circumstance that you may be taking a line in ecclesiastical matters which does not approve itself to my judgment.

"Certainly not; but you must kindly bear with me, though I seem rude to you, when I give you the real interpretation of it. I say frankly then, and as a duty of friendship, that it is a distressing mistrust, which now for four years past I have been unable in prudence to dismiss from my mind, and which is but my own share of a general feeling (though men are slow to express it, especially to your immediate friends), that you are difficult to understand. I wish I could get myself to believe that the fault was my own, and that your words, your bearing, and your implications ought, though they have not, served to prepare me for your acts.

"No explanations offered by you at present in such a meeting [a meeting proposed by the other party] could go to the root of the difficulty, as I have suggested it.

"It is only as time goes on that new deeds can reverse the old. There is no short cut to a restoration of confidence when confidence has been seriously damaged.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Enough; we care to go no further on this line. The very subject is fraught with delicacies and difficulties before which the writer feels forced to pause. Newman's sky was overhung with clouds like those enumerated above. Such clouds at times breed tempests in the soul. Souls that are gentle and loving are made to suffer acutely in rough weather of this kind. Souls that are full of apostolic zeal have more to bear than belongs to ordinary nature. They are impeded in the labor they love most, in the work they are doing for God. Their pains are something supernatural. They are wearing a crown of thorns. Only saints can appreciate the trials they suffer. Such was the life of John Henry Newman. Such trials, of course, have their alleviations. Religious England loved John Henry Newman. There is something historically wonderful in the love which clustered around his secluded but never lonely life. There was no solitude possible to him where the alleviations of sympathy could not reach him. His actual disciples were many, and they, of course, understood him best. But behind them stood an admiring and loving multitude of

English hearts to whom he was a magnet. Of course he had good reason to know this well, and it filled his life with alleviations.

John Henry Newman was not destined to be a Savonarola. It was not the will of God to leave him without a grave, or cover his life with a silence. On the contrary, there came a sunlight to his old age. It came from an unexpected quarter, and never left him thereafter. The eyes of Leo XIII. fixed themselves most benignantly upon him, and set a seal upon him and upon the fruit of his labors. This enabled him to utter those memorable words which time cannot erase: "The cloud is lifted from me for ever."

For ever is a far-reaching word. In the most limited meaning which Newman could intend by it, it was sufficient to cover the rest of his life in this world. We know that, in fact, eleven years and more of life were still reserved for him. His nomination to the cardinalate took place early in the year 1879; his death was in 1890, and at a later season of the year. This was the cloudless period of Newman's life. Views and opinions of his were sometimes controverted and not by unfriendly hands. He could meet such assailants with a manly serenity and yet not feel that his sky was overclouded. We may, therefore, look upon the latter years of Newman's life as years of a joyous tranquillity. Bodily infirmity and the ordinary trials of life could not take away the peace of such a soul as his.

The last words of Newman when dying must be interpreted with a reference to that joyous expression of deliverance from sorrow with which he hailed the sunlight which Leo XIII. had cast upon his soul eleven years before. He was speaking to the questioning eye of the companions of his cloister. He was speaking to them and to a host of loving countrymen behind them. Perhaps—and it is sweet to think so,—perhaps he had also in his thought some of us, disciples and lovers, whose home is in America. Let not your hearts be troubled about the future, he intended to say. He said: "All is light! The hostilities that once threatened to bar out this dear old land against conversion have been silenced. Whatever struggles may still come to our cause, the cloud is lifted from England, and lifted for ever. I leave the world now with this sunlight in my soul."

DISCIPLINE.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard ;
For, "I will make an angel of it !"
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon mallet and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure ;
The wak'ning eyes outshone ;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone !

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings ;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead !

O blows that smite ! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine !

What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work divine ?

O hope that crumbles to my feet !

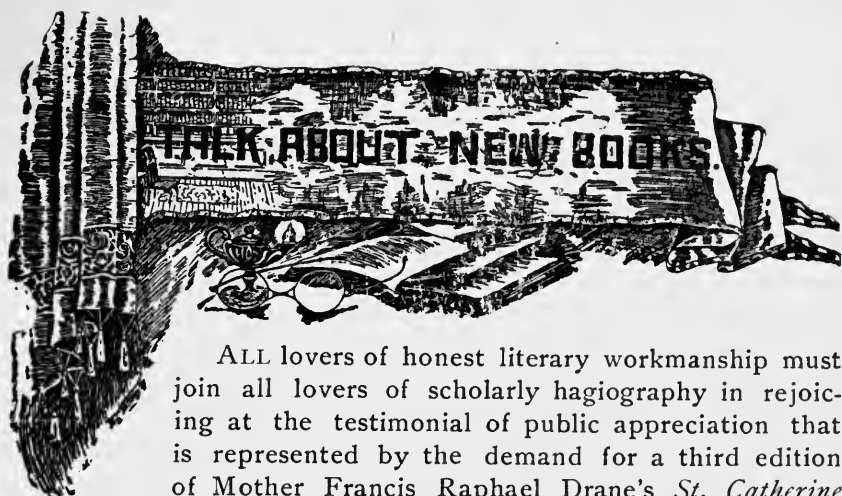
O joy that mocks, and flies !

What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies ?

Sculptor of souls ! I lift to thee
Encumbered heart and hands :

Spare not the chisel ! set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to thee
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me !



ALL lovers of honest literary workmanship must join all lovers of scholarly hagiography in rejoicing at the testimonial of public appreciation that is represented by the demand for a third edition of Mother Francis Raphael Drane's *St. Catherine of Sienna*. Aside from the fact that the present edition is in several respects more acceptable to eye and hand than the first, little new can be said of the work, since it has already received world-wide recognition and commendation. The gifted English convert who became prioress of St. Catherine's at Stone is an easy rival for the honors sought by M. Joly and his confrères in their laudable attempt to reform the methods traditionally employed in writing the lives of saints. We know from Mother Raphael's *Memoirs* the indefatigable scholarship expended upon the collation and verification of sources of information. The book under discussion bears abundant evidence of this; and it does, moreover, what no writing about it can do: it convinces the reader of the amenability of strict scientific truthfulness to the charms and graces of elegant literature. *St. Catherine* deserves wide and enthusiastic patronage as a model of saintly biography. Adherence to this model and improvement upon it is an indispensable ally to the great Apostolic movement which is to make the English-speaking world Catholic. And a Catholicity nourished by books such as this must inevitably be a strong, vigorous, self-reliant Catholicity, blithely conscious of its superiority to the best that hedonistic culture can produce.

But is the manner of Mother Francis Raphael's work alone to be commended as the reason for a third edition? Hardly. The most gratifying feature of this bit of news from the book market is the reflection that the Virgin of Sienna, the Mystic Spouse of Christ, the frail incarnation of supernatural power who wrought marvels in the social and ecclesiastical politics of

the thirteenth century, finds a cordial, world-wide welcome at the dawn of the twentieth. It may seem an insignificant detail, that in an hour when the world is deluged with books there should be a demand for three thousand copies of the life of *St. Catherine of Sienna*. But to the thinking mind the very environment makes this detail all the more significant.

The sum of St. Catherine's perfection was fidelity to the person of Christ, his humanity and his divinity. In the mysteries of his communications with her we find the dawn of devotion to the Sacred Heart. And thus she at once becomes in our eyes very close to the spirit of the twentieth century, whose jubilee is proclaimed by a Pope after St. Catherine's ideal, in terms that epitomize the characteristic devotion of our age. St. Catherine received the stigmata, and thus she is united to the mystery of Calvary, becoming a comrade of the holy women on whose hearts the vision of Christ's wounds was imprinted during the long hours of His Agony. St. Catherine, therefore, like every close imitator of Christ, is a link between the present and the beginning of Christianity; and thus the popularity of her biography among us is another reminder of the marvellous similarity that grows from day to day between our imperial times and the majestic Roman peace of Augustus; times of peace without and of anguish within; times of solid governments and of despairing hearts; times of civil liberty and of private tyranny; times of public enlightenment and of souls in darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Oh, may St. Catherine pray for our age, and leaven it with the virile power of her unflinching sanctity!

The date of a State's admission to the Union, or the familiarity of its colonial history, does not fix the value of its contribution to our national life, nor must our country's ideals be framed upon the virtues, however admirable, of any one section of the community. From the pen of an author whose name is a guarantee of excellence comes a fascinating little volume called *Stories of the Old Bay State*.* It is professedly written to foster a broad national spirit rather than simply to gratify State pride, but unconsciously and quite pardonably it arrogates to the influence of Massachusetts all the virtues in the American character. Underlying the ever-entertaining ac-

* *Stories of the Old Bay State*. By Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: American Book Company.

counts of Pilgrim adventure, colonial struggle, and State grandeur lurks the insular illusion of the superiority of New England's remote ancestors to the rest of God's creation. "John Winthrop was one of the noblest of men and of Englishmen," and we smile indulgently at the order of classification as we turn the page. Yet we must envy the Massachusetts boy this inspiring and character-forming tale of his State's glories and his fellow-townsmen's heroic deeds, and at first reading we all wish our birthplace had been near Captain Welch's great wooden codfish. Let Americans, old and young, admire in these stories the excellence of New England's contribution to American character, and let us hope that authors as entertaining and as earnest as Mr. Brooks will rival his new book with similar descriptions of New York's Dutch substantiality and domestic virtues; Maryland's initiation of religious liberty; the South's chivalrous regard for woman, and the romance of the ancient Spanish-American missions planted from Florida to California; the West's broad tolerance bred of race-fusion, and the Middle States' unquestioning patriotism and support of national policy in the past and in the present. The old Bay State, with all her claims upon our admiration, will yet find in her sister communities types of American nobility as grand as the heroes of Massachusetts for her boys and girls to imitate.

A new edition of a poet* fifteen hundred years old, brought out not by an antiquarian enthusiasm but by a discerning love of true poetry, is a laurel that few brows have won. Prudentius is a Spanish poet of the fourth century, who throughout the middle ages was more widely known among the people than any other writer. The Venerable Bede declared him the noblest scholar of Spain, and we learn from Milman that only the Bible appears with more glosses in High German. His writings were used as a book of popular instruction, and undoubtedly make up in devotion for what they lack in directness. The translation before us, which covers only a fraction of the Latin, shows a painstaking desire to set forth the beauties of the original, though the translator does not hesitate to improve upon his subject occasionally,—as where one's last day of life, *diem vicinum senio*, is rendered as *that day, the kinsman of old age*. But we cannot admire changes that only serve to introduce bald lines, as in the following rendition:

* *Songs from Prudentius*. By Ernest Gilliat Smith. New York: John Lane.

Quidnam sibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulchra volunt monumenta?

“And what is the tale which they tell us,
These monuments, graved in white marble?”

However, aside from all blemishes, this honest effort to make Prudentius better known among us deserves our gratitude, and the beautiful sincerity and devotion of the old poet, who dedicated his mature years to atone for the dissipations of his youth, persuades us that he must have found favor in Heaven by these admirable efforts. We must regret that the Latin was not placed side by side with the English version.

Sound Catholic fiction written particularly for boys is a modern want occasioned indirectly by rank sensationalism in popular reading matter. There was a time, before the present flood of cheap story-telling, when youngsters who found any pleasure in reading were satisfied with Scott, and excitement found its acme in the *Arabian Nights* or Baron Munchausen. The catechism and *Robinson Crusoe* stood for church and state respectively, and in every story hero and villain could be depended upon to remain true to their rôles. Then came unscrupulous business enterprise with its wild tales of unbridled adventure. Dime-novel methods of arousing interest overran literature for the young. Lawlessness and escapades did duty as romantic exploits, recklessness became courage, impudence was honored as independence, bragging and bullying paraded as manly self-reliance. To offset this pagan attack upon youthful ideals stories and story-papers for children made their appearance wherein exciting incidents were freely employed to recommend a narrative of moral, or at least not immoral, tendency. These laudable efforts to provide good reading were in large part put forth by non-Catholics, and in many instances have nobly succeeded. But just as a Catholic parent would prefer good Catholic children to good Protestants for his boy's companions, so a book presenting Catholic ideals with all the natural attractions we have admired in upright Protestants will best commend itself as a formative influence when choice is to be made among paper-clad intimates. *The College Boy*,* by Anthony Yorke, pictures an inspiring example of manliness and conscientiousness that every young American should admire. The experiences of a New York lad who leaves home

* *The College Boy*. By Anthony Yorke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

to attend a neighboring Catholic college, and the ordeals and adventures with which his career there is varied, afford laughable incidents in abundance and a sustained interest that cannot fail to demand a companion volume from the same pen. An exciting kidnapping and a rescue by a detective, a fire, a football game, and a thrilling struggle upon the base-ball diamond will make the book a long-remembered pleasure, and its moral influence, in spite of the slang that mars it, is just what a good Catholic father should wish to exert.

Hand-in-hand with the world's dawning conviction of the impossibility of morality without religion, artists are learning that true esthetics must be founded in sound ethics. For in the field of esthetics, as in the broad realm of morality, temperance and order are essential to the best work. Every literary worker hopes to become a classic as defined by Brunetière: "A classic is a classic because in his work all the faculties find their legitimate function—without imagination overstepping reason, without logic impeding the flight of imagination, without sentiment encroaching on the rights of good sense, without good sense chilling the warmth of sentiment, without the matter allowing itself to be despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of form, and without the form ever usurping an interest which should belong only to the matter." And if, as we know, a man writes himself into his book, it is easy to value a sane, well-ordered life among the forces of literature. Such a life speaks to us from the pages of Brother Azarias,* and illustrates the poise of the true artist. To the young man inspired with the ambition of attaining greatness in the world of letters no work can be more heartily recommended than his *Philosophy of Literature*, and we trust that the new edition just published will be accorded the appreciation it deserves.

A collection of English fiction attacking the church and her representatives, with mild comments by that zealous foe of bigotry, Mr. James Britten, of the English Catholic Truth Society, has appeared in a second edition.† Mr. Britten's aim, as he tells us, has been to arouse among Catholics a sense of pity for the Protestant misconception of Catholic faith and

* *An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature*. By Brother Azarias. Seventh edition. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

† *Protestant Fiction*. By James Britten, K.S.G. London: Catholic Truth Society.

practice exemplified in his selections. To characterize these tales as very stupid mendacity might reflect upon the wisdom of according them any notice, but when we learn that one quite commonplace tale reached an edition of one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies, we may appreciate England's urgent need of the little work under review.

I.—NATURAL LAW AND LEGAL PRACTICE.*

This work consists of lectures delivered at the Law School of Georgetown University. Father Holaind is professor of ethics and sociology at Woodstock College, he is lecturer on Natural and Canon Law at Georgetown University, and from these distinctions in the great teaching body to which he belongs we are prepared for a treatise of no ordinary excellence. Upon the whole this expectation is gratified; but there are some matters to which we desire to call attention, as we are of opinion that in his treatment of these the learned writer requires correction. For instance, he seems to think that equity law is in its formal character the application of natural law to the purpose of supplying or remedying the defects of the statute law. The eminently scientific system which has grown up in England, and which is known as the equity jurisprudence of that country, is very far from any such discretionary exercise of judicial knowledge or judicial impulsiveness. In the wide range of subtle and complicated decisions dealing with the law of trusts we find that the principles which underlie every judgment are few, and fixed; and are easily understood when separated from the distinctions and refinements in which they are bedded. The principle on which equity intervenes is limited by the existence of an analogous principle at common law, and consequently is neither judicial legislation nor judicial repeal of legislation.

Not even the current of cases arising out of the fourth section of the Statute of Frauds can be deemed a discretionary application of natural law to prevent the possibility of an injustice being worked by the operation of the statute. We use the term "discretionary application" according to the strict limit in which the word "discretion" is understood among lawyers; that is, to signify a sound judgment exercised with a

* *Natural Law and Legal Practice*. By René J. Holaind, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

due regard to precedent or analogy—in cases where there is nothing else to control or guide the judge. Even such a discretionary application of the judge's view of the justice of the matter in hand is not heard of in a court of equity, of all courts the most highly technical and exact in the character of its proceedings. No doubt, in the growing complications of an increasing commercial system and the difficulties starting up from time to time as the artificial character of society becomes more marked as the years go on, new issues must spring up, relations not foreseen be evolved; but this will mean no more than an accumulating number of reported cases. It is inconceivable that any relation, any complication, will be so entirely novel as not to fall within the meaning of some principle now established—that is, an extension of the scope of it as at present defined.

When we consider that a large part of equitable jurisdiction deals with the construction of instruments, it must at once be seen that a knowledge of the canons of construction is an essential part of the equipage of an equity lawyer; yet, can there be anything farther from the exercise of mere untrained ability than the precision of mind, the critical acumen, and the store of learning which must be brought to bear when a deed is to be interpreted according to scientific rules? And saying so much we have a very interesting and instructive episode from Father Holaind's work, which will serve to point our meaning in a way possibly calculated to surprise him. In a section of his chapter on justice we have "the contract of Shylock." He says he will borrow from a poet a fictitious case to show the "boundaries" between natural justice, "legality,"* and charity. The passage is familiar to our readers:

"Shylock: This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio: Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond."

* He uses the word "legality" to signify something within the letter of the law, while elsewhere he employs it for everything we understand by the word legal as distinguished from equitable.

On this our author proceeds with his dissection of the "contract." It is contrary to natural law: Because nobody has the right to cut off a pound of his fair flesh, hence nobody can give that right to another. The mistake in this criticism is that the learned author forgets there is such a thing as municipal law. Portia, whom he sneers at as a woman preferring to annul the contract by a quibble, does not lose sight of the force of the municipal law, which is binding until it is repealed. In a severe verbal criticism he attacks Austin* for saying that the distinction of law into natural and positive is a needless subtilty. All Austin means by the position is that the law of the land must be obeyed, and Portia recognized the same necessity by refusing to give a decision which would have introduced a dangerous precedent. Father Holaind is mistaken in thinking that Shylock's proposal to Antonio to seal the deed "in a merry sport" was not a material element in the interpretation of the contract. We say distinctly it was a material element; and equity would then intervene to prevent the enforcement of the penal condition, holding the bond merely as a security for the debt and treating the condition forfeiting the pound of flesh as mere surplusage.

The truth is, that what we may call this leading case in fiction affords a very popular, and for the time—namely, the infancy of equity jurisprudence—an excellent illustration of the sense of the people concerning the letter of the law which works injustice and oppression, and their sympathy with any construction by which the authority of the law could be maintained, while at the same time evils flowing from it should be prevented. At that time in England persons guilty of monetary contempt suffered life-long imprisonment. Under older legal systems, but then in force in parts of Continental Europe, the tyranny of the Roman law over the person of a debtor was practically unimpaired. Indeed, it was in this generation that a party ordered by Chancery to lodge in court money he had no more power to raise than he had power to raise the dead, escaped the doom of dying in jail. Here we have a very distinct instance of the conflict between the law of the land and natural justice, in which the latter had to give way. We have it, too, in a court the foundation and substance of whose administration are equitable; and consequently there is something to support the proposition of Austin, ample ground

* *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined.*

for the play of fancy upon which the proceedings in *Shylock v. Antonio* rest.

We must observe that Father Holaind in his judgment of this case displays an equal appreciation of legal principles and the rules of literary criticism. He holds the contract should have been annulled by Portia on the ground that it violated commutative justice. Why? Because there it not the equation of value between what is given and what is received. Is it possible that Father Holaind is not aware that equity will never intervene against a bargain and sale on the ground of the smallness of the consideration in respect of the value of the property unless there be evidence of fraud, or overreaching, or undue influence? Of course the insufficiency of the amount, taken with other circumstances, may become a badge of fraud, but in the absence of circumstances tending to show fraud the bargain and sale will not be relieved against. For instance, if it were shown that a man had been made drunk to induce him to sign an agreement for the sale of land at a tenth of its value, and that he did sign it not knowing what he was doing, the agreement would be set aside in equity. But suppose both parties were at arm's length, perfectly independent of each other, like *Shylock* and *Antonio*, the agreement for the sale of the land for the amount just mentioned should stand. A court of equity could not step in, for there would be no equity that could be raised, but the raising of an equity is the essential condition of invoking the jurisdiction of that court.

At the same time we must advert to the high standard by which the author would measure the value of laws. We must add that it is not even necessary that an absolutely ideal condition of society should exist for the operation of his principles, legal and equitable. His laws would be equitable indeed, for they would be those of natural justice, that justice which, as Edmund Burke so finely says, is an emanation from the Divinity and which finds a place in the breast of each of us, which is given us as our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will be our accuser or our advocate when the great Judge calls upon us for the tenor of our lives. We await the coming of a better era; we hope that Father Holaind's work is a herald of the dawn. We cannot say more in its praise.

2.—THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.*

There has come to our desk the announcement of the Programme of Teachers' Institutes for the current vacation season. It is pleasing to know that the good work that Mrs. Burke and her collaborateurs have inaugurated and carried on with so much efficiency during the last few years still continues. We were apprehensive that owing to worn health Mrs. Burke would be obliged to discontinue her labors.

It requires no ordinary amount of physical stamina, as well as moral courage, to pioneer any movement which has for its purpose the following of better ideals or the uplifting of higher standards. There are always to be found some who are so wedded to older ways that they are unwilling to adopt the newer. There are sometimes to be found those who complacently imagine that they are in possession of all that is best, and, like the wise owl, are content with their semi-darkness. They deliberately shut their eyes to the sun, and say the light they have is enough and there is no other.

There is no better proof that a movement is bearing fruit in abundance than that there are found some to carp at it and others to denounce it. We know not whether the Teacher's Institute movement has met with any opposition. We would think better of it if we knew that it had, and we would believe more profoundly in its providential nature.

That during the short period since its inception it has wrought a great good there is no manner of doubt. The most experienced educators in the country have watched it with keen critical eyes. They would not have been silent if they had found flaws in its system or in its workers, and cheerfully they have accorded the full meed of praise.

This year there are to be a number of diocesan meetings besides the usual number of Institutes at the mother-houses of different religious communities. It is a mistake to say that a religious community of teaching sisters has a keen eye to their own advantage if they show themselves ready to adopt improved and approved methods of pedagogy. It would be nearer to the truth to say that they have no business in the educational arena during these piping times of the apotheosis of education if they did not reach out in order to equip themselves in some becoming way for the struggle. If the church, with

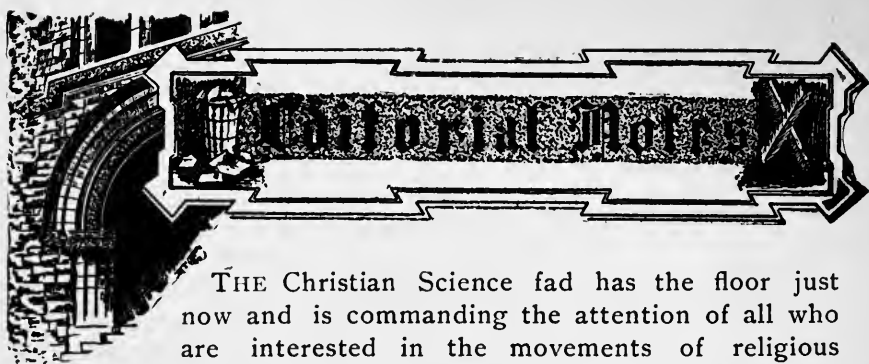
* *The National Catholic Teacher's Institute.* Mrs. B. Ellen Burke. Educational Lecture Bureau, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

all the force of her divine authority, insists that Catholic children shall be given a religious education, it is due to these children that there be imparted to them the best of secular education along with it.

It is refreshing to see with what alacrity the Teaching Orders have risen to the opportunities that have been offered in these Teachers' Institutes. It is delightful to see with what aptness they have seized hold of and thoroughly assimilated the best that the educational world has offered. There is no more hopeful sign of the future of parochial education than to see the thousands of eager, consecrated women pursuing the higher ideals of pedagogy so that they may be fitted in the best sense to follow out their vocation.

It is not the part of wisdom to be a "rainbow-chaser," but it is the part of wisdom to look at facts in all their meanings. These are some of the facts that are big with significances. In the first place, more and more is the non-Catholic world becoming convinced of the necessity of a religious education. In the second place, the actually existing system of schools which gives the best secular education conjoined with religious ideals will do more to demonstrate to educationists what should be than whole libraries of lectures. Such a system is our ideal, and we are making giant strides towards its attainment. Among our teaching communities are to be found the best educators in the country. They have not their peers in or out of professional life. Any system that will in an unobtrusive way bring these educators together, permit them to compare notes, enable them to partake of each other's energy and experiences, bring to them all that is best in the outside educational world, is to be warmly commended. For these reasons, if for no other, do we profoundly believe in the good of the Institute movement.

QUERIES have come to us asking who is the author of the poem "Discipline," which we print on page 560 of this issue. The poem is reprinted from THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE of February, 1869. We have consulted all our records and have not been able to discover who the author is. We print it again with the hope that some one who may read it will recognize it and will send us some word concerning its authorship.



THE Christian Science fad has the floor just now and is commanding the attention of all who are interested in the movements of religious thought. The health boards, backed by medical societies, are arraigning it before the civil courts. The non-Catholic religious journals look on with dismay at the crowds that are flocking to its banners and try to stem the tide by denouncing it as a "craze." In the meantime the Catholic world, with that self-centred poise that comes from the conscious possession of the truth, wonders how long this latest vagary will last and what wildness will come next.

In all probability Christian Science has a partial reason for its existence in the materialism of the medical profession. One extreme invariably originates the opposite. A reaction always follows the affirmation of error. The medical profession has made very little of the soul, and has taken into account in a very small degree the psychological influences of mind over matter. It has depended on the knife and the remedies of the pharmacopœia almost entirely. Christian Science has obtained not a few of its adherents on account of the revulsion against the failures of the doctors who have depended upon medicine alone, and have made very little of the soul. It, of course, can point to a number of well-authenticated cases of "divine healing." In this it is not by any means unique. So can the most innocent quack medicine in the market. A large volume of letters full of most truthful and sincere statements, from many who have been really cured, can be offered in testimony of the efficiency of any proprietary medicine on the market. Anything from a bread pill to a rabbit's foot carried in one's pocket may stimulate the psychological agencies to bring about a cure.

As a religious system Christian Science is founded on radically erroneous principles. It flourishes partly through the fatuous tendency of so many to try to grasp what they cannot understand, and partly through the inherent passion for the novel and the strange. It will soon outlive its popularity and some other fad will cater to public taste.



FIRST LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. WANSBORO.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. WANSBORO.

THERE is an account in the October, 1898, issue of *Scribner's* of the regulars at El Caney, written by Captain Arthur H. Lee, R. A., from which we clip the following account of one of the skirmishes. It embodies in a few speaking sentences a description of the subject of our sketch this month, which is a noble tribute from a soldier to a brother soldier:

"The Seventh were suffering terribly at this point, but took

their medicine with heroic stoicism. The fire of the invisible sharpshooters snipped the grass around them and threw the sand in their eyes. Motionless they lay, their rifles at the ready, while they watched, with keen intentness, for a sign of the hidden foe. Suddenly a man would raise on his elbow, take careful aim, fire, and then sink back on his face as the answering bunch of bullets kicked up the dust around him. Too often one of these would find its mark and man after man would jump convulsively, then limply collapse or painfully crawl from the firing line with that strained, dazed look that inevitably marked the wounded.

"Close in front of me a slight and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. Whenever a man was hit he would dart to his assistance regardless of the fire that this exposure inevitably drew. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, gazing intently into the village; but what he saw we never knew, for he was instantly shot through the heart and fell over backward clutching at the air. I followed the men who carried him to the road and asked them his name. 'Second Lieutenant Wansboro, sir, of the Seventh Infantry, and you will never see his better. He fought like a little tiger.' A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a shady spot by the side of the road the sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said: 'Good-by, lieutenant; you were a brave little officer, and you died like a true soldier.' Who would wish a better end?"

First Lieutenant Thomas A. Wansboro was born in Albany, N. Y., March 22, 1874; was educated at Christian Brothers' Academy, graduating therefrom in 1891. He won the appointment to West Point in competitive examination; entered the U. S. Military Academy in June, 1892, graduating with his class in 1896. After graduation he was assigned as additional second lieutenant to the Sixteenth Infantry, then stationed in the West. He was appointed second lieutenant Seventh U. S. Infantry in November, 1896.

At the declaration of war his regiment, then stationed at Fort Logan, Colorado, was ordered to Chickamauga Park. He was here detached from his regiment and sent to Knoxville, Tenn., as recruiting officer. He was recalled to join his regiment at Tampa, arriving there about ten hours before sailing of transports. He was brevetted first lieutenant about February 1, 1899, for "conspicuous gallantry in battle." His death occurred about 4 P. M. July 1, about fifteen minutes before the fall of El Caney.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FROM July 12 to August 3 the Columbian Catholic Summer-School will hold its fifth session at Madison, Wis. The Secretary, Mr. J. A. Hartigan—1937 St. Anthony Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.—is now prepared to furnish circulars of information regarding lectures, railroad rates, etc. Arrangements have been made for a Teachers' Institute, conducted by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke; a conference on Catholic charities, and various meetings for Reading Circles. Sunday-school teachers, together with social reunions for different cities and States. Courses of lectures will be given by the Rev. H. M. Colmer, S.J., of St. Louis, Mo.; Austin O'Malley, Ph.D., LL.B., of the University of Notre Dame, Ind.; the Rev. William Poland, S.J., of St. Louis University; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, Ill.; the Hon. M. J. Wade, of Iowa City, Ia.; the Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph.D., of St. Paul, Minn.; Conde B. Pallen, of St. Louis, Mo.; the Hon. John W. Willis, of St. Paul, Minn. A number of single lectures are announced to be given by the Very Rev. Joseph Selinger, D.D., the Revs. P. Danchy, J. M. Cleary, William J. Dalton, Martin S. Brennan, and Thomas P. Hart, M.D.; Hon. W. A. Byrne, Hon. M. Brennan, Hon. F. P. Walsh.

A recent issue of the *Irish Monthly*, conducted by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., who writes excellent poetry and is ever ready to encourage young writers, gives high praise to a dainty and exquisitely written phantasy entitled "Giglio," by Miss Minnie Gilmore, daughter of the late renowned Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. She has the gratification of knowing that the distinguished literary critic of Dublin regards her recent contribution as "one of the most beautiful things of brightest promise . . . noticed among the young Catholic writers of the United States."

The charge has been made and substantiated by strong evidence that Catholic readers are not sufficiently loyal to writers of their own faith who represent their convictions and defend their cause in literature. It was hoped that in recent years, as a result of the discussions of this matter in various ways, a change had come for the better. A recent meeting declared that there is still need of greater zeal for the diffusion of the books that have a distinctive claim on Catholics.

Some difficulties cannot be entirely removed. Not long ago Helen M. Winslow wrote the following encouraging statement for young writers:

The girl who is easily discouraged stands a poor chance of winning in any calling or profession, and this is exceptionally true of literary work. Because a manuscript is rejected by one publication, it does not follow that it is not exactly fitted to the needs of some other one. Therefore, when a too bulky envelope makes its appearance in your morning mail, instead of the thin but check-bearing one you were hoping for, don't cast it into the fire, Miss Literary, nor yet sit down and weep over the rejection. If you must weep, keep up a brave heart withal, and post your rejected story straightway to some other editor, and then, without waiting to learn its fate, sit down to write something better.

Another thing: It is only waste of time and postage-stamps to cast your manuscript upon the troubled waters of literature without studying carefully the chart which shows the character of its safe harbors. An excellent and well-

written story that is exactly appropriate for one publication will be altogether out of place in certain others. Find out by thorough inspection what particular kind of story a magazine usually inclines to. If your story is a simple love-tale for the delectation of sentimental young women, don't send it to a magazine with a penchant for ghost stories and gruesome tales of adventure.

If it is an essay on the ethics of modern sociology, do not submit it to the editor of a fashion sheet. Above all, do not send poetry to any of the publications wherein rhymes are tabooed. Study the character of each publication before you favor it with the perusal of your manuscript, and thus spare yourself many a heartache.

Again, do not overload your manuscripts on other women who have achieved some degree of success. They still have troubles of their own, and the most successful woman cannot place worthless manuscript on the literary market, if signed by an unknown name. Remember that success depends upon you alone; if there is merit in what you write, and you have patience and perseverance, editors are going to find it out; otherwise nobody can help you.

Before I became an editor, I believed, with other aspirants, that acceptance or rejection was too often a matter of influence or personal interest. Now I know that an editor is frequently obliged to reject an excellent article for the best possible reasons. First, the article may not be suited to his publication; second, it may be exactly in line with something he has already used or is just going to publish; third, it may be too long or too short; fourth, the magazine may be already overstocked with manuscripts; fifth, the editor may not be able to pay for it; sixth, and so on up to sixtieth, there may be plenty of reasons why his "with regrets" may be sincere.

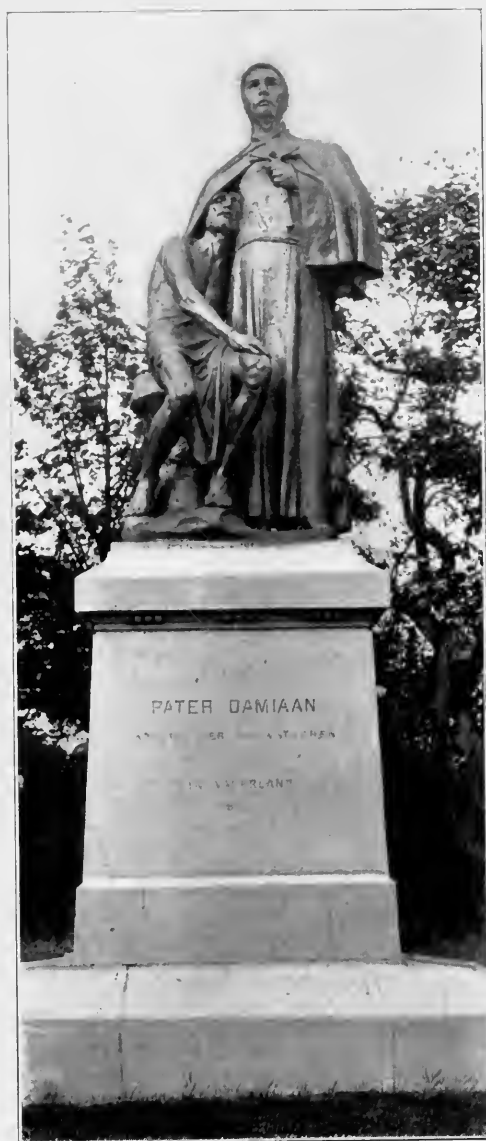
Be not easily discouraged. Do not attempt to write unless you have something to say, and then try to say it in a convincing and, if possible, an out-of-the-usual way. Keep up a brave spirit and welcome rejected manuscript as the necessary discipline for moulding the successful writer. Send it forth with a prayer and a song—not a sigh. Practise patience and perseverance with a capital P, and you will push up to the profitable paths of a prolific pen.

Mary E. Wilkins also wrote a letter on the essential things for authorship, which is here given: Of course, it is understood that no girl can become a successful writer of short stories or books unless she has a certain amount of natural ability in that direction. Otherwise all the advice in the world must be of no avail. There must be a spark, however small, of genuine talent in order to have a flame.

When this talent does exist the simplest road to success is the best. There is really little to do except to provide one's self with good pens, good ink and paper, a liberal supply of postage-stamps and a more liberal supply of patience, sharpen one's eyes and ears to see and hear everything in the whole creation likely to be of the slightest assistance, and set to work. Then, never cease work for the pure sake of the work, and never write solely for the dollars and fame while one lives.

A young writer should follow the safe course of writing only about those subjects which she knows thoroughly, and concerning which she trusts her own convictions. Above all, she should write in her own way, with no dependence upon the work of another for aid or suggestion. She should make her own patterns and found her own school. When it comes to placing stories, books, etc., there is nothing to do but to send them to editors and publishers, with the firm belief that no article really worthy of acceptance will be rejected by them all. Such a result is very unlikely, and it is generally safe to conclude that there is some defect, if not of art, of adaptability, in the article. The influence of others in placing work is very much overrated. I doubt if many successful authors can attribute their success to anything but their own unaided efforts, and if many can trace the acceptance of first articles to words or letters of recommendation to editors from influential friends. The keynote of the whole is, as in every undertaking in this world, faithful, hopeful, and independent work.





"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." (See page 604.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 413.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE, AND WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



HE folly of mere human strivings, as well as the attempt to encompass results without the co-operation of the supreme power by which all great consequences are made possible, is fully brought out by the futility of the Peace Conference sitting at the Hague. An attempt to insure and perpetuate human peace without the aid of the Prince of Peace is a foredoomed undertaking.

An invitation to the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace was deliberately withheld. The Pope was not requested to send his representative to the Peace Conference at the Hague. This, it was alleged, was a concession to the civil power in Italy. The Czar of Russia, as proposer of the Conference, had also the inviting of the various powers thereto. Italy, holding the nominal rank of one of the six great powers of Europe, and being a member of the Triple Alliance, was naturally of the number. But when it was mooted that the Pope also would have his special delegates there, Italy demurred. General Luigi Pelloux, the President of the Italian Council of Ministers, and Admiral Napoleone Canevaro, the then Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, formally protested.

PEACE WITHOUT THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The invitation of the Pope, they alleged, would imply his recognition as a terrestrial sovereign, and would be an acknowledgment to a certain extent of his rights to temporal power, all of which could only be to the prejudice of the Italian nation as a rightfully constituted individual power. If the Pope's delegates were present at the Hague, the Italian government would accordingly see itself in the necessity, not only of refusing the invitation, but also of rigorously protesting and of appealing to the other temporal powers of Europe against the injustice done it.

Sophistry and pettiness of spirit, even in the conduct of nations, often triumph over what is palpably right and opportune, and instead of supercilious contempt being shown for this undignified and unjustified protest, the opposite and extraordinary course was taken of heeding it, and of adopting a positively extreme measure to appease and satisfy the protester. Thus the "bluff"—for it was nothing more—of a practically fifth-rate European power motived the exclusion from a peace congress of the one power on earth best qualified to further the interests of harmony amongst individuals and nations. Well might the Pope's Vicar-General, Cardinal Lucido Parocchi, exclaim when this result was announced in Rome: "*Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!*"—with what little true wisdom are the temporal concerns of this world directed! A vanity of vanities and a truly puerile undertaking is the organization of a mighty and far-reaching project under conditions such as these.

LEO XIII. THE AUTHOR.

And yet of all powers summoned to the Congress at the Hague none had a right of invitation superior to that of the Papal government. The great and underlying motive force behind important deeds is often very different from that which appears openly and on the surface. Nicholas II., Czar of Russia, has had all the honor of proposing the meeting of the powers of the world in a conference to discuss the abolishing of wars and international enmities, and the suppression of ruinous armaments. And yet the first originator of that proposal was Leo XIII. himself. The present Sovereign Pontiff was the first instigator and suggester of the now famous proclamation of the Czar, which has had its culmination in the reunion at the

Hague. This will be news to many, but it is an undeniable, incontrovertible fact which is here advanced on the highest authority.

When the Emperor Alexander III. died in November, 1894, the Pope was one of the first to whom formal announcement of the event, and of the accession of his son Nicholas, was made. The bearer of the ceremonial letters to the Vatican was Count Muravieff, whom the new emperor shortly after named minister of foreign affairs and practical chancellor of the empire. The Pope was invited to send his representative to the coronation of the new Czar. To the special Pontifical embassy which went to Moscow for this purpose quite extraordinary honor and attention were paid by the Russian authorities. The special representative of the Pope was Monseigneur Agliardi, then apostolic nuncio to Vienna and now cardinal prince of the church, and in his suite was Monseigneur Tarnassi, a young ecclesiastic belonging to the Papal diplomatic corps.

When the special mission left Moscow to return to Rome, Monseigneur Tarnassi detached himself from it and turned his steps towards St. Petersburg. No secret was made of the fact that he had gone there on a private diplomatic mission to the Russian government. The nature of this mission was for the time being unknown, but the fact that Monseigneur Tarnassi had been fully successful in the undertaking entrusted to him was soon announced, and the practical proof of it was had when the Vatican shortly afterwards rewarded the young ecclesiastic by appointing him to the important position of internuncio at the Hague.

Later on the fact came out that Monseigneur Tarnassi's special mission was to convey a special proposal to the Russian government, that the Czar should take advantage of the inauguration of his reign to publicly and solemnly call upon the nations of Europe to join hands in an effort for peace and social well-being, and as a first step thereto to begin a reduction in their costly armaments and military organizations, which were threatening to lead not only to financial ruin but also to serious social disaster. The Pope's proposal was received by the Russian ministers with much diffidence, but on the arguments by which it was backed being exposed by Monseigneur Tarnassi, the statesmen were won round, and the young Czar himself clinched matters by taking up the idea enthusiastically and instructing the Papal representative to inform the Holy Father

that his desires in the matter would be accomplished to their fullest.

Even at that time His Holiness had foreseen all the details of the practical carrying out of the project, and even then Holland had been looked to as the most suitable place for holding the projected meeting of the delegates of the powers. It was on this account that Monseigneur Tarnassi was appointed apostolic internuncio, to partly prepare the way, as far as the court of Holland was concerned, for the coming congress.

DELAYED BY COURSE OF EVENTS.

To the Holy Father's disappointment the project was not put into execution as soon as he had hoped. The beginning of the Czar's reign would have been a spectacular and opportune occasion for the proclamation. But there were motives which induced the Kremlin to withhold it. Grave troubles were fermenting in Crete, and there was serious consideration among the powers of Europe of the advisability of their interfering with the sway of the "sick man" of the Bosphorus. The dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire was for a time considered as an imminent contingency, and such a period naturally enough was not regarded by the Russian government as propitious for a line of action such as the Pope proposed. And so the Czar's proclamation was postponed.

Finally, however, relative tranquillity had returned to the world, the Greco-Turkish and Hispano-American wars were terminated, and a period of peace seemed assured. The Czar took this occasion for launching the now famous appeal, and all the world, on recovering from its momentary astonishment, applauded in the most hearty and flattering manner. Leo XIII., the original author of the proposal, was forgotten in the hour of applause. But little he recked, for human approbation had never been a motive of his labors; and only joy and intense satisfaction came to him at the enthusiastic manner in which the proposal was received.

HOLY FATHER ARRANGES DETAIL.

He had long been working for this result. Over and over again in his encyclicals he had alluded to the desirability of the ruinous and threatening armaments of the powers of Europe being suppressed. In all his public documents he had invariably inserted an appeal for peace and concord among individuals, families, and nations; and over and over again he had

expatiated on it, with the aid of convincing arguments, to show that by it alone could rulers and governments begin to fulfil the primary object of their mission, the promotion of the well-being of the peoples under them.

Now that the first step was taken, the Pontiff laid himself heart and soul to the task of preparing so that the delegates of the nations, on arriving at the Hague, should have laid before them the most complete and detailed proposals for the practical means of preventing war and securing permanent peace and concord for the world. As the first and greatest instrument for a similar undertaking, prayer was what Leo XIII. resorted to at the outset. Times out of number he had prayed, and instigated Catholics throughout the world to pray, for the benign reign of peace. Now he determined to found a special and permanent work for this purpose. And in the Church of SS. Vincent and Anastasius, at the base of the Quirinal Hill, he ordained that a monthly function be celebrated *in perpetuum* for the impetration of peace. Through an Avviso Sacro of the cardinal vicar's office, he exhorted the people of Rome to flock to these functions, and urged upon Catholics throughout the world to join their prayers with his for the same intention. Then he sat down to evolve the details that should be worked upon by the delegates of the Peace Conference for the better accomplishment of the great undertaking.

Suddenly it was learned that, through the petty animosity of the Italian government, the Pontifical representatives would be excluded from the Peace Conference. There is no denying the fact that the tidings came as a blow to the venerable Pontiff. His work for the Conference was henceforward at an end, and he could now only passively look on.

What the outcome of the Peace Conference is, with the Sovereign Pontiff excluded, is only too patent to the world. No right-minded person could desire to see the efforts of the men who met at the Hague frustrated, or to see the great proposal made by the Czar remain, as before, a mere phantasma or figment of the brain.

Yet what has the world witnessed? Has the great practical scope of the Conference, the reduction of European armaments, been attained? Unfortunately no, not even the first beginning thereto was accomplished. And the simple reason, as the world at large must have recognized, was that no delegate present represented a power disinterested in the matter of armaments and yet holding sway over so many millions of subjects

that its voice and suggestions would have carried with them serious weight. Such a power is the head of the Roman Catholic Church, but that power had been denied admission to the Conference.

THE FAILURE OF ARBITRATION.

The question of practical disarmament being thus almost *a priori* out of the question, the next great project tending to the permanent maintenance of peace was that of arbitration. Here, again, what has been the practical result? *Nil*, absolutely *nil*. The great powers ranged themselves into two chief groups. Those, such as Russia and the United States, which advocated the formation of permanent arbitration commissions on somewhat rigid lines, with a certain implied obligation of recourse being had thereto in the disputes of nations; and those, such as England and Germany, which objected to any project of arbitration which made recourse to it in major questions more than optional. The existence of a radical difference of this kind necessarily renders any form of arbitration which may ultimately be decided on practically valueless, as being totally wanting in binding force.

Thus once more one of the most effective means of furthering the cause of peace was set at naught, simply because the Vicar of Christ, the natural arbiter in the disputes of nations, was ignored. And yet the student of history cannot but reflect that the result must have been far otherwise had this legitimate title and prerogative of the Pope been recognized. History teems with instances where the successor of Peter has saved the world from devastation by the sword, and from the shedding of torrents of blood, and from the multiple horrors and curses that long and bloody wars bring in their wake. Even in modern times, from the day when Pope Alexander VI., by drawing the famous demarcation line between their possessions in South America, prevented Spain and Portugal from flying at each other's throats and pouring out their immense resources of blood and treasure in a needless war, the only result of which must have been a legacy of hatred for the offspring of either nation, down to our own day, when Leo XIII. effected a dispassionate and bloodless settlement of the dispute between Germany and Spain over the Caroline Islands, and finally even to the present moment of writing, when the same Pontiff has under his consideration the pacific arrangement of the frontier trouble between the Republics of Hayti and San Domingo, the

Holy Father has proved that between nations in their angry moments none other than he can come and adjudicate in a perfectly frank, disinterested, and satisfactory manner.

Many minor points of interest have undoubtedly been settled in the Peace Conference at the Hague. Such, for instance, are the question of privateering, the rights of private property at sea during a war, the use of explosive projectiles, the prerogative of the Red Cross Society, and similar items. But, be it noted, these and other matters, on which the members of the Congress reached definite conclusions, have relation to what is to take place during war. In other words, the Conference is a preparation for the exigencies of war. A Peace Conference it has proved to be only in name. This undoubtedly is not the fault of the members who attend it. It is simply the result of the system in accordance with which the Conference was organized.

As a Peace Conference its results have been Dead Sea fruit. No one alive deploras this fact more than Leo XIII. But those who organized the Conference may well reflect what measure of the ill success of the undertaking is attributable to their want of judgment and foresight in excluding from the Conference the potentate who was the real father of the project, and who alone could have aided most mightily in its successful outcome.



THE OLD BROWN HAT.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.



WHEN Adrian Devenmore stepped down the steamer's gang-plank and found himself once again in New York streets, he paused with a sense of strangeness he would never have thought possible. He never turned for a farewell glance at the majestic thing of iron and steel that had held his destinies for one whole week. The ship and the custom-house, where they made a terrible fuss over him as though it were really a great privilege to be allowed to land at all, had disgusted him so that he was only too glad to forget both. But now here in the open street, free to go where he would, Devenmore paused for a moment. Here he was home again and feeling as strangely new to everything as though he had dropped from Mars.

"Well," he thought, "I suppose it is because it is nearly ten years since I stood here before; I suppose I look foreign and strange as well as feel that way."

He drew a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and sauntered on a few steps, taking in the sounds and sights of the street with a keen relish. He was a well-groomed, prosperous-looking individual, who looked as if he had been blessed with a goodly share of the world's creature comforts. One would have called him a man whom care had touched very lightly; and as it is not given to us to look into the heart to measure the griefs that have found shelter there, no one would have guessed that, instead of being at peace with the world, he was only one of the many who succeed in appearing to be so. A rubber-tired hansom hove into view, and the driver, perceiving his meditative air, hailed him.

"Very well, take me up; but here, come over and get my trunk too." He directed the man toward the pier, and, having in the space of a few moments gotten it out and safely beside him, was soon whirling toward a well-known apartment house uptown.

"Not a soul knows me," he murmured, gazing at the well-dressed throngs who passed on either side; "and yet I'll wager

I know many among them. Well, that's what comes of living abroad; and yet, confound it! I haven't changed so much either." He turned almost impatiently and gazed at his reflection in the coach mirror. A moment later the hansom drew up and he was at his destination. The elaborateness of everything, instead of pleasing him, grated on his sensibilities; the halls were embowered in palms, polite porters and attendants seemed distributed at every turn, and far off somewhere he caught faint strains of music.

"It seems as though they knew every one in the place was home-sick or in want of a home, and therefore tried to fill the want by a superfluity of elegance," he murmured fretfully as he entered his own apartments. They were pleasantly situated on the corner of the house, thus affording a pleasant view of park and street. The fact soothed in a measure his irritability, and with a sense of relief he sat himself down. His trunk coming up a moment later gave another turn to his thoughts. He knelt down beside it and began rummaging among its contents; first he lifted out a tray littered with dainty rare knick-knacks gathered from all corners of the world; these he placed very carefully about the table and the mantel. Some of them were almost priceless, and so frail that a mere undue pressure of the fingers might ruin them irretrievably, but they were all transferred safely nevertheless, and then he turned to the trunk again. This time he drew forth—a lady's hat!—a large, brown, broad-brimmed straw hat, that might have been worn with equally good results by either a girl or a woman; there was a gorgeous bunch of yellow daisies about the crown, and two generously broad brown ribbons hung in streamers from it. At the sight of it his face underwent a sudden, spasmodic change. He picked it up tenderly.

"Ah, Miriam!" he murmured half aloud, "you might have been less relentless in your cruel pride." There was a note of intense pain in the words, but there was nothing of anger in them.

"What would people say of me if they knew that old straw hat had been all over the world with me? Poor woman's vanity!" he continued, "you have been my best friend after all; you and I were both cast off together, old friend—though you have hardly suffered as I have."

He had fallen into this odd way of talking over his reminiscences to the hat; it soothed him as nothing else could when the pain in his heart seemed almost too much to bear. He

turned it about carefully in his hand and fell to talking again.

"Who would ever think, to look at me, that I was a married man—that my wife is living somewhere in this broad land? Who would think it? Doubtless the world has forgotten it. So much the better. I wish I could, but I never can. God! why are our memories so retentive of some things? And yet I hardly would care to forget; no, even though it means bitter pain, I love to remember! Ay, poor old hat, I love to remember! Let me see. It's about fifteen years now since she and I were wedded; we had three months of happiness—at least I had—three months out of fifteen years!—then she left us. Why did she leave? I don't know; I never will, I suppose; she and Anne differed in some trivial matter, and her love was so frail a thing it died then and there. Anne, dear sister, I know it was not thy fault, even though you died because you thought it might have been—because you felt you had blasted my life. I ought to hate her for it—she who brought us to this pass; but I cannot—the pity is, I cannot! I love her yet—even yet, just as of old I loved her in this old brown hat." His voice died away plaintively, as though he were pleading with some unseen thing to have pity on him. He had never regretted the sentiment, fanciful or otherwise, that had made him keep it so many years. Looking at it and forgetting subsequent events, he saw her again as he saw her that summer twilight so many years ago—a fair, sweet face, banked in masses of hair the golden glory of which was crowned in the big brown hat with its broad ribbons tied under the chin, just as one sees them in old-fashioned pictures; every detail, the light in the sky, the light in her eyes, the wondrous joy in his own heart, was impressed on his mind as though it were a photographic plate. Looking at it filled him with all the glow of rare old wine; it renewed in a measure the old-time geniality of his life—a life that otherwise had grown chilled and numb; at sight of it, like magic, the ghost of his former happiness returned and for a brief hour lived with him again, spoke to him in the old, old way; therefore he had grown to love it—this old brown hat.

When Adrian Devenmore had married Miriam Dale the social structure in which they moved had been stirred to its depths; indeed, it was quite the event of the season. He was rich, not burdensomely so but enabled to live in elegant leisure, while she was beautiful; indeed, the gossips deemed her very

fortunate. They were married in a fashionable church, at a fashionable hour, with a very fashionable crowd for an audience, and had come down to earth again screened behind the aristocratic exclusiveness of a side-covered awning. Everything went off in superb fashion, so that when society heard that Devenmore's wife had left him and returned to her father's house, it was simply convulsed! What could be the trouble?

Mrs. Weston-Ware, who aspired to be a sort of feminine McAllister, said: "I blame him."

To which Mrs. Schuyler, who also had aspirations, replied briefly: "I don't! I am sure it is his sister's fault; young people should never bring in a third party."

As for Devenmore, when he returned to his home and his sister told him the truth, he had been utterly unable to realize it. That his wife could think so lightly of their love seemed to him preposterous. He picked up his hat and hurried off to her father's house. At the door her father met him with a stern, forbidding air. He asked to see his wife, as he had a right to do—to explain, if there was anything to explain; the old man refused. It was inexplicable; he would not hear. Adrian, becoming angry, grew insistent and demanded to see Miriam, whereat her father, telling him once for all there was nothing to explain, abruptly closed the door in his face. Then, with a heart grown suddenly bitter, he turned homeward, realizing that henceforth their lives would be as separate as though they had never met. And so it was. She had taken everything of hers that might serve to remind him of her, everything except the old brown hat; not realizing that in it lay the most potent memory of her.

So the months drifted on while the breach between them ever widened; often they passed each other in public, in the street—sometimes they almost touched elbows at church, but they never touched hearts. Their eyes merely grew more coldly formal, their faces more immobile, with the passing time. She was always with her father or her brother, and she seemed—as he seemed—indifferent to the gossip their estrangement caused. After a time to see them both at some entertainment, each as oblivious of the other as if they had never existed, grew to be too common to arouse comment; so that the sensation died out at last, as all sensations do. His first impulse had been to leave everything and try to forget; but pride, the magic power that has sustained many a heart when all else failed, made him stay; if she could bear it, so could he. He

lavished all the tenderness left him on his sister; he held her utterly blameless, but, despite his frequent protestations, she sank beneath the burden of it all. When Anne died he closed the big, luxurious house, which only seemed to mock him with its emptiness, and within the month was off to Europe. From place to place he roamed, until his old life and its old associations grew to be as something he had heard of rather than something he had participated in—for he received no letters to speak of; yet wide as was the world, he could not find the peace he sought. By degrees his anger grew to be more like pain and lonely grief; he began to feel the need of her who was his wife. The emptiness of the years to come without her frightened him with their vast dreariness. He suddenly resolved that the responsibility for such a fate should not rest with him; he would seek her out; she must still be living, just as she must be suffering. He would allow no poor human pride to deter him now; he would be humble, he would be anything that they—Miriam and he might pick up the broken threads of the life begun on that summer evening so many years ago.

It was this had brought him across the sea to his own land again; it was this that found him kneeling beside the trunk, her old straw hat held so tenderly in his hand. The slow turning of the door-knob roused him from his reverie. Who, in this strange house where he was quite unknown to any one, held such a claim to his friendship as to enter without even knocking? He turned about, half curiously, half angrily, while the knob turned backwards and forwards; then, just as he would have sprung up impatiently, the door opened slowly and a little golden, cherub-like head poked itself shyly in. The dainty little figure, hardly reaching to the door-knob, looked exquisite in a Hubbard gown that reached to the floor. The man gazed at her with surprise that quickly became delight, while she paused a moment in childish wonderment that was half dismay. He was afraid to break the enchantment of her presence by a word, until, becoming reassured, she advanced one step further in hide-and-seek fashion.

"Well, little lady," he cried, "won't you come in?"

The little one burst into a gurgling laugh that awoke faint-echoing music way down in the man's heart; he had almost forgotten such harmony still lay within him. The little figure made another step forward—it was evident she was quite at home with him.

"Come," he said, whirling around, picking her up lightly and setting her down again between his knees, "tell me where you came from, won't you? Such little blessings as you don't fall in a man's way every day," he continued, more to himself than to the child.

She gazed up at him, her bright eyes dilated with infant pleasure. "I—I jes' comed," she answered; then reaching up with both hands, she grasped his coat. "Oo-oo-oh!" she cried, dancing delightedly, "you've got 'em—just like papa—ain't you?"

"Have I?" he cried, mystified and bending his head toward hers; whereat she quickly seized his beard and clung to it with little gurgling cries of pleasure.

"Oh! that's it, eh?" he said, thereupon comprehending wherein lay his likeness to papa—"and so I have them, like papa?"

The little head nodded demurely, while, as if to prove it beyond a doubt, she began turning his head from side to side—he passively submitting for the want of better knowing what to do. "This is the way you treat poor papa, I suppose," he murmured musingly. "And now, whose little girl are you?" he asked after a moment.

"Auntie's," was the prompt reply.

"And who is auntie?"

"She's my mamma—sometimes."

"Sometimes," he repeated, amused; "and who is your mamma at other times?" He was beginning to feel a trifle more at home with her himself now; it had been so long since he had dealt with childhood that he had felt awkward at first.

"My mamma—is my *real* mamma—my own mamma," she explained. He laughed outright at this sage reply and her serious delivery of it. "And which do you like the best—mamma?" She nodded.

"Then papa?" "Um," and another nod.

"And auntie?" "Yes."

"Then who?"

She looked at him half shyly a moment; then, withdrawing both hands and placing them behind her in a pretty, little old-fashioned way, she said "You!"

Adrian's face flushed. The little creature's friendliness warmed his lonely heart as nothing else could have done; he was more delighted than he could have thought possible, and

picking her up he impulsively pressed a kiss to the dainty little mouth; then he placed her on his knee, she submitting the while as though it were a customary thing with her. The mere contact with this little human atom fresh from the hand of God, unstained as yet by any mingling with a sordid world, refreshed his spiritual self. He felt that life had grown brighter in the short space of a few moments, therefore he took the plump little hand in his and held it almost reverently. What a soft little thing it was! Looking at it made it hard to realize that once upon a time—a very long time it seemed now—his own had been as small and as soft; the reflection made him sigh.

"Now," he said, "tell me your name, my little pet."

"Ruth Carroll Wilcox," she replied with a prim precision that made him smile; she had evidently been taught to say it well.

"Then I never heard of you before—Ruth Carroll Wilcox—though I am very happy to know you now," he exclaimed. She reached over and grasped his watch-chain.

"Auntie has one," she said.

"Has she?" he asked with a wondering interest as to who auntie might be; the fluffy little head nodded. "Hers has a picture in it—an'an' I don't like it, 'cause when she looks at it it makes her cry.

"Does it? Poor auntie! why does it make her cry?" He said the words thoughtlessly, and a moment after caught himself wondering why he asked such questions, as though he too were another child; but it was so pleasant listening to the prattle of this little one that he disliked the thought of some one taking her from him presently, as he knew they would.

"Sometimes she cries—awful hard, just awful!" continued Ruth artlessly; "an' then when I cry too, she says I mustn't mind poor old auntie, 'cause she can't help it sometimes. An' she kisses me, an' says she hopes I'll never have a picture that will make me cry—an'an' she ain't old at all." The thought of auntie's tears had driven all the laughter from Ruth's eyes; there was a solemn, tragical air in their clear depths that made him stroke the curly head lovingly in mute protest.

"You must not look so solemn, Baby Ruth," he cried; "that would never do." And forthwith he began dancing her up and down on his knee to some queer old nursery jingle that came unbidden into his mind at that precise moment. Ruth was delighted; her baby face broke into a bright sun-

shine of smiles that chased themselves in ripples of mirth over it.

"I declare," he said gaily, "I shall be desperately in love with you, young lady, if I look at your little face much longer."

The young lady was wofully unaffected by this frank statement. Instead she slid with a restless squirm to the floor, while he tried to think desperately of something else for her amusement. He was afraid she was growing tired of him, and, rising, he poked through the many little things scattered about. He upset photographs that had been all over the world with him with a recklessness that would have driven him frantic but an hour before; he picked up the rare bric-à-brac with a carelessness that would have stricken him dumb in any one else; books were opened in the vain hope of discovering some stray card that might please the fickle young lady's fancy, and proving a futile effort, they were thrown back again indiscriminately. How he blamed himself for not having a bag of cakes or bonbons—anything, something! but it was useless; there was nothing, and he turned about in disgust. But Ruth had sought and found just what she cared for while he had been put to such desperate straits, for there she was standing by the open trunk, pulling joyfully at the old brown hat. He picked it up.

"Does Ruth want this old hat?" he asked, wondering why he had not thought of it before; then, as she clapped her hands, he squatted down before her until his face was on a level with her expectant one, while she placed her hands behind her in that same pretty, old-fashioned way and turned her face up to his demurely—the little Hubbard gown just revealing the tips of her tiny shoes—as he placed the hat on her yellow hair and tied the long, broad ribbons under her chin—thinking, perhaps, of the one who had worn it last!

"Now you look like a lady I once knew," he said as the child and he gazed at each other. The little maid looked wonderfully piquant even though the hat was a trifle too large, seeming with its great nodding daisies to be nearly half as big as herself, while the ends of the ribbons reached to the floor. After a moment, in a burst of childish laughter, she seized the brown rims and, pulling them down on either side till it looked like a poke bonnet, gazed coquettishly at him, while he, not to be outdone, squatted down and up and went through a variety of ridiculous antics quite at variance with his usual staid bachelor ways—and all because she seemed to think it such great fun. The room was filled with the music of her delightful self,

and both had become so absorbed in one another, to the exclusion of all things else, that neither heard a slight tap at the door. The next moment Adrian, looking up, saw a stylishly gowned woman standing, surprised and hesitating, in the room; he was on his feet in an instant, just as Ruth with a glad cry of "Auntie!" toddled over and clung about her skirts.

"I sincerely hope I have not caused you needless anxiety—" he began; then stopped abruptly, his speech frozen, as he saw her face in the brighter light. Despite the hair that was gray about her temples—despite the sad lines about the mouth—despite the years that had fled for ever, he knew her—his wife of the long ago! The blood receded from his face as though the shock had drained it from him. She knew him too; and there they stood for a moment, her face paling to a whiteness that even awed little Ruth—the next she placed a hand quickly on the door, as though to fly precipitately. The movement roused him.

"Miriam!" he cried suddenly, holding out his hands to her in a dumb pleading way. "Do not leave me! I want you, dear; my life is very empty, and I have come so far for you." He broke off with something like a hint of tears in his voice, while she remained mute, clasping Ruth as though in mortal fear of something she could not define.

"Providence has brought us thus together again for a purpose," he began again, almost tremulously as the lines about her mouth grew hard and stern; "surely you will not slight it; think of what it may mean to both of us. Ah, Miriam! let us forget the misspent years, the pride that has kept us apart; for I know well 'tis nothing worse—even if this little one had not told me so."

She started and looked down at the child half angrily; then for the first time she seemed to see the hat! At sight of it all the crust of cold reserve and pride, that had hidden the gold of her heart, of her better self, so long was broken. It spoke to her in mute testimony, as nothing else could have done, of his lasting love for her—how, through all the long years of their separation, he had still cherished her as faithfully and truly as if they had never parted. Burdened with the recollection of a happier time, her pride failed her. A complete revulsion shook her soul; she knew, with a sudden sense of what it meant, that he spoke the truth: that the responsibility of thrusting Providence aside would be hers, and, being a moral woman, she yielded to the better impulse.

"Adrian—husband!" she said—the words sounding strangely in her ears as she held out her hands to him—"can you really take me back again?" Then, as for reply he drew her to himself, she wept her new-found joy out on his shoulder.

"How foolish of us to have wasted so many years when we might have been so happy," she said at length, lifting a tear-stained face to his.

"Poor human pride is always foolish, dear," he murmured; "but surely the coming years will be the happier."

"If I can make them so, Adrian, it is the least I can do." She was as humbly earnest now as she had been proudly defiant before. Both were silent a moment; then he looked down at Baby Ruth, whose wonder at the whole proceeding now gave way to tears; the old brown hat fell back from the little face as he picked her up and tried to comfort her.

"We owe you an immense debt of gratitude, Ruth Carroll Wilcox," he said coaxingly. "Who would have thought you were to have the power of uniting hearts? Poor little girl! we have frightened you in our joy."

His wife held out her arms. "Let me try to comfort her, Adrian," she said; then, as he placed Ruth in her arms, she continued, "she has not learned that one can cry with joy." Even as she spoke the fickle little lady changed her mood, forgot her tears and smiled; whereat Devenmore, smiling back, seemed to grow ten years younger. Then, as the lights without grew dim, they told their stories: he of his wanderings, his restless seeking for what he never found; she of the lonely years which she had almost steeled her soul to look forward to without regret; humbly she told him how, despite it all, her pride at times failed her miserably, so that, had she known where to find him, she would have gone to him.

"And I am so glad it is all over now, Adrian," she murmured with the air of a tired child who has found a much-needed rest.

"Over—ay, over for ever; let us trust," he added fervently. "We have both wandered far, dear, and now it is very good to be home again."

WAITING.

Gold sunrise and the morning light
As the ship wears out to sea ;
Lit, dipping sails all low i' the west,
The heart of a lass in vague unrest
With first-love's melody.

Wild sunset and no evening star ;
Deep, valleyed waters groan—
Out of the gloom a shivering flash,
On the sudden night sounds down a crash
And the sea runs on alone.

Buried for years in tide-washed sands
Salt-cruled timbers lie ;
On crawling foam where white surf booms
A storm-wet cloud in shadow looms,
And restless sea gulls cry.

Under the main, where green weeds drift
And silver sun-bars gleam,
Thin, shifting sands in strange unrest
Uncover and cover a sailor's breast
And its unremembered dream.

But far in the light that moon-paths make
On the hills of the misty deep,
A woman waits in the gloom of years
With a hungering soul and conquered tears,
In girlhood's dream asleep.

THOMAS B. REILLY.



IN PICTURESQUE LOUVAIN



HY do not more tourists, especially Catholic tourists, come to Louvain? Baedeker says it is a dull town and that its beer is disgusting, but even the great Baedeker is not at all times omniscient, and some travellers are teetotalers.

If one wishes to *transeat* the question of the beer, which the Louvanist quite naturally claims to be the best in Belgium, and to pay a few extra centimes for wine—because Louvain water is really unfit to drink—one may enjoy a town around whose very stones are lingering memories enough to haunt the heart of the artist, antiquarian, or dilettante with indefinable delight. For the Catholic it is a place of ever-varying interest not only because of the University which has made it so renowned, but also for the charming view it affords of fervent Catholic practice in a thousand noble aspects.

Belgium can boast of many quaint and beautiful cities, but of none need she be more justly proud than of her old university town on the banks of the Dyle. This great educational centre with its schools of Theology, Law, Medicine, Science, and Philosophy is the Mecca to which aspiring youth, not only of Belgium, but of the whole world, turn their eager steps. The fame of its professors is undimmed by the centuries, and in scholastic matters it is consulted as respectfully to-day as when

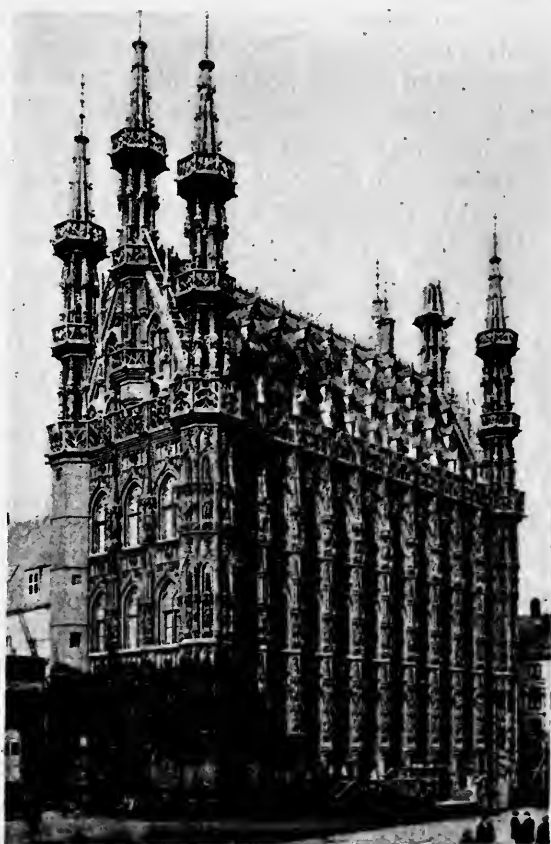
in the sixteenth century it discussed the vexing theological problems of Europe. True it is, there is not now as of yore an Irish Stapleton as "Rector Magnificus" of the Catholic University, nor an Erasmus pondering over learned tomes on the picturesque Rue de Namur, nor a Baius, nor a Jansenius throwing firebrands into the theological world in the shape of gospels of despair. But there are lights, one might almost say, as brilliant as those old-time scholars. There is Lamy, the Biblical authority; De Harlez, without a peer in the languages of the Orient; Dupont, the subtle metaphysician; Genecot, S.J., the acute moralist, and De Becker, the canonist and rector of the American College. But before I introduce you to the celebrities of Louvain, let me take you on a ramble through this most interesting city.

From the railway station, a commodious and modern structure, one passes up the Rue de la Station, a street remarkable only for its cleanliness and the ornate beauty of the façades of its residences. At the upper end of the street a vision of beauty dark with age bursts upon the view. It is the Hôtel de Ville, the finest Gothic town hall in Europe to-day. From its cunningly wrought niches knight and monk and hooded scholar look down upon you, bringing to your mind thousands of recollections of the bygone ages of faith. It is narrow, with steep roof and mullioned turrets of slender grace springing from its extremities. The bases of its niches are miracles of delicate stone carving and represent the whole range of Biblical narrative. Foliage traceries and emblematical bearings are lavished so profusely on its front and sides that one must needs wonder at the progress of mediæval peoples who, with no modern mechanical appliances, could execute such temples of art, which are at once the envy and the despair of nineteenth century architects. The Hôtel de Ville saw many stormy days in the middle ages, and chronicles tell how, in the feuds between the wealthy Flemish burghers and the towns-people, the former were hurled from the beautiful battlements of the town-hall only to be impaled on the pikes of the angry soldiers below. The interior of the hotel is rich with many art treasures, none of which, however, are indubitably the works of Rubens, Van Dyke, or the two Teniers.

Across the street from the Hôtel de Ville stands the stately Gothic Church of St. Peter. It is still unfinished; exteriorly, but generous givers have contributed a large sum for its completion. The sculptors are pushing on the work apace. As I said,

it is of the purest Gothic style and its fine aisles and transepts are nobly proportioned. The altars, however, are in very execrable taste, the Renaissance being the prevailing type of sanctuary decoration, and the contrast between the high, springing arches of the choir and the somewhat depressing decorations of the Renaissance altars is apt to jar upon the sensitive eye of the critic. There is an old crucifix in this church which is highly venerated by the devout Louvanists, for legend has a very pretty story concerning it. It is said that one night, in times gone by,

a robber entered the church at midnight to rob it of its sacred treasures. But lo! scarcely had he passed the threshold when an arm of the crucified Saviour stretched from the cross and prevented the contemplated sacrilege. Was the robber converted by this act of mercy? The legend does not say. The Church of St. Peter is also the repository of the relics of the Blessed Margaret of Louvain, whose



"THE FINEST GOTHIC TOWN HALL IN EUROPE TO-DAY."

process of canonization is now before the Roman congregations. If you love silvery chimes, stop awhile in the Grande Place and hear the bells of St. Peter's caroling out every quarter of an hour. The jangle of the bells is so light and sweet that one might think them rung by angel hands.

We now pass up the steep Rue de Namur, perhaps the

most famous, historically speaking, of the Louvain thoroughfares. The first building of note one meets is the Hall of the University, a venerable, solid pile, with little exterior adornment, yet giving an impression of dignity and age that is so befitting a college structure. The interior boasts of a fine court, with massive gray pillars, and a broad stairway leading to a library of ninety thousand volumes. The first floor is taken up almost exclusively with the theology class-rooms. It is here that purity of doctrine is expounded by scholars whose peers cannot be found in Europe, except possibly at Rome, and whose superiors are yet to be heard of in the schools of Europe. Two thousand students are in daily attendance, and when we remember that the university is supported exclusively by the sacrificing efforts of the Belgian hierarchy and the contributions of the faithful, one can form a just estimate of the zeal for higher education which possesses the good Catholic people of Belgium.

A block above the university stands the Belgian Seminary of St. Esprit; there the brighter students among the young levites of Belgium pursue their higher theological researches, the college being affiliated with the university. St. Esprit has a very fine Renaissance gateway, and a paved court that is greatly admired by visitors.

The most striking building—after the Hôtel de Ville—is the Church of St. Michael, almost opposite St. Esprit. It would require a more facile pen than mine to do justice to its exquisite façade. It is in very late Renaissance style, and its rich arches, its graceful flambeaux, its majestic figures of archangels whose trumpets summon the worshippers to divine service, its laboriously wrought porches—all combine to form a front unique in beauty and stateliness. I have seen the famous churches of Germany, France, and Italy, and with the exception of the most renowned shrines of these countries, I am acquainted with no more lovely building than St. Michael's of Louvain. The church was built in the latter part of the sixteenth century by the Jesuit fathers, whose coat of arms is richly emblazoned over the main portal. It is now the parochial church of the university. During the excesses of the French Revolution the horrible sacrilege of Nôtre Dame de Paris was repeated here. An abandoned woman was enthroned as Goddess of Reason upon the high altar of St. Michael's.

There is on the Rue de Namur an asylum which, we venture to assert, has not a duplicate in the cities of America. Charity takes many forms, but the Hôpital des Vieillards is one



of the newest. It is a home erected and endowed by the state for the support of aged men and women who have been aban-



TWO THOUSAND STUDENTS DAILY ATTEND LOUVAIN'S UNIVERSITY.

doned by ungrateful children. The members of the refuge number about two hundred, all of whom have children who have failed in one of the most primal duties of human society—the support and alleviation of parents. Every day you can see the old dames, in white caps and blue-checked calico aprons, wending their way from the gate in one direction, while the old men, in blue military caps and dark jackets, turn in the opposite. On sunny days, however, they meet in the pretty little park to sit, gossip, and watch the swans in the river.

The last institution of note on the rue is the celebrated missionary college, the American Seminary of the Immaculate Conception, which was founded in 1857. The buildings are unpretentious, and would never suggest a hint of the seminary's glorious history. Within its walls are gathered Poles, Germans,

Frenchmen, Belgians, Irish, Dutch, and Americans, all animated with the same spirit and all eager for the evangelization of the Western world. Like St. Esprit, the American College is affiliated with the university, and the students make all their studies under its professors.

But a view more lively and gayly colored than the Rue de Namur affords meets the tourist who turns from the Rue de Namur down the steep Mont du College, and emerges on the Market Place, that forms an immense rectangle in the very heart of the city. Here on every day of the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, the industrious peasant hurries with his roses and carnations and primroses, his crisp, green vegetables, and his more prosaic wares in the shape of freshly killed beeves and porkers. What a clatter of sabots, what a jargon of hucksters, what snarlings of the wagon-dogs who viciously snap at everything that comes within range of their teeth, and who every now and then are reduced to order by sound beatings from their buxom mistresses! Unfortunate the abbé whose soutane floats too near these canines! He need think no more—for that morning at least—of lectures at the university, but must needs dive into the friendly obscurity of the nearest shop in search of pins to repair the rent in his garments, and bless his stars that it was only his soutane and not his calf that was torn so ruthlessly asunder. Ah! those wagon-dogs that wait in the Market Place are sad Liberals in their hatred for an abbé!

Stretched along the place as far as eye can reach are the umbrella-covered booths of the traders, who sit amid their goods knitting briskly, or who lean out to cajole the chance passer-by. It would be a jaded epicurean who would not be tempted by the display the stalls offer and by the importunities of their owners. You see groups of women haggling over a plump fowl that is held up to admiration, "*bonnes*" purchasing rolls of golden butter and newly laid eggs for *milady's déjeuner*, students inserting in their button-holes a flower for which they have been chaffing and bargaining with the flower girls this half-hour, and school lads giving their last centime for an orange. The confusion and noise are tremendous, but withal there is an air of grace and unconscious courtesy, a sort of good-humored give and take, about all this buying and selling that seems very natural to the Belgian character.

After you weary of the market, there is quiet and restful devotion for you in the church of the Jesuits a few yards away.



THE QUIANT WAYS OF THE CITY.

Here the noise of the outside world never penetrates, for the high Flemish roofs and massive buildings by which it is surrounded deaden effectually the din of the highways. The church itself has little or no beauty; it is in a very forbidding and cold style of the Romanesque, and were it not for its exquisite shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes and its relics it would not be as popular as many other shrines with which this Catholic city is studded. But the groined oak chapel of the Immaculate One, with its suspended lamp burning always before her, its votive tablets that have been left as memorials by clients grateful for her powerful intercession, and its lovely paintings by Janssens, make the shrine a spot loved by the devout of all classes. I wish I could fittingly describe "The Presentation of the Child Mary in the Temple" and "The Annunciation"! They are such tiny bits of art, and yet so fresh and dainty in their coloring, so harmonious and finished to the last detail, so breathful of high religious exaltation, so spirituelle, if one may say so, that one does not hesitate to endorse the

exclamation of an enthusiastic critic: "They are almost Raphael!" Then, too, close to the shrine of Mary—and how fitting that it should be so!—rests the heart of the dear St. John Berchmans, who was born and lived in boyhood at Diest, a few miles from the church where his relics are so tenderly kept and venerated.

Over the floor of the sanctuary, just in front of the high altar, is raised a stone slab on which rests a wreath of immortelles, and on which is carved a name known and loved by every student of Catholic philosophy and theology—Lessius. He lived, studied, taught, wrote, and died here in Louvain, and to this day his virtues are a fragrant memory that clings about the old Brabantine city.

After you have seen the church a walk about the boulevards reveals to you still another phase of life—and a very picturesque one too. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, between the hours of two and four, the religious and the students, lay and clerical, of the university may be seen promenading along the linden-shaded circle which girts the town for a distance of four miles. The boulevard consists of a broad carriage-way, flanked on both sides with walks for the pedestrian, while the outer edges are kept in fine trim for the cyclists, who, by the way, are very numerous and enthusiastic in Belgium.

If you start from the woods of the Duchess of Arenberg, and walk westward, you will meet Dominicans in their habits of white and black; sandaled, bareheaded, and white-corded Minorites; bearded Capuchins; Jesuits and secular priests in the conventional soutane; Pères du Sacre Cœur clad entirely in white; Benedictines and Monks of Premontré, who affect even white shoes and hats. Sometimes groups of convent girls are marshalled in very decorous gait by their sister guardians along the boulevard; while university students in gaily colored cap, upon which bands of braid announce the number of examinations successfully passed, enjoy a chat and a fragrant cigar under the trees. The scene is very bright, interesting, and racy of the old world. Indeed, the religious element that predominates and that appears so unconscious of anything like publicity is charmingly suggestive to an American visitor of the Catholic days of mediæval Europe. The monks are as much at home in religious garb on the streets as in the seclusion of their cloisters.

When you have admired the soft, undulating hills that stretch for miles countrywards on the east side of the boule-

vard, and that are perfect
tivation; and when you
of the quaint
tages of the
listened to
ringing from
tower of St.
bey, that nes-
western hol-
climb the
Mont César
bird's-eye
the whole



marvels in the way of cul-
have taken a sketch or two
Flemish, cot-
peasantry, and
the chimes
the great gray
Norbert's Ab-
tles among the
lows, you may
steep hill of
and get a
glimpse of
city.



ON THE BANKS OF THE DYLE.

ST. PETER'S STATELY GOTHIC INTERIOR.

A DOORWAY RICH WITH ARTISTIC MERIT.

This Mont César is quite an historic spot. The good Belgian will tell you that the remains of an old stone wall which lie about the hill are all that is left of a fortification which Julius Cæsar built there centuries ago. If you quote Baedeker to him in refutation, he may yield a hesitating assent

to your and Baedeker's superior knowledge of ancient history; but if he be of the bolder sort, he will snap his fingers at Baedeker, insist that Julius Cæsar *did* build that wall, and when pushed too far, will exclaim, with charming naïveté: "Ah oui! vous avez raison, monsieur. Ce n'était pas Jules César, mais un autre César!" And really, after all, there *were* other Cæsars.

But there is one historic association connected with this hill which even a sceptic armed with Baedeker cannot gainsay. It is the fact that the Emperor Charles V. lived during his boyhood upon this very spot in a castle of the dukes of Brabant, and was instructed by a tutor who afterwards became the great Pope Adrian VI. There is a bit of the castle foundation still remaining, but it is too insignificant to be dignified with the title of "ruin." The Benedictines are erecting a stately monastery upon the brow of the hill, and the structure is far enough advanced to justify the expectation that when completed it will recall the lost architectural glories of the order of St. Benedict.

Let me take you to one more spot of interest, and our walk through old Louvain will be over. In the tiny park, where the poor of the Hôpital des Vieillard while away the days that yet remain to them of life, is a statue erected to one of the world's great men, to one of God's own heroes—Father Damien, the leper-priest of Molokai. It is a simple block of gray granite, surmounted by a bronze group, at once pathetic and majestic. A slender, ascetic priest stands erect, with sensitive, passionate face, looking upwards. His left hand clasps to his breast the crucifix, while his right arm is thrown protectingly about a leper gaunt and eaten by disease, and whose face is a speechless appeal of agony. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

TO FATHER DAMIEN, THE APOSTLE OF MOLOKAI,
His Fatherland.
1894.

As one stands before this awe-inspiring group, how forceful and true throng the Master's words into the mind of the on-looker: "And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

MICHAEL P. SETER.

THE LAY-SISTERS.

BY MARY ONAHAN GALLERY.



HEY are not sisters by ties of blood. On the contrary, they have come from many different parts, some of them from beyond the sea. "The Voice" called them—that was enough. One and all, the pretty, the homely, the graceful, the awkward, the gay, the serious, they obeyed. They form part of that religious life, so strange to the world, which is often supposed to have died with the middle ages, but which emerged therefrom quiet, unobtrusive, yet filled with the strong sap of life and growth.

Not all the religious orders have these lay-sisters. The vivifying mountain air of democracy has penetrated, in most cases, even through cloister walls. There is a communism of labor as well as of goods. The most brilliant Jesuit, the most cultivated *Sœur Grise*, is sometimes called upon to peel potatoes or to make, gayly enough, the beds.

A few of the orders, however, have preserved these distinctions of class. They do so not from any particular principle or prejudice, but simply for their own convenience. The aspirants to the novitiate who come to their doors are already versed, some in the lore of books, some in the more modest but no less necessary manual labor; therefore, the superior says, it would be an impertinence to disturb the station in which Providence has placed them, and she sets some to teach and others to scrub.

Not that they who scrub are looked down upon by them who teach. Far from it! The religious orders do not make the modern mistake that book-learning is education. In this community life it is the spirit alone that counts, and the most abject drudgery is made luminous by the glow of faith. Hence that modest but sturdy flower, the lay-sister, grows side by side with the frail and delicate lily, the nun.

It might be supposed that living in the same house for twenty, thirty, sometimes even for fifty years, having the same occupations, breathing the same placid air of serenity and peace, these lay-sisters would grow somewhat alike. Those

plain black gowns and demure white coifs, each exactly like the other, seem at first to render the wearers indistinguishable. But look closer! It will be discovered that even the oldest among them have an individuality impossible to mistake. They are like ruddy apples touched by faint wintry frost, preserving all the characteristics, leanness or roundness, sweetness or sourness, mellowness or crabbedness, of the days when they hung gay and free upon the branch of youth.

There is Sister Drake, the infirmarian, brisk, blue-eyed, matter-of-fact. She is one of the very few who never change place with any one else. She does not migrate from the kitchen to the refectory, the refectory to the dormitory, the dormitory to the laundry, as the other sisters do. Her work is always the same; she is the doctor of the house.

If rumor reaches her, and it does with surprising quickness, that you have a headache, that you have missed one or two meals, she waylays you in some corner of the hall.

"What does this mean? You have the audacity to get sick and not to let me know! A grave breach of discipline! Come right along!"

Up to the infirmary you are led straightway, like a criminal to the bar of justice. You stand before a prim, mysterious-looking cupboard with curtains of Dutch blue, where is hid Sister Drake's medicinal lore. She gives you a keen look from the sharp blue eyes, feels your pulse, asks a few, a very few questions, and mixes the posset forthwith. It is idle to make wry faces or to plead piteously for an easily swallowed pill. Like the Ancient Mariner, she "holds you with her glittering eye" until the disappearance of the last drop. She has pet names for the drugs most in use. There is a savory concoction of castor-oil which the boarding-school girls loath; she calls it "chicken soup."

She has seen many a death, has Sister Drake; but they are mostly gentle deaths, like the quenching of a candle that has burned its allotted length. There is no rebellion when death comes into the convent, no heart-broken parents or children kneeling awed and powerless by. Perhaps it is the death of some good veteran nun, grown decrepit in the service of the Lord, stepping as placidly from this world into the world beyond the tomb as yesterday she stepped from dormitory to chapel. Perhaps it is some fair young novice, youth's pink glow upon her cheeks and her lashes still wet with the dew of life's morning, gathered like a flower too fair for human

nature's daily use. Sister Drake has watched by both these bedsides, but she turns away with step no less firm to go her daily round.

After all, the nun is the really good Christian. To her death means not anguish and corruption, but only the serenity of eternal peace.

Then there are the sisters who cook and wash. There is Sister Gertrude, tall, awkward, pock-marked, who has a trick of sometimes breaking into a smile which illumines her face like the sunlight glinting through wintry boughs. She is always drudging, but always happy, having much work and little play.

Play: for even the lay-sisters have their recreation, walking up and down the garden, telling harmless jokes and stories, even, in wildly boisterous moments, playing the school-girls' games. But Sister Gertrude is rarely with them. Her work is never through, though she cannot be made to acknowledge that in many cases it is not her own work that keeps her toiling while the rest are enjoying the recreation hour, but the work of some weaker sister whose burden she gladly bears.

There is Sister Swift, genial, warm-hearted, even motherly, though with that chaste aroma of virginity which exhales from the nun as fragrance from the rose. She never addresses you except as "Dear," yet there seems no insincere effusion in the word. It is plain that she does love all God's creatures and, for Sister Swift is not wholly spiritual, that she loves them not merely because they are God's but because they are human as well.

All the boarding-school girls love Sister Swift. She gives them, a trifle slyly sometimes, three spoonfuls of gravy and extra large slices of pie; she floods their saucers as well as their cups with coffee, and when the nun surveillant of the refectory passes along the line of tables and her eye lights reprovingly upon this untidy spot, Sister Swift goes hastily, humbly, apologetically for a clean saucer; but she takes great care not to return until the superfluous coffee has been greedily drunk. Delightfully human is Sister Swift!

The pale-faced, gentle sister is Sister Rosalie; she is not so generally liked. She is perhaps the prettiest of all the sisters and her step is as the tread of a seraph. All of the nuns wear felt shoes, so that they make little if any noise; but Sister Rosalie seems to move like the wind in midsummer coming from one knows not where. Perhaps this is one reason she is not dangerously popular. Culprits are often caught red-handed,

so noiseless is her approach. Then she seems never to have any favorites; no cajolery can tempt her into the slightest partiality. When her large, mild eye catches the girls secreting crackers in the drawer of the refectory table, she neither smiles nor frowns; merely waits until the final grace has been said and the tables have been vacated, then quietly opens the drawer and whisks the coveted morsels away. Youth resents this lack of humor, squirms visibly at being treated "from the heights."

Sister Garnet is the vestry sister, stout, squarely built, much like a sergeant-at-arms. She stands guard at the vestry door and allows no intruders into her domain. She has charge of the wardrobes of the school, which are in open and numbered lockers ranked against the vestry walls. When you wish to interview her she opens a large slide in the vestry door, and you catch a meagre glimpse, through the interstices of her portly form, into that fascinating land where forbidden finery is hid. There are the gay dresses worn on entrance day, now discarded for black tucked uniforms that look hopelessly grave and dull; there, the pretty lace collars, the ribbons, and frivolous knick-knacks of the world to which even the youngest feminine heart goes out in a pathetic agony of longing.

A terrible story is told that once upon a time a daring and wicked fifteen-year-old girl effected entrance, while Sister Garnet's vigilant guard was for a moment relaxed, into that vestry domain and actually *stole one of her own lace collars!* She could not wear it—of course not. In that battalion of linen-collared girls she would have been detected at once. And she knew she could not wear it when she stole it; but just to have it by her, to finger and fondle it in her white-curtained alcove when the lights were extinguished and girls and nuns were asleep, this was a delight which fairly delighted her soul!

They searched her alcove, they searched the drawer of her little wooden wash-stand, they tossed up the pillow and sheets of her small white bed, but the collar was not to be found. Success, alas! made her venturesome. One chilly winter morning, awaking before the bell had rung, she proceeded to try on the lace collar over her white night-gown, standing on bare tip-toes and craning her neck to get a glimpse of herself in the five-inch mirror which was all that the *pensionnaires* were allowed. Suddenly the white curtain was drawn aside and an astonished and scandalized sister was revealed. With some trembling the culprit confessed that she had kept the precious collar, a trifle rumpled it is true, concealed in the mattress of

her bed, having wormed it in through a tiny hole in the under side. There was one disheartened and sulky school-girl in the ranks that day. Her treasure had been taken ruthlessly away.

The good vestry sister is not always up in the latest fashion. It is mockingly told of her that on one occasion, journeying by rail (the one excursion of her life!) from one convent to another with an elderly religieuse, in whose charge a four-year-old girl had been placed, Sister Garnet, on whom it devolved to dress the child, put on the pretty frilled frock with the back to the front without the slightest suspicion that she was infringing fashion's laws.

One of the most onerous of her responsibilities is to superintend the darning of the stockings, and many a time she may be seen, her arms filled with dilapidated hosiery, chasing the fleeing figure of some girl down the dim halls of the convent. And, though the sister is bulky and, like Falstaff, scant of breath, she usually rounds up the delinquent in the end.

Thus the lives of the good lay-sisters are passed, seemingly so humble, so unobtrusive, of so little worth. When the chapel bell rings they move with bowed heads and folded hands, like nameless shadows, to their oaken stalls. But, though their hands are roughened with labor, their voices rise none the less pure and strong in the matin and vesper hymn, and as the incense rises over the altar and their forms are bowed in silent prayer, one thinks of the Spirit that Ben Adhem saw, and the chant seems to hover over just these lowly heads, telling

"The names whom love of God had blessed."

And lo! the lay-sisters' names led all the rest!



THE HEIRS OF THE ABBEY.

BY C. S. HOWE.



AND this, then, is Chetwynd Abbey, my own dear mother's home as a girl—her birthplace. I had no idea it was so large a place, so beautiful, so *grand!*"

Thus thinking aloud to herself, her sole audience, Margaret Duncombe gazed through the gates of a splendidly timbered park, situated in a north-western county of England.

It was a scene fair enough for the most uninterested eyes to



look upon with pleasure. A long avenue of horse-chestnuts stretched away to where, in the extreme distance, the gray, castellated roof of the mansion stood out in relief against its background of dark beeches. In front there glowed the brilliant hues of many-tinted flower-beds, with the sparkle of water from marble fountains on the long, wide terrace, stretching from wing to wing of the noble building, stirring in the heart of the young girl, who now saw it all for the first time, a sense of rightful proprietorship that would not be gainsaid.

"It is beautiful," she repeated. "Ah! the difference that might have been. Especially to-day—my birthday. I am twenty-one and heiress to nothing, *nothing!* What would I not do for Cyril, for father, for the church! Well, I am

afraid this is all waste breath, useless grumble. No more of it. Just one more look, and then away for home."

A last long, lingering look at the ancient home of her maternal ancestors, and then the speaker set off on her way homeward at a quick pace which soon developed into a run. The way over the lonely moors was long to the little village where for the present her home was, and the shortening day—a late summer one—was almost over by the time she arrived. It was only a furnished cottage on the outskirts of the little village of Scarfell, which, as a change from a big, bustling provincial town, had been rented for the benefit of Mr. Duncombe's health.

The latter, who was a confirmed invalid, was looking anxiously for his daughter's arrival when she came into the little sitting-room, and seating herself on a low stool at his knees said, breathlessly:

"Dad, I've just been to Chetwynd. I've *seen* it. It is lovely. You never told me half how beautiful it is."

"It is too far, much too far, for you to go by yourself, child. You must not do it again. I have been anxious about you."

"I'm very sorry. It was selfish of me to be away so long, but I have so longed to get a glimpse of the old place. You promised to tell me the whole story when I was twenty-one. Won't you do so now?—the old and the new story, as you called them."

"Very well, Madge; but you must be content with a very brief account of both. I will reverse the usual order and tell the last first. I am glad to get it soon over, as it is through me that your dear mother was disinherited. Her father never forgave her for marrying me; for I, though of good family, was only an artist, though a rising one, and comparatively poor. It made no difference when his only son died some little while after, and he bequeathed the whole of his fortune and estates to some distant cousin, who is now the owner of Chetwynd Abbey."

"Why is it called '*Abbey*'? It is not a church or sacred edifice."

"Therein lies the whole of the old story. It takes its name from a real abbey which once stood not far distant from where the nominal one is now, from whence the monks were driven by order of the eighth Henry, and their lands given to Hugh Delamere as a reward for his support of the king's



supremacy as Head of the English Church. Sir Hugh was cousin to Baron Delamere of Chetwynd Hall, who, as a leal Catholic, took active part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, for which he was attainted and all his estates bestowed upon his unworthy relative, Sir Hugh. It is this junction of properties which forms the present estate, though the old monastic building has long since disappeared."

"And is this traitorous apostate, Sir Hugh, my ancestor?" asked Margaret, in unmitigated disgust.

"Yes, on your mother's side. On mine you descend from the old Baron Delameres, through my mother, whose family retained their ancient faith unbroken and untarnished through centuries of persecution. Your dear mother became a Catholic shortly after we were married."

"Was it that which made grandfather so unforgiving?"

"I'm afraid it added fuel to the fire, though we hoped he might relent when his only son died. By the way, a singular fatality, some say a curse, rests on Sir Hugh's descendants; for the eldest son has never, since his time, been known to succeed to the estates. He has always died before his father, and it has always been a grandson, younger son, nephew, or even more distant relation, who inherited."

"Is it—this curse—for *sacrilege*?" asked Margaret fearfully.

"I never heard that a curse was actually spoken; but it is known that when the aged abbot refused to leave, or did not, on account of his infirmities, go fast enough, Sir Hugh struck him to the ground with his own hand! Your grandfather was the last of his family name, so perhaps the sin is expiated at last. You must not fret over your lost fortune, Madge. You are happy, are you not? Have you heard from Cyril lately?"

"Not very lately. I am expecting a letter by every post. Oh! there is only one post a day here. The country is lovely, but has its drawbacks."

Margaret sprang up lightly as she spoke. A tall, lithe, blue-eyed maiden she was, with clear-cut features of what is called the patrician type, suited—so her father thought—more

fitly for ancestral halls than the cheaperies of middle-class life. With a sigh he resumed his interrupted task, which, however artistic, was not of the high order to which he had aspired and in which he had actually achieved distinction when paralysis had blighted his hopes for ever. But if ambition had to be laid aside, need still remained. Skilful, high-class design was always in demand, a fact for which Mr. Duncombe had long since learned to be thankful.

At the top of the steep, ladder-like little staircase which led to her bedroom Margaret met Lois, their faithful and only domestic, whose honest face, red and shiny from recent soap and water, beamed with satisfaction as she cried:

"Now, there you be, Miss Marget! I'm that glad to see ye, ye'd 'ardly b'lieve. I've been in such a fright a thinkin' about ye."

"Did you think I'd got lost, Lois?"

"No, it worn't that, though ye *was* a long time gone. It was becos of that there big dog o' Farmer Bates's; that great, savage beast as 'e keeps tied up in 'is barnyard. 'E broke loose this afternoon an' it wor some time afore they got 'im agin. Meanwhile I thought you might meet 'im an' git bit."

"I shouldn't have been afraid if I had met him loose. A chained dog who has to take charge, as it were, is always a little fierce—ought to be, perhaps. Besides, I've made friends with Bran; he wouldn't hurt me."

"Maybe, an' maybe not. It makes me all of a shiver to see you go so nigh that there great brute, as a'most frights me to death a tuggin' an' 'owlin' at 'is chain to git at me whenever I goes for the milk. But that ain't all about it neither. There was a mad dog run through the village a few days



ago, an' Bran got bit. Farmer Bates won't 'ave it as there's anything wrong with 'is dog, and so long as 'e keeps 'im tied up 'e can't do no 'arm; but I'm glad, anyway, to see ye come back all right."

"I'm sorry you have been uneasy about me, Lois. I have been a very long way this afternoon. I crossed the moors—such a long, wild, lonely walk—and got as far as Chetwynd Abbey, which I've been wanting to see ever since I came to Scarfell. I am glad I saw it, for it is a most beautiful old place."

"Now did ye really? They *do* tell such things about that place, wusser than ghosts a'most. They say as 'ow one of them Ten Plagues o' Hegypt 'as stuck to it for years an' years. All the dear little eldest boys die off; but now that the old gentleman is dead there may be a change for the better, as there ain't no more sons left to die, an' some un of another name 'as the Habby now. They must 'a' done somethin' awful bad, them old Delameres, for there's a rhyme about 'em—I got it by 'art to tell yes—as says:

“When De la Mere's old name is gone
The penance shall be dreed and done.”

A good thing, too, they're all gone at last, don't ye think?"

Lois, who was an inveterate gossip, told all this with great unction, although she knew nothing of the listener's family history. Neither did the villagers suspect that the "artist gentleman" now staying among them was son-in-law of the late owner of Chetwynd, or that the tall, graceful girl, who had been unanimously voted as the "ladyest pussun" they had ever "set hyes on," was its rightful, though disinherited, heiress.

It was a little, out-of-the-way, primitive place, this moorland village of Scarfell, nearly five miles from the nearest town. Fortunately for the Duncombes a Catholic family of position had a country seat close by where, when they were in residence, Mass was celebrated by their chaplain. It was this fact which had decided the visit, as, with Lois' stout arms to pull his invalid chair, Mr. Duncombe could go to Mass on Sundays.

Meanwhile, Margaret was greatly enjoying the delightful change, and, although she no longer ventured upon excessively long walks, she daily strolled upon the breezy, wide-spreading uplands, which were a never-ending source of pleasure to her.

She loved the purple bloom on the heather, glowing rose-color in the sunshine; the golden gorse, the bracken, already showing the first hues of its matchless "autumn chintz"; the free, fresh air, health-giving and inspiriting as it was sweet and natural. There were drawbacks, it is true, to her unlimited pleasure: one, alas! a permanent one, in her father's health, which could never be much better; the second, the unaccountable silence of Cyril Ryaston, to whom she had been betrothed for nearly two years, and whose station in India was, she knew, none of the healthiest or safest, though she only knew this in part; the last, and for the time most pressing, was the sad plight of poor Bran, Farmer Bates's trusty and valuable watch-dog, now known beyond a doubt to be stricken with hydrophobia and doomed to be shot. It was quite a village tragedy!

Especially did it seem so to Margaret; who, a true child of "sweet St. Francis of Assisi," loved and felt pitifully for the sufferings of the dumb creation. Lois had noticed her young mistress's distress, and bethinking herself of an excuse to get her out of the way when the shot was fired which would put poor Bran out of his misery, she said:

"The master was a-sayin' as 'ow he wanted a bit more o' that pink 'eather, same as you brought 'im t'other day. S'pose you fetch it; you ain't been out to-day. There'll be just time afore tea."

The ruse, if Lois' little artifice might be called by that name, was successful. Margaret's care was to supply her father with the floral models he required for his work, so her hat was promptly donned and she herself soon on her way towards the point on the moors where the required specimen was likely to be found.

It was somewhat rare, and not particularly easy to find among the masses of the commoner sort; and the search for it so completely engrossed her attention that she did not once look behind until she had gone a considerable distance, quite out of sight of home. When she did, a sight met her eyes that for a moment transfixed her with terror.

Rushing towards her, and apparently right on her track, came a great dog which she knew to be Bran--the signs of his dreadful disease plainly evident, even at a distance. Behind him, but still a long way off, some men followed at the top of their speed.

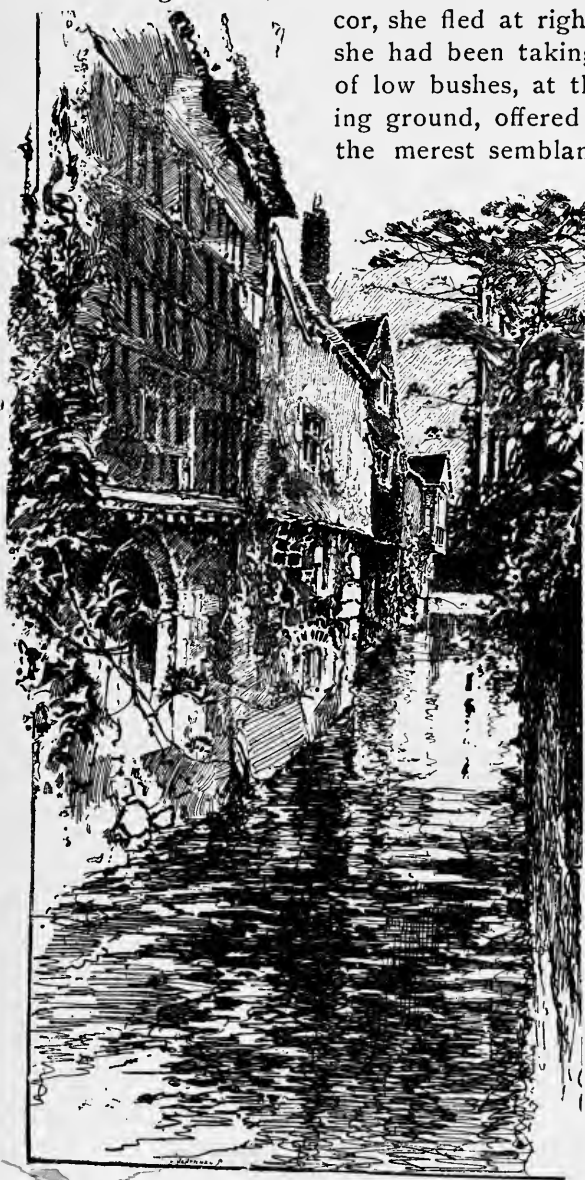
She could see the broken rope trailing behind the dog, and

knew by this that he had broken loose; that in a minute or two at most he would be upon her, tear her down, mangle her, seemed inevitable; those who followed were too distant, and would arrive too late to rescue her. Hiding place there was none. To run for her life was her only, yet hopeless, resource, for if the dog had seen her she was doomed.

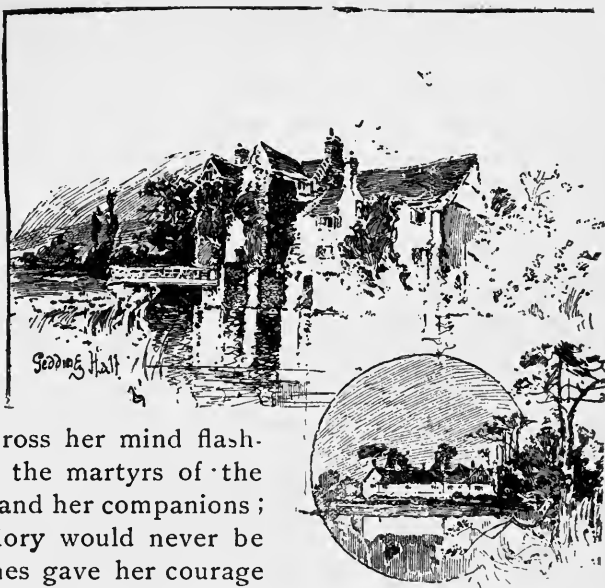
Uttering a low, fervent invocation to Our Lady of Succor, she fled at right angles to the path she had been taking, to where a clump of low bushes, at the foot of some rising ground, offered the only, and that the merest semblance of shelter, in all the wide space around her.

In desperate hope that the rabid animal would be more intent upon escaping from his pursuers than following her flight, she plunged into the little thicket, regardless of the brambles that tore her clothes and scratched her flesh severely, in overwhelming terror of the danger which threatened her from behind.

Her hope proved to be a most forlorn one. She had scarcely crouched down behind the thickest bush she could find when she saw the great brute making straight



for her poor hiding place, with great bounding leaps of furious eagerness, awful to see. She gave herself up for lost, and though an aspiration as of one in deadly peril rose in her heart, her tongue was powerless to give it utterance, until across her mind flashed the memory of the martyrs of the Arena, St. Perpetua and her companions; and though their glory would never be hers, their very names gave her courage and calmness to meet her fate.



Suddenly from the moor, which rose rather steeply behind her, there rang the sharp report of a gun, and almost at the same instant the great beast stopped short on his headlong career, swayed from side to side, and then fell prone and lifeless within a few feet of the spot where Margaret crouched. A sure and most merciful bullet had gone straight to its aim—the heart of the ravening brute, ending instantaneously his sufferings and the agonizing suspense of poor Margaret, whose astonishment at her unexpected deliverance now surpassed her recent fear.

Together with wonder, gratitude for her own safety, mingled with pity for poor Bran, filled her heart to the full; but there was scarce time for an ejaculation of thankfulness before there came the sound of swiftly striding footsteps, and two men sprang from the hillock behind her and ran up to the dead animal. There was a brief examination, and then one of them, who seemed to be a gamekeeper, said admiringly:

"That was a good shot o' yourn, sir. Couldn't 'a' been better. He's as dead as a stone."

"It had to be," said the other gravely. "Had there been need of a second one, the lady—wherever has she—*Margaret!*"

He sprang forward as he spoke to where Madge, pinned down by the briers, was staring into his deeply bronzed face

with eyes that appeared to doubt the evidence of their own sight.

"*Cyril?*" was all she could find to say by way of greeting—and that only in a hoarse whisper—to one she but a moment before had honestly believed to be thousands of miles away.

"Myself," he said, as he released her speedily from her prickly fetters. "You must have had a terrible fright, my poor, dear Madge. Thank God it was no worse!"

Cyril spoke with deep feeling, raising his hat while both he and Margaret involuntarily made the sign of the cross.

Soon he drew her away from a scene which was becoming more animated every minute by the arrivals in detachments of parties of excited villagers, with whom poor Bran, his sickness and his fate, was the absorbing interest of the hour.

"You may well be surprised," he said when, well out of ear-shot, they were walking slowly homewards. "I will now answer your unasked questions, or part of them, as I read them in your eyes. I have had to return from India on unexpected business, and I did not write because I found that I could bring my news almost as soon as I could write it. Again, I wished to verify it, make sure that it was true, before I ventured to mention it."

"Is it almost too good to be true, then?" asked Madge archly.

"It is very good and as equally true. But, as we are so near home, if it please you, dear, I will tell you when we get there, for it is not only a story, but an event which concerns us all. I have not asked after your father yet?"

"He is a little stronger, that is all. Yes, tell us when we are all together—your story, as you call it; but tell me now how you came to shoot the dog. I heard that man say it was you."

"I was finding my way over the moors to Scarfell when I met the man, who was civilly showing me the nearest way. On mounting some rising ground, we found ourselves overlooking a scene which, as you know it already too well, I won't describe. Fortunately my companion—some gamekeeper, I suppose—had a loaded gun with him, with which I promptly took what you call 'French leave,' my jungle experience having taught me to know at a glance when the failure of one bullet might render a thousand useless."

"Your 'jungle experience'? You never mentioned it before."

"Did I not? My station is on the immediate outskirts of a pretty well stocked Bengalese 'preserve' where the game is occasionally apt to turn tables and hunt the hunter. After all, it is fair sport—the law of take and give strictly complied with. The world is none the loser by an old man-eater or two bowled out of it, and old Stripes' skin is a deal nicer to lie upon, or look at, than to have old Stripes himself for a near neighbor. You look as though you think I am making myself out to be a mighty hunter. I am really nothing of the sort. I only have had some good practice, for which, again, I thank God this day!"

Mr. Duncombe forgot his surprise at Cyril's unexpected return in listening to the account of the afternoon's adventure, his gratitude for his daughter's assured safety absorbing his entire interest until Margaret said:

"Now let us hear Cyril's good news. Whatever it is, I hope it means that 'jungle experience' is not to be renewed."

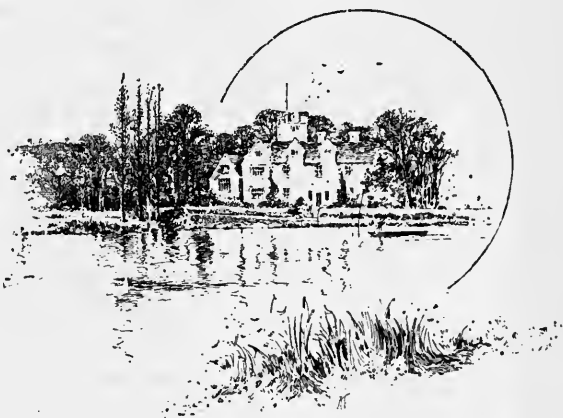
"I don't think it will be," rejoined Cyril. "I don't know if I ever mentioned to you, Mr. Duncombe, that I had a half-brother a good deal older than myself?"

"You may have done so; I forget."

"My mother's first husband was a Mr. Charteris, and John was nearly grown up when I was born. He, like myself, was in the Indian Civil Service, but at far apart stations, and his much the bigger berth of the two. His was at Bombay, where a few weeks ago he died. Shortly before his death he came into a large estate in England— You look! I see—I think—you understand me!"

"*Charteris!*" said Mr. Duncombe slowly. "If I am not mistaken—nay, I am *sure*, that was the name of the man to whom the Chetwynd property is left. You do not, cannot mean to say it was your brother?"

"It was: though what relationship our mother held to the Delameres I have no idea. Some 'Scotch cousinship,' I suppose. John died childless, so I, being his only brother, am his heir!"



"You the heir—the owner of Chetwynd Abbey! Incredible!"

"O Cyril!" cried Margaret, "is it really true? It sounds like a romance, a dream!"

"I must ask you to let me finish my story," replied Cyril gravely. "Knowing as I did of your close connection with the Delamere family, I wished to be absolutely certain upon every point before communicating with you; so I returned immediately to England and had an interview with the lawyers who had drawn up Sir Walter Delamere's will. I saw it. It was just as I had heard. All had been left to John Charteris and his heirs, or, in event of his pre-decease, to his next heir."

"And you have doubtless taken out probate," remarked Mr. Duncombe with some stiffening of manner, which Cyril apparently failed to notice, as also the question, as he went on:

"I asked one or two questions of the lawyers and then returned to my hotel for the purpose of keeping an appointment with some one who, in a most urgent note, had begged me to take no steps, legal or otherwise, until I had seen him. My interviewer was a Catholic priest, a professor in one of the colleges. And now comes the strangest part of my strange story, as told to me in his.

"He had been summoned in urgent haste to the late Sir Walter Delamere's dying bed. In times past they had been firm friends, and, in spite of wide differences of thought and feeling, the old baronet had at heart a certain reverent regard for Father Beaumont, for whom, being in great distress of mind, he had sent at the eleventh hour; the result being that he *died a Catholic!* No one knew of it except Father Beaumont, and naturally no one believed it, and consequently he was buried as a Protestant in the Protestant family vault. By his direction Father Beaumont hastily drew up a brief will which, superseding all previous ones, made his only grandchild, Margaret Duncombe, his sole and absolute heiress."

Cyril paused, but his hearers remained silent. Surprise had reached a point which had deprived them of all wish to question. He turned towards Margaret as he continued: "Will you be greatly disappointed, dear, to know, that before this will could be signed your grandfather passed away?—his good intentions for ever frustrated by the fatal, irretrievable—too late!"

"*I* disappointed! Why?" cried Margaret. "I am glad and happy beyond expression—happier than I have ever been in my life, and, for the rest, is it not after all just the same?"

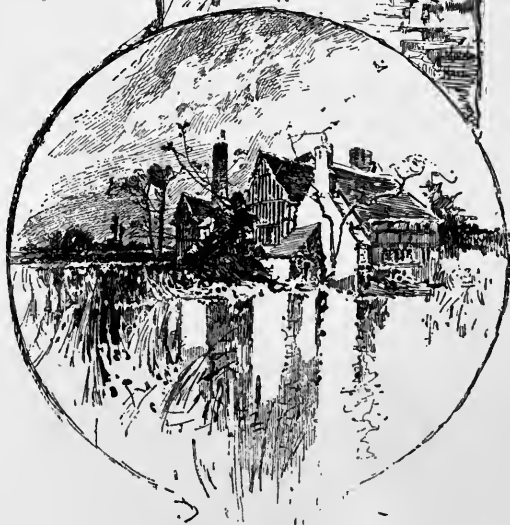
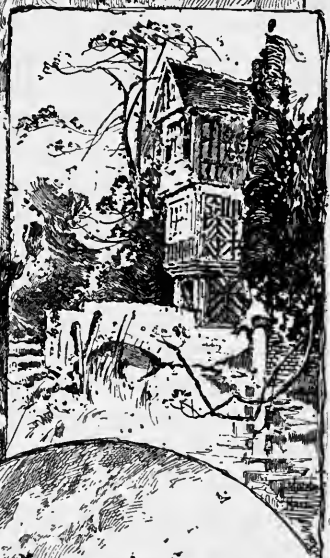
"No! it is not the same by any means," rejoined Mr. Duncombe. "Thankful as I am at your grandfather's conversion and his dying wishes on your behalf, I can but view with regret the fact that it is only as Cyril's wife that you can claim a share in what should be — what *is*, your own birthright. An unsigned, unwitnessed will is as worthless as the parchment upon which it is written."

"Just so—in law," said Cyril. "But suppose no other will to exist; what then?"

"Why Margaret would inherit, of course, as nearest of kin. Is not that question superfluous, since the case is so different?"

"*There is no other will!* It is destroyed—burnt by me in the presence of the lawyers who drew up the document which would have bestowed upon me a gift I could only take from Margaret's own hand. Probate, you see, had not been taken!"

"You did *what*? Cyril, you are a noble fellow. Not one in ten thousand would have done the same. I am ashamed that I undervalued your honor even for a passing moment. Forgive me. Perhaps I could not rise to your height of purpose, your sense of true chivalry being loftier than mine."



"No, no, nothing of the sort. I am only a very selfish fellow who in giving a present with one hand holds the other out, open and empty, to take it back. Did—does not Margaret say 'it is just the same'?"

"If you outdo me in generosity," replied Madge, "you will not do so in the pleasure of giving. To give! Is there not in that tiny sentence the whole bliss of wealth, the worst bane of poverty? Dad, now that you need no longer to work for money but only for the 'love of the working,' will you design the Church of Reparation for Chetwynd, which is the first—the very first thing we must think about, is it not?"

"That was Father Beaumont's own suggestion," said Cyril.

"He too is of old North-country family, and knows of the sacrifices the old Delameres made for the faith. He says that it is by no means a singular circumstance for the descendants of despoilers of consecrated property to suffer strange dynastic troubles; and that more than one noble house has to pay, as though it were a tax, the hereditary penalty of some ancestral sin of sacrilege."

"And will, most probably, continue to do so until their tardy reparation is made," added Mr. Duncombe. "If 'the mills of God grind slowly,' they do their work very surely, as not only isolated families, but wide-world nations have had woful experience of ere now, and may do so again. You are quite in the right, Madge. We will set about our own part in the great work at once. Give me my charcoal-box, child, and let me try my hand—a very 'prentice one in this line, I fear—at limning something spired and pinnacled, with arches pointing heavenward—a sermon in stone."

"Make it a 'poem in stone,' as well, dad."

"Nay, Madge, we must wait for that until our own old Westminster is ours again!"



THE INFLUENCE OF NEWMAN.

BY ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.



WHENEVER I think of the quaint old Oxford streets in the gray shadow of the overhanging college walls, I see a hurrying figure with bent head and stooping shoulders. It is John Newman as he was in the years during which the wonderful old university was a home to him. To me the same figure haunted the dim halls, the narrow doorways, the moss-grown walks—a very genius of the place; and as I breathed deep draughts of the inspiring Oxford air, with its waftings of age and mustiness of centuried lore, or as I stumbled up the worn stairways, marked with the imprint of many footsteps, I scanned eagerly the passing faces of all I chanced to meet, in some dream-hope, born of the magic of the place, of seeing the man who had lived through so much there and who had loved the old haunts so tenderly to the end. But though I saw many faces, young and old, care-free and thought-lined, there was not the one I longed to see, with its grave, kind eyes and thoughtful smile—nor ever will be again, save in some such whimsical fancy as mine. My imagination filled each familiar spot with those who had been there more than half a century ago. I like to picture to myself a group of those whose names are well known to us, with Newman in their midst, gathered in the shade of one of the old porches or discussing a knotty point in one of the lecture-rooms, in the days when the great religious movement that shook England to its very foundation was yet in its infancy. What a place was Oxford in those days, with Copleston and Keble, Pusey and Hurrell Froude, and those others whom Newman's quiet magnetism made friends of in the years when he was Fellow and Tutor at Oriel!

In following Newman's career through the Tractarian movement and through his later life as a Catholic cleric, our measurement of his public influence makes us attach insufficient weight to that strong, personal power which bore such fruit of good through all his life, and which yet bears fruit when its source is quenched. In those quiet Oxford days, before his "Tracts" had brought him into the world of religious discussion, the

student and thinker had opportunity to show himself, and his influence passed from the Common Room at Oriel through all the college halls and thence out into the great tide of English thought. He was then more of the "literati," though the bent of his mind inclined him always to questions of doctrine and dogma, and he was known thus early, while scarcely older than themselves, as the staunch friend and counsellor of the young men of the university, his pupils and others. With his quick and patient sympathy, and his habit of feeling and thinking with them, he helped many over the rough and stony places one flounders through at the outset of the thinking life. I have lately read, among some fragments of his correspondence, several letters to young men written at various times in his life, and I have been strongly impressed with this phase of his influence. In his words of helpfulness and kindly interest we come very near to the man himself—a man of so broad and selfless and tender a heart that the very memory of him makes one look at the world with kindlier and more deep-seeing eyes. He appeals always to the best in mind and heart, and his young friends, strengthened and girded by his counsel and his sympathy, could not but go forth to the fight with a larger purpose and a more hopeful courage.

As a preacher, too, in his vicarage at St. Mary's—which commenced in 1828—we know something of the power that began to make itself felt far beyond the precincts of Oxford. One of his biographers tells us that his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, preached at St. Mary's, perhaps influenced the world more deeply than it has ever fallen to any Englishman of our times to influence it through the instrumentality of the pulpit. It was by no great eloquence, moreover, by no grace of manner or gesture, but by the simple, habitual earnestness of the preacher himself, that he so powerfully affected his hearers. Indeed, Gladstone, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, tells us "that without ostentation or effort, but by simple excellence, he was constantly drawing undergraduates more and more about him. . . . There was not very much change in the inflection of the voice, action there was none. His sermons were read and his eyes were always bent on the book; and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you must take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made his

delivery, even such as I have described it, and though exclusively from written sermons, singularly attractive."

Only a very few of those who sat beneath him in those days are living now to tell us of their impressions, but I once spoke to a man who entered Oxford just when Newman's power there was at its zenith, and he said to me: "I was a very young man then, a very foolish and thoughtless young man, with little capacity and little disposition for serious thought.

. . . One night, with a crowd of other young fellows like myself, I went to hear Newman preach. I do not know what it was—certainly not any eloquence, properly so-called, on the part of the preacher, but something in the directness, the quiet ardor, the strength and appeal of the man's soul, which even then was struggling, awakened something in me that has made me different from that hour. I never knew Newman well," he went on, with a little break in his voice, "but I wish I could tell you what his life has been to me in those days and now."

In the Tractarian movement, which began a few years later, Keble was the originator and for a time, perhaps, the leader. But as it began to gather force and impetus the reins fell naturally into Newman's hands. In general, we are apt to overestimate the individual influence of the men who have been the history-makers in the world's progress. We forget the tendencies of the times, the receptiveness of the people. Now in England, during the early thirties, the time was certainly ripe for some kind of religious movement. The Church of England was obviously drifting away from her original position, and among some of her greatest minds there was a marked tendency towards religious liberalism—the forerunner of infidelity. In the effort to check these tendencies and to get back to the definiteness of the Thirty-nine Articles, it was in the nature of things that among earnest-thinking men there should be, almost unconsciously, a still further backward movement towards the firmer dogmatic position of Catholicism. I might say quite unconsciously, because the great leaders of the Oxford movement, Newman foremost among them, while trying to define a *Via Media*, fought vigorously and wrote treatise upon treatise in the effort to establish the essential difference between their anti-liberal Anglicanism and the Church of Rome. Endeavoring to build for themselves an unassailable stronghold of Truth, they could not see, and did not wish to see, whither their labor was tending. It was as a groping in the night that dawned on a day brighter and fuller than they had ever dreamt of.

While, then, the current of the great tide of religious thought was stirred as it had not been for years, there was need of some one to move in advance of this current—a man of fearless heart and steadfast purpose, who should accept and follow out, without hesitation and without compromise, all that was forced upon him in that forward movement. Such a man and such a leader was found in John Henry Newman, and laying full stress upon the ripeness of the time, it is safe to say that the Oxford movement would never have been so radical, so powerful, and so far-reaching had it not been for the unswerving course of the man at its head. Perhaps there was no other in his generation so well fitted for the task, and no other who would have found it so hard to do all that it required of him, in its trampling upon his early associations and prejudices and its opposition to his life-long habit of thought. But the things that made the trend of the agitation so painful to him were the very things that best fitted him for its leader. In the first place, there was his already unquestioned position in the world of thought; secondly, there was no doubt that his conversion, when at last it came about, was a true and thorough one, sweeping down before it the tendencies and the ideas of half a life-time. He had fought long and valiantly for his conception of the truth; he had labored with infinite difficulty and infinite pathos to make a strong and sure way out of the *Via Media*; he had struggled, as few men have struggled for a cause, to reconcile the discrepancies of an irreconcilable system; he had done all in the power of any man to find the truth and to teach it to others. All this was not without its influence on the English people; nay, it was all this that made his influence so great and so widespread. We all know how the thought of many others was moulded by his own, what hundreds of lives took their shape from his.

I like best to think of him just at this period of his life, after he had taken the final step and had found the fulness of truth. There is something very beautiful and very pathetic in the sorrowful strength of the figure that stands forth in the light of the comment and criticism of all England. No man had deeper love for his friends and was more tender of them, and yet he must stand by in silence while they turned away from him in sorrow at the course he had taken. This estrangement of those who were dear to him never ceased to be a source of pain. But he was not the man to let any personal feeling come in the way of what he thought his duty to himself and to those who depended upon him. His was a hard

battle and a long one; but once he had seen the right, there was no question as to the course that was left to him. It was a far harder step to take in those days than now, and many of his associates in the movement had long since dropped out; many could not bring themselves, at the last, to take it. There were those, and great numbers of them, who followed him; there were a few who, led by him, had seen and had come into the truth before their master.

But we know all this—the effect of his action on the England of his day. The fact that we do not realize, I think, is what his influence has been to those who since have embraced Catholicity, not only in England but here in America as well. Perhaps one-half of the converts in the last fifty years—I speak advisedly—owe their conversion, in great part, to this one man. The very best Catholic I know, the one who, in his own way, has done the greatest amount of practical good for the church, and who, before his conversion, was the most consistent and earnest Protestant I ever knew, speaks always of Newman, though he never saw him, with the tenderness of a son for a father, and as his guiding star through dark ways and spiritual abysses. And from our own narrow experience we know how many quiet and obscure lives he has influenced, how his strength has made strong many whom the world never hears of, how his striving has helped hundreds of struggling souls unto victory and peace. No one could have a greater tribute than this, and I feel, somehow, that his own heart would be very full of joy and thankfulness could he see into how many battling souls his life has brought helpfulness and hopefulness.

Perhaps the greatest and most apparent effect of his influence over English thought was in making non-Catholics take a more rational and a kindlier view of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice. In the early part of our own century there was a very bitter and contemptuous feeling in England for every thing and every one Catholic, while now—well, only the other day I heard an American priest say that England is the best country in the world for Catholics with regard to position and religious liberty. While I do not fully agree with him, his remark shows the state of public feeling at the present day; a state of feeling brought about, for the most part, through the influence of Newman and his followers in the Oxford movement. I once heard two English statesmen discussing Catholicity and giving it no very favorable judgment. "Of course, Newman became a Catholic," said one grudgingly, "and he was undoubtedly one of the greatest thinkers of the century. There

must be something in it, after all, to convince such a man as he." The bringing about of this kindlier feeling is a great work done for God's cause; it is the first step towards the spread and the reign of truth.

I need not dwell on Newman's influence as a Catholic and as a prelate of the church, when at last the bitter struggle was over and the long-suppressed feeling and vigor found scope and outlet. His mind was at last free and satisfied; but there is something in the power of God's watchers over souls that is not of earth, nor of men, and that is too sacred for human measurement.

His death was the signal for universal regret in England. There could be no greater tribute to his memory and to his life-work than these words of a non-Catholic writer (Hutton): "No more impressive testimony could have been afforded to the power, sincerity, and simplicity of the great English Cardinal's life than the almost unanimous outburst of admiration and reverence from all the English churches and all the English sects for the man who had certainly caused the defection of a larger number of cultivated Protestants from their Protestant faith than any other English writer or preacher since the Reformation. Such a phenomenon as the expression of heartfelt English sentiment for a good Roman Catholic would have been impossible a quarter of a century ago; and that it is possible now is due certainly to the direct influence of Cardinal Newman's life and writings. . . . No life to me, in the last century of our national history, can for a moment compare with Newman's, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose." No one could have anything but praise for a life so consistently true as his. It is a theory of mine that half his power is due to his steadfast and unflinching adherence to his own standard of right. If any principle is stoutly upheld in the face of contradiction, enmity, loss, and death, we learn to respect, not only the man but the principle on which he has staked so much. We love a soldier who fights bravely and unflinchingly to the end, even though he be our enemy, and even they who differed from Newman learned to have confidence in him and to reverence the very strength of his truth and sincerity.

It is a hopeful thought that our own times could have nurtured such a soul. He was a modern type of the Roman saint whom he so loved and admired, and I am sometimes doubtful if even St. Philip Neri himself was more to those who flocked about him than was our own Cardinal Newman to the great many whom he helped and influenced.

THE LABOR QUESTION AND ITS SOLUTION.*

BY DR. NICHOLAS BJERRING.

IT is true that poverty increases wofully, especially in great cities. Here we find luxury and beggary, the rich Dives and the poor Lazarus in close proximity. Hence there must be something awry about the so-called modern civilization. The fundamental evil is not the dearth of this world's goods, but their unequal distribution. The portion of the population which lives from hand to mouth has increased disproportionately in number. For people who, in the literal sense of the word, must work and sweat for the daily bread of to-day every lost work-day is a deficit; feast-days are often for them fast-days. A small rise in the price of provisions increases the deficit; and if, unfortunately, there ensues a permanent dearth, then everything is wanting—rent, bread, clothing. As a result there is overmuch opportunity for Christian charity. The demand on one side is met on the other by duty founded on love. The gospel does not defend him who turns from the suppliant because that suppliant is to blame for his misery. To support laziness, love of pleasure, frivolity, would be to share in the sins of others; but to close one's hand to the needy for follies committed in the past, and now no longer to be undone, would be to act like the self-righteous Pharisee. Only *One* has the right to leave us to our folly. He, however, has forestalled us with his mercy, and thereby only could we be saved. Christian charity may contribute to lessen social misery. But what can it do effectually against such extensive poverty? The answer hereto is: That charity shall be an aid, but not the whole and only one; and again, that it shall not be bestowed singly, as it is usually done. Single persons who give according to their individual benevolence may make disproportionate sacrifices and yet help little. The Christian principle should be universally applied. "We men are all brothers," may with religious seriousness be brought

*In the July CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE was published an article on "The Labor Question and the Catholic Church," by Dr. Nicholas Bjerring.

to signify that we are brothers for Christ's sake. Why was there no needy one among the faithful of the first Christian community? Because of the almonry dictated by fraternal duty and exercised in a just division according to means. It was, above all, no distribution of money. Alms has been turned into money since it is no longer a common affair and exercised in a regular way.

MAKE "CONSUMER" A PRODUCER.

In most cases the individual can exercise charity only by a gift of money; how this is applied, and whether it proves a boon, is no longer in his power to determine. The blessing of isolated alms-giving is very doubtful, and this furnishes an excuse to many for excluding themselves from it altogether. I, for my part, do not believe that the beggar is relieved by the few cents he gets at the doors of the rich. The truly needy are ashamed to ask for help in such a manner, and not a little of the money thus given finds its way to the tavern. Where, however, a community regulates its charity in true religious union, the individual will not be able to exclude himself on a plea which cannot possibly be founded in all cases. United exertion makes it possible to call into life eating-houses for the poor; isolated gifts of money whose sum would reach a like amount could never help the needy in like efficient manner. It is necessity that eventually leads to the establishment of such institutions. Well-regulated Christian benevolence, however, would forestall the necessity. The best almonry is to force the *consumer*, as far as possible, to be *producer* as well.

Social misery has its foundation in the fact that a part of the population is excluded from "production," or not sufficiently interested therein; moreover, not all, according to right and justice, have part in the "consumption." At times the cause is looked for in the great increase of the population, but this seems like calling the Lord to account as not knowing any longer how to feed his children. Daily bread will no doubt always be found, even should the population increase; only the children will have to accommodate themselves to the laws of the household.

ACQUIRED NECESSITIES.

Another cause for the impoverishment of the masses lies in the number of *acquired* necessities. The poor man lives from one year to the other accustomed always only to take in

in order to lay out again ; therefore, as a rule, he spends all he earns. He does not learn to save, not often being in a position where it is possible for him to save. What remains after his actual needs are covered, he spends very often on drink, tobacco, and pleasure. To call the evil by a fitting name, I am led to coin the word palate-lust. The inclination thereto is innate, but in this country there seems to be an actual desire to inoculate society with it artificially. Certain highly superfluous enjoyments of the palate are bred in children—as, for instance, the habit of candy-eating. Tobacco, spirituous drinks, highly seasoned food are no longer the prerogative of older people. Over and above the moral and physical evils that are plainly visible to all eyes, there is the bad result from an economic point of view. The means of production cannot suffice to supply the demands of consumption. The purse does not hold enough money for all these presumed necessities.

HOPE FROM THE CHURCH.

The Catholic Church is now often looked to for help in overcoming dire poverty. She will help, not only by recommending charity and practising it through her bishops and priests, but also by restoring the consciousness of common interest through which, if one member suffers, all the others suffer in company. To begin with, relief will be gained if young men and maidens will respond to the call for moderation, thriftiness, simplicity, self-restraint. There is at present no sign of such a movement among the poor or rich. The wealthy ought, from moral causes, to lead in the example of self-restraint. A despairing misery eats into the heart of the starving beggar who is turned from every door or contemptuously thrown some paltry alms. This drives him into the ranks of socialism, and he bides his time to carry theory into practice. Poverty is not in itself an evil, but the evil from which we daily pray to be delivered is demoralization. Rich and poor are placed beside each other, not that they may go down to destruction together, or one through the other, but that they may help one another and be together saved. All charity is Christian, in so far as by means of giving physical well-being to the destitute it wins them over to the acceptance of spiritual, domestic, and social virtue.

Another cause of evil in regard to the question of consumption is that almost all articles of produce are "merchandise," and hence become objects of trade. Anything that may

be bought or sold can become "merchandise," as by this means they are changed into mere objects of barter. The producer who strives to advantageously turn to account the products of agriculture, or he who speculates with articles of food, does not yet stand in opposition to the letter of the seventh commandment. The question, however, is whether it is in accordance with the spirit of community and love to treat exclusively as merchandise that which is necessary to the life of all, to withdraw it from sale in order to increase the price artificially, and to prey upon the need of all for one's own advantage. How this is done here in America all know.

THE TYRANNY OF CAPITAL.

It lies in the power of capital to withdraw from proper circulation, without adequate reason, the necessities of life, and to increase the want of countless numbers. Such acts must conduce more and more to the enrichment of the one at the expense of the many. The small consumer, who needs to buy most cheaply, must, according to the present order of things, pay the highest prices, as he purchases in small instalments from the last dealer of all. The restoration of spiritual community would give rise to another system of carrying on business, and might prove a remedy for the evil.

It belongs, perhaps, to the spirit of our age that property is becoming concentrated. No special social misfortune would lie in this state of things did the spirit of religious communism govern the administration of such fortunes, and by this great concentration of property bring about an equally great decentralization of the profits thereof. How large possessions and their administration on the one hand, and the want thereof on the other, are compatible with the idea of community and its exercise is demonstrated by the example of the Christian middle ages. In the Christian middle ages while ownership in property was strictly safeguarded, still possession was so interpreted that it did not solely and in every respect belong exclusively to the owner; its use was limited to him, but others had, by law, many claims to the same thing. According to the Mosaic law, it was forbidden the owner at the harvest to "wholly reap the corners of the field and to gather every grape of the vineyard; but he was to leave them to the poor and stranger." In the middle ages certain customs in favor of the poor were likewise established, such as the gathering of straw, dry wood, and the like. Such privileges, though

insignificant in themselves, were, in connection with a share in the use of the parish grounds, of great importance to the poor, as they were enabled thereby to farm a little, keep their own cattle, and pursue other ways of obtaining a livelihood. Where like privileges are now granted, they are considered quite in the light of a charity, and even such are curtailed by the selfish spirit of egoistical owners.

THE SPIRIT OF SELF-ASSERTION.

One cause of impoverishment is to be found in luxury; the latter, therefore, often serves as the excuse for a refusal of assistance. It is here forgotten that not the *poor* were the ones that caused the evil of luxury. As matters stand a certain degree of luxury cannot be avoided under all circumstances, nay, it is even allowed by the competition that reigns in every field of production. In former times the farmer, tradesman, etc., took a pride in belonging to their respective grades; to be recognized they had only to adhere to their wonted garb. The display of to day proceeds from the want of that guarantee for the respectability of a man that in the middle ages lay in his reception by a guild. Next to the greed for possessing and enjoying, the third cause of the present social misery is the desire for self-assertion. This again must be opposed by the spirit of community.

Authority is established in any association of persons when one attaches himself to the other in such a manner as to agree fully with his thoughts and actions and make them his own. Wife and children thus attach themselves to the thoughts of the husband and father; there are servants, also, who thus become one with their master; on the whole, however, such relations are now rarely to be met with. Why? Because the prevailing spirit of religion is devoid of that essential element that constitutes all men brothers in Christ. In religion man does not obey man as such, but the bishop and priest as invested with authority by God. Here authority assumes no overbearingness but fulfils a duty in the sense of Christ's words: "Who among you wills to be greatest let him be your servant." He himself, the eternal authority, did not come to be served, but to serve. This interpretation of authority has also almost wholly disappeared. It would scarcely have occurred to our Catholic forefathers to expect the solution of the social problem from the state alone.

PRINCIPLE OLD—APPLICATION NEW.

Everything depends on the reorganization of society in every particular; in one word, 'on the *restoration of religious community in all relations of common life*. The religious harmony of the community must be extended to the political social field. Thus it is from the middle ages we have to learn the principles—be it well understood, the *principles*—for their *application* must be suited to the present age, according to the standard of our conditions and circumstances. Now, as power and influence are often the cause of the evil of the age, it is here that they should be opposed by the spirit of religious community. It is principally large property owners and factory masters who ought to take thought of the opportunity their wealth gives them to do public good. The great evil of our times is the fact that industry, dispensing with every organic form, such as trades possessed in the guilds, plants itself on egoistical disorder, and like a parasitic growth draws from the juices of the land without itself undertaking any duties. I know of institutions in former times supported not alone by trade guilds, but by seafarers, who cared for their veterans and invalids, nay, even for their churches and convents, making them a living and flourishing community.

Modern factory system has nothing to show like this. It knows human power only as it knows horse power, and sees in man merely a machine. It buys labor as cheaply as possible, and cares little how the laborer fares when he has grown old or ill—very little, in truth, do the rich factory lords care for that. Is it not so? The results of this entire lack of sympathetic protection in industry are to be already found in the frequently occurring strikes, as well as in the cry of the working-classes for self-help. I look upon the restoration of the relations between employer and workman according to the old religious principle as a great necessity. I have devoted much attention to social questions, and believe I may be permitted to say that these my views agree with those of the most prominent Christian political economists. Whether they find sympathy here, or whether they can be carried out here, I do not know; but this I know, that the temporal welfare of the laborer depends upon their being accepted. From the nature of things, a much worse aristocracy of wealth has been formed by the present rulers of labor than that of the former nobility of Europe. Money imparts political influence also to its possessor; the dependence of the laborer

is by no means a matter of economy alone. The master exercises an actual character of force more than that of fitting authority. The elections for State and city officials are convincing proof of this. Relations between employer and laborer in accordance with the principles of the middle ages—do not misunderstand me: I do not say mediæval relations, these do not suit our country nor our age; I speak of the principles of the middle ages,—such relations between master and man cannot be brought about by the manufacture of laws. It is possible only by *actions* inspired by deep Christian principles. If the factory master of the present day were to assume such relations to his workmen, then it could not fail that the latter would respond by quite another feeling than that borne by them at present. Proofs for this are offered by exceptional cases, where the noble ideas of the master have created approximate conditions.

RESTORE THE SENSE OF BROTHERHOOD.

The principle underlying the formation of such relations can be no other than that of religious community. The restoration of this sense of brotherhood is, however, not the task of one, but of all trades and professions. All must, according to the measure of their means, contribute toward this end by applying in their respective circles the principle of religious community to every condition of work, consumption, and possession. The blessing thereof would be universally felt. The immediate fruit of such union would be greater thoroughness in work. This union might in turn become the starting-point of a greater association in consumption, and thus the handle to great material relief. Not alone would working materials bought by such unions in large quantities be much cheaper, but the community of business might extend over the province of the necessities of life and result in lower prices for the needs of the individual. Moreover, there are arrangements possible by which the trade unions, giving mutual credit and thus effecting a certain concentration of means, might compete with large capital. Such a union might partly make up for the impossibility of competition in the individual. Hence there would be effected a rational organization of work, a great relief in consumption, a greater security of work in relation to large capital—three points in which it seems to me everything is contained that is necessary to the present needs. But the single circles in which these trade unions must have their foundation and starting-point should

be in the sense of brotherhood. In such a one the fellows of profession can unite for a definite end. The question how such communities and unions of trades can arise and subsist leads me back to authority. I do not think that a community, in order to lead a sound existence and become socially developed, is less in need of particular government than the state. I do not allude to authority in the sense of the officials of the day, but to such as would be in lively harmony with its subjects.

The time when social reorganization will begin is, I hope, no longer distant. Such a reorganization, however, cannot be effected suddenly. Not only outwardly but in heart as well, the spirit of community has become extinguished; above all, it must be rekindled in heart as the first foundation of all political and social conditions. But as there can be nothing in heart that will not work its way outward, so no idea can be born that will not try to be expressed and seek its development and strengthening in action. I believe that even now it would not be useless to inculcate the *perception* of the intrinsic connection between political and social and religious matters. A new light is cast on earthly relations when they are contemplated in connection with the higher truth of the Catholic Church. Only the Catholic Church can solve the labor question, and only through her can the great movement be carried out.



THE EVANGELISTS IN SYMBOLISM.

BY MARION ARNOLD.



FROM time immemorial the church has employed for our instruction the use of symbols which operate on our souls through the medium of the bodily senses. Symbolism has been called "the soul, the perfume, the marrow of worship, and the nourishment of Christian piety." The word *symbol* in its broadest sense means a visible sign or representation of an idea. In a liturgical sense it is a sacred sign which represents a mystery above our nature, and the church makes use of this sign or thing to embody the idea, that thus the mystery may be more easily apprehended.

The character and mission of the Evangelists have rendered these sacred personages the subjects for varied symbolical representation, the study of which cannot fail to be most interesting and profitable. To the casual observer a faded picture in some old church will seem fanciful and grotesque in the extreme, and possess little or no signification, while in the same painting the student of Christian symbolism will find an epitome of the principles of our faith.

The earliest representation of the Evangelists was a very simple type: four scrolls placed in the angles of a Greek cross, or four books. The next symbolic idea was that of four rivers having their common source in Paradise, the thought being taken from Genesis ii.: "And a river went out of the place of pleasure to water Paradise, which from thence is divided into four heads."

At a later period—about the beginning of the fifth century—we find applied to the Evangelists the symbolism of the four beasts of the Apocalypse; or of the four living creatures which Ezechiel beheld coming "by Chobar's flood in whirlwind, cloud, and fire." Dante makes use of these four living creatures to typify the four Evangelists in the mysterious procession which he beheld in his vision of the terrestrial paradise.

A brief review of the lives of the writers of the Gospels will help us to a better understanding of their significant symbols.

SAINT MATTHEW.

St. Matthew stands first among the Evangelists in point of time, his Gospel being the first written. Little is known of his



ST. MATTHEW.

history. He refers to his own call to the apostleship in these words: "And when Jesus passed on from thence he saw a man sitting in the custom-house, named Matthew, and he saith to him: Follow me. And he rose up and followed him." St. Mark and St. Luke tell the story of the call of St. Matthew in similar words, except that the former calls him "Levi, son of Alphaeus," and the latter, "a publican named Levi." From this simple record we can gather nothing except that he was a tax-gatherer in the Roman service, an office looked upon with the utmost abhorrence by the Hebrews.

After the ascension of our Lord, Matthew is in Jerusalem with the other apostles, and then he disappears from Scripture. Tradition tells us that he wrote his Gospel in Hebrew or Syro-Chaldaic, about six years after the ascension. It is said that he perished in the persecutions of Domitian.

There are several old paintings representing the call of St. Matthew, and a few represent his death. Paul Veronese has made the feast given by Levi to our Saviour the subject of a scene which he painted for a monastery in Venice. It is now in the Academy there.

In his character as Evangelist, there are few portraiture of the saint. He holds a book and near him is a winged cherub pointing to heaven or dictating. A curious group in the Cathedral of Chartres shows St. Matthew borne on the shoulders of Isaias, the prophet. The only familiar representation of this Evangelist is that in which the emblematical figure is a winged cherub under a human semblance, given, according to St. Jerome, because he begins his Gospel with the human generation of Christ. A fresco by Pinturicchio in the church of Sancta Maria del Popolo at Rome represents St. Matthew writing his Gospel while the angel, holding the ink-horn, dictates.

A painting at Dresden, by Francesco Barbieri, sometimes called Guercino, reproduced here, shows St. Matthew as an old man. While he writes he holds the ink-horn in his left hand, and the angel, looking away from the writer towards us, supports the book.

The painter of this picture was a celebrated master of the Bolognese school. When yet a child he showed his intuitive love for art by sketching on the house-door, with the roughest materials, a portrait of the Blessed Virgin of such artistic promise that his father, though poor, determined to secure for him the best instruction. His masterpieces are an "Aurora," in the Ludovisi Villa, Rome; and the famous "Persian Sybil" and St. Petronilla, both in the Capitoline Gallery at Rome. He died at Bologna in 1666.

SAINT MARK.

The Scriptural record of the life of St. Mark is as scanty as that pertaining to St. Matthew. St. Mark was not numbered among the twelve Apostles, and it appears that his conversion did not occur till after the ascension of our Lord. We know from the Acts of the Apostles that he was the faithful minister and companion of Paul and Barnabas. St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, says: "Aristarchus my fellow-prisoner saluteth you, and *Mark* the cousin-german of Barnabas, touching whom you have received commandments: If he come unto you, receive him." In St. Paul's second letter to Timothy he desires him to come to him, and says: "Take Mark and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry."



ST. MARK.

Tradition informs us that St. Mark was a disciple and interpreter to St. Peter, at whose command he went to preach the Gospel in Egypt. He founded the church at Alexandria. He was apprehended and cast into prison for preaching the faith of Christ, and was martyred by being dragged along over the streets and rocky places till death put an end to his tortures. The Christians buried his mutilated body and held his sepulchre in reverence. At the beginning of the ninth century his remains were taken to Venice, where the grand cathedral of St. Mark was built over them. He is honored as the patron saint of Venice. His festival is celebrated on the 25th of April. It is said that during the pontificate of Gregory the Great Rome was decimated by a fearful plague, and in order to turn away the divine wrath the pope, on St. Mark's day, ordered a procession at the head of which was carried a picture of the Blessed Virgin painted by St. Luke. When they

came to the castle of Adrian, St. Gregory saw an angel who dried and sheathed a sword that was wet with blood. It was a signal of pardon. The plague ceased, and every year, on the 25th of April, the church renews the ceremony known as "the Procession of St. Mark."

Devotional pictures of this saint, especially those in which he is represented as the patron of Venice, are very numerous. The arms adopted by the republic of Venice were a lion winged, or sejant, holding between his fore-paws a book upon which were inscribed the words: "*Pax tibi Marce Evangelista meus.*"

In his character of Evangelist he may always be recognized by his emblematical animal, the lion, given, according to St. Jerome, because this Evangelist "sets forth the royal dignity of Christ." The lion of St. Mark is generally winged, and this will distinguish his pictures from those of St. Jerome, whose symbol is also a lion. In the accompanying illustration, which is reproduced from a painting by Guercino in the gallery at Dresden, St. Mark is cutting a quill preparatory to writing his Gospel in the book which is held by the lion above and to the right.

Another illustration, from a painting by Gerini in the church of San Francesco at Prato, represents St. Mark standing, full length, and draped in a white tunic. He holds a book displaying the inscription. Below and to the left is the lion.

SAINT LUKE.

St. Luke was a native of Antioch, in Syria. He was converted by St. Paul, and became his faithful disciple and companion. He wrote his Gospel in Greek about twenty-four years after the ascension. He was also the author of the Acts of the Apostles. He was a physician by profession, as we learn from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians: "Luke, the most dear physician, saluteth you." Tradition says that he was most skilful in painting, and several pictures of the Blessed Virgin are ascribed to him.

The Fathers of the Church agree that it was from Mary that St. Luke received his account of the wonderful and particular circumstances of our Lord's infancy. He died at Bithynia about the year 74 A. D. His relics were brought to Constantinople, and afterwards were translated to Padua. His feast is celebrated on October 18.

In Greek and Byzantine art, St. Luke, the Evangelist, is represented as a young man who holds in one hand a picture of the Blessed Virgin and in the other the book of his Gospel.

In nearly all other paintings the evangelical symbol is the ox, winged or unwinged. St. Luke in his Gospel dwells particularly on the priesthood of Christ; therefore, says St. Jerome, his symbol is the ox, the emblem of sacrifice.

St. Luke painting the Blessed Virgin's portrait has been



ST. LUKE.

made the subject of art by many old masters. Guercino represents him as an old man. His left hand, resting on the book of his Gospel, holds a palette and brushes. His head rests upon his right hand, while he looks with loving devotion, that is not unmixed with sadness, at a picture before him, the subject of which we cannot see. To the upper right is the symbolic animal, the ox.

A fresco by Pinturicchio shows St. Luke seated upon the back of an ox. He is painting Our Lady's picture, which rests upon the animal's horns.

SAINT JOHN.

Of all the Evangelists the one whose personality is most distinctly conveyed to us is St. John—

“He who lay
Upon the bosom of our Pelican;
He unto whose keeping, from the cross,
The mighty charge was given.”

His father was Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, and his mother was Salome, she who came to Jesus with her sons adoring and asking that they might sit the one on his right and the other on his left in his kingdom. He was born at Bethsaida, and until called by Christ to be his disciple, he followed the occupation of his father. He, the “virgin disciple,” seems to have been singularly favored by his Divine Master, and he is called “the disciple whom Jesus loved.” He lived in constant companionship with the Redeemer. He was present at the transfiguration; he leaned on the bosom of Jesus at the Last Supper; he was with him in the Garden of Gethsemani; he stood beneath the cross; he laid the body of his Master in the tomb; and it was he who “did out-run Peter and came first to the sepulchre” on the morning of the resurrection. He is said to have been of a peculiarly affectionate nature, and this is strongly confirmed by his epistles. Tradition asserts that in his later years his constant admonition to his dearly beloved people was: “Little children, love one another.”

After the ascension of Christ John devoted himself to the care of the Blessed Virgin, who had been confided to his care. She accompanied him in his missionary career, and there can scarcely be any doubt that it was from his frequent interviews with the mother of Jesus that he derived much of the beauty and sublimity of his Gospels. Aided by her whose knowledge of the heavenly mysteries transcended that of all other creatures, and replenished by the clearest revelation from heaven, the fisherman of Bethsaida could burst forth into that sublime prelude: “IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD.”

After the death of the Blessed Virgin he resided chiefly at Ephesus. During the cruel persecutions of Domitian he was sent in chains to Rome, and there cast into a cauldron of boiling oil. Being miraculously preserved, he was banished to the Isle of Patmos in the Ægean Sea, where he wrote his Revelations. He returned to Ephesus under Nerva, and there lived to a great age. It is believed that he was the only one of the Apostles who died a natural death.



ST. JOHN.

The personal character of St. John and the prominence given to him in all the Gospel narratives have made him popular as a patron saint, and consequently representations of "the beloved disciple" are very numerous. The emblematical animal of St. John is the eagle, the symbol of might and power. Its extraordinary strength of vision fittingly typifies the divine insight into heavenly things revealed in the Apocalypse. The vast heights to which the eagle soars, and the grandeur of the scenes amid which it loves to dwell, signify the heights of wisdom to which St. John was raised and the heavenly wonders upon which he had attained to look.

One of the earliest representations of St. John is the figure of a man with the head of an eagle. Another symbolic figure is a man seated writing, with the head and feet of an eagle. These representations are very rare. In the Cathedral of

Chartres, in the group of Evangelists of which we have spoken, the prophet Ezechiel bears St. John on his shoulders, signifying that the New Testament rests on the old. Ezechiel was chosen to bear St. John, probably on account of the points of similarity between the vision of the one and the Apocalypse of the other.

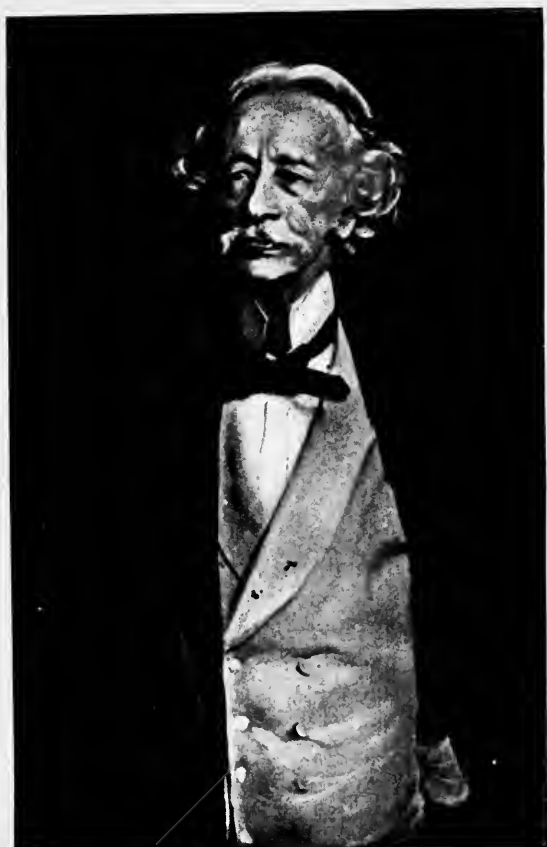
In Greek art St. John is always represented as an old man. The later Italian painters have nearly all represented him as a young man. A picture in the Academy, Bologna, shows the Evangelist as an old man with flowing hair and beard. He is attended by an eagle, and is looking up at the Blessed Virgin in glory.

Correggio has a beautiful picture of St. John seated writing his Gospel. At his feet is an eagle pluming its wing. St. John is frequently shown with a group of saints. A familiar group is Raphael's St. Cecilia. Here, the Evangelist stands to the right of the principal figure. Near him is St. Paul leaning on his sword, and between the two is the eagle, the ever-present symbol of the Evangelist.

Perhaps the most familiar of all the symbolical representations of this saint is the beautiful picture of Domenichino. This artist was one of the most celebrated of the Eclectic school. The Louvre contains many of his works. His masterpiece is the "Last Communion of St. Jerome," in the Vatican. During his whole career Domenichino suffered much from the jealousy of his rivals, and it is supposed that he was poisoned by them in 1641.

His St. John is shown as a beautiful young man with an abundance of curling hair. In his hand is a scroll, and he looks upward as one who beholds "the vision of the throne of God." His perfect face is expressive of love, wonder, and reverence. Behind him is the attendant eagle with a pen in its beak. Near by is a chalice from which a serpent raises its head. There are many legends to explain the symbol of the chalice and the serpent. One, related by St. Isidore, is that a hired assassin placed poison in the cup which the saint used in celebrating the Holy Mysteries. St. John drank of the same and administered it to the faithful without injury, but the murderer fell dead at the feet of the Apostle.

Whatever explanation is given, the most probable one is found in our Lord's reply to the sons of Zebedee: "My chalice indeed you shall drink."



COVENTRY PATMORE.
After a Painting by J. S. Sargent, A.R.A.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



POSSIBLY the triumvirate Pusey, Keble, and Newman gave the impetus to the present sense of reaction against the Reformation—a feeling which has taken captive the artistic mind of modern England. Nevertheless there exists to-day in that country a constituency which can have been influenced only very indirectly by these three great spirits of the

NOTE.—Patmore's place among Men of Letters was discussed at the sessions of the Summer-School of 1898 by Father O'Keeffe, but at the request of many who heard his lectures he has amplified his work, and presents it here in published form.—EDITOR OF CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

Catholic revival. If the Preraphaelite movement was born in Oxford, it was not bred there. Its representatives are artists like Watts, Millais, Burne-Jones, Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There are others both in art and letters who differ more or less from these. Others, like Algernon Swinburne or Walter Pater, who, if they be neo-pagans, are at times mediæval and Catholic. To say this of Swinburne is perhaps unreasonable, for there are critics who contend that his ethics is drawn not from the wholesome but the poisoned fountain of Greek sensualism. Others, like Wilde and Grant Allen and Richard Le Gallienne—although differing from each other—are Hedonists, loving the beautiful for its own sake and making it the sum and end of life. If Swinburne's theory of passion be that sung by Anacreon, what shall we say of the loves of these lesser lights? Yet to say that Mr. Patmore is part of the Preraphaelite movement needs some intelligible explanation. That movement aimed to bring back the romantic days of Cimabue, and Giotto, and Fra Angelico, and that array who painted bodies with souls and flesh all spiritual. The new disciples in their enthusiasm copied even the crooked anatomy and blind perspective of their Catholic masters. Rossetti, in his unique poems, drew his inspiration from Dante, but in imitating that mighty genius he lingered perhaps too much in the realm of sense, and so is Dantesque only up to a certain degree. Patmore has charged him almost with sinning against the light, and prostituting the gift of a holy mission. Nevertheless he remains, as much or more than Tennyson or Ruskin, a living expression of that mediævalism which is golden even in the eyes of the modern world.

Patmore in quite another fashion has unearthed from the tomb our ancient glories and taught us that the blood of saints flows in our veins; that that spiritual power is not to be disregarded which created the poetry, architecture, painting, and sculpture of mediæval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's conversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the æstheticism of that religion could provoke from him not only love but obedience. Yet he was philosopher enough to know that culture is but a faint manifestation of the high spirit that dwells within—that beauty is but the splendor of the true. In this limited sense is Patmore a Preraphaelite, since he longs for that immortal time, loves its saints and dreamers, and reverences the hearts who would bring it back again. In a more

limited sense still is he a classicist—not, of course, as William Morris or Alma Tadema would be—but a classicist who, if he exchanged the Sistine Madonna for the Venus of Milo, would nevertheless be careful to explain that the worst charge you can hurl against Christianity is to call it a new religion and to deny that it is but a quality added to the religion of the past. Doubtless there are some who would not accept the theory that there is a principle of continuity running through all the religions. Patmore, it would seem, believed that there was. He has said in his essay on “The Language of Religion”: “How ‘natural,’ for example, it would be that King Humbert, if ever he thinks fit to assume possession of St. Peter’s and the Vatican, should regard the erection of an Egyptian obelisk in the forecourt of a Renaissance church as a monstrous solecism in art, and so abolish one of the boldest and most impressive symbols ever devised to teach man that the ‘Lion of the Tribe of Juda’ (with this title the obelisk is inscribed) came out of Egypt, that the ‘great Serpent Pharaoh, King of Egypt’ (or Nature), ‘is become Christ by His assumption of the body which without Him is Egypt’”.

Coventry Kearsley Dighton Patmore died December 1, 1896, and was buried from the little Catholic church at Lymington, Hants, England. He was born at Woodford, in Essex, on July 3, 1823. His father, Peter Patmore, was a friend of Hazlitt and Lamb, and there are letters addressed to him in Hazlitt’s *Liber Amoris*. Mr. Edmund Gosse is responsible for saying that Peter Patmore was painfully mixed up in the Scott duel of 1821 and the Plumer Ward controversy, and that it was for this reason that Thackeray refused to meet the then young man, Coventry Patmore, even though he bore letters of introduction from the distinguished Robert Browning. His early youth was spent in comfortable circumstances. His father had a house in Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, and a country house at Mill Hill, not far from London. From the beginning the lad was a great reader, and he had many books at command. When about fourteen or more he was sent to Paris. He lived with a family in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and went to lectures at the Collège de France. He remained there for one year, and in a very unhappy mood. Such, indeed, is the recorded impression he left with Mr. Gosse, to whom we are indebted for almost all that we have of a very scant biography of the poet.

. It must be fifteen years or more since Mr. Aubrey de Vere * wrote a letter to Father Hecker, accompanying a copy of the *Unknown Eros*, recommending its author as a man who struck deeper and flew higher than many a mortal around him. From that time forward Father Hecker never ceased to read and mark passages in that volume. This is to be noted, for he was a priest who read in later life but little poetry, and that only of the supremely best.

While in Paris, Patmore fell in love with a beautiful English girl. Although she rejected him and married another, he considered her as the very first "Angel in the House." At the age of sixteen he published *The Woodman's Daughter* and *The River*. In 1844 he again gave to the world a volume of *Poems*. It was attacked on all sides, *Blackwood's Magazine* being most violent in the charge. To add to his misfortunes, just at this time his father lost everything speculating in railroad stocks. To get away from his creditors he fled to the Continent, leaving his son Coventry behind him in a penniless condition. He went through fifteen months of severe poverty. Browning was kind to him, so were Barry Cornwall and his wife. This couple, now known as Bryan Waller Procter and Mrs. Procter, at a dinner introduced Patmore to Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, who made some flippant remarks on Patmore's shabby appearance. Mrs. Procter made it the occasion of placing Patmore's poems in the hands of Milnes, and the next morning she received a note from that gentleman offering to Patmore a post in the library of the British Museum. This, with the kindly friendship of Leigh Hunt, buoyed up the spirits of the poet. In 1846 he met Tennyson, and for more than three years they were fast friends; but both being positive characters, there came an estrangement. About 1847 he met Rossetti and probably Millais. At the invitation of Rossetti he contributed the lyric called "The Seasons" to the Preraphaelite magazine *The Germ*. Mr. Gosse tells us that Patmore was instrumental in bringing Tennyson and Rossetti together. In the same year

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE, IRELAND.

* MY DEAR FATHER HECKER:

I am sending you a book which seems to me a very remarkable one, *The Unknown Eros*, etc.—this by our Catholic Poet, Coventry Patmore. Notwithstanding that many things in it are certainly obscure (the result in part of the abstruse themes discussed in the poems), many parts of the book seem to me both to ascend higher and descend deeper than almost anything we have had for a long time. Such a book ought to be, if well known, a help to the Catholic cause. I hope you will be able to have it well reviewed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

I trust your health is improving, and that you do not overwork yourself.

Yours very sincerely,

AUBREY DE VERE.

(Copy from original in fly-leaves of "*The Unknown Eros*," p. 27.)

he became intimate with Mr. Ruskin. Then suddenly he withdrew from the world and married Miss Emily Augusta Andrews, the daughter of a prominent Independent minister. This was in the fall of 1847. This spiritually-minded lady was painted by Millais. She must have been beautiful. Mrs. Carlyle accused her of looking like a medallion, so immobile was her beauty. She suffered with great calmness the poverty of her husband. She bore him six children. She loved him, she protected him. In 1862 she died, being only thirty-eight years old. He has recorded her "Departure" in lines tremulous with pathos :

" It was not like your great and gracious ways !

Do you, that have naught other to lament,

Never, my Love, repent

Of how that July afternoon

You went.

" But all at once to leave me at the last,

More at the wonder than the loss aghast,

With sudden unintelligible phrase

And frightened eye,

And go your journey of all days

With not a kiss or good-by,

And the only loveless look the look with which you passed :

'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways."

Three years after the death of his first wife Patmore married again a woman of high virtue and large fortune. Stricken with heart-hunger, he sought and captured responsive companionship in the delightful personality of Miss Mary Byles. Chilled with the fear that he may have violated the sanctity of his first love, he explains to her his brooding loneliness in a poem of exquisitely shaded feeling, entitled "Tired Memory."

Patmore's second wife relieved him of all financial difficulties, and some have said that it was she who made him a Catholic. This cannot be true, for his mystical aspirations had already and unconsciously made him a Catholic. He was of too independent and candid a mind to be influenced either by Puritanism because his first wife was a Puritan, or by Catholicism because his second wife was a Catholic. Yet it would be wrong to deny that these women must have indirectly mellowed his heart and soul—how could so susceptible a character as his resist them? Father Cardella, the Italian Jesuit, who is known as being something of a philosopher and theologian, is rumored

to have said, after meeting with Patmore in Rome, that he was Catholicism itself before he was received formally into the church. The mental processes by which Patmore worked himself into becoming a Catholic would be a most interesting psychological study. There is no one to tell us about it but Mrs. Alice Meynell, the poet and consummate essayist, who was his sympathetic friend and admirer. She may not be versed in mystical theology, but she has subtlety and strength and feminine intuition, and a rare capacity for analysis.

It was somewhere near the year 1877 that Mary Patmore died, leaving the poet for the second time a widower. In 1883 his youngest son, Henry, died a youth of twenty-two, and, like Emerson's dead son, he was a hyacinthine boy of rare promise.

There remains one sad story which Mr. Edmund Gosse has repeated in an article on Patmore for the *Contemporary Review*. With a pure heart and wonderful daring Patmore undertook to give to this suspicious modern age the candid Christian interpretation of human and divine love, as we find it in the forgotten volumes of mediæval saints and Catholic mystics. The very title he gave his essay—"Sponsa Dei"—"The Spouse of God"—would startle the pietist who is narrow and the vulgarian who is unclean. Alas! perhaps it was better that he should have suffered melancholy by burning on Christmas Day, 1887, this extraordinary manuscript, which has been classed as a masterpiece by the distinguished critic who read it. They who know *The Unknown Eros*, and *The Rod, the Root, the Flower*, must know the truth he strove to teach. If it is not formulated distinctly in the writings of St. Bernard, it certainly is in *The Ascent to Mount Carmel*, whose author is St. John of the Cross. Indeed the two Spanish mystics, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, gave him much matter for his daily practice of meditation and spiritual reading. His second wife has shown the culture of her spiritual sense by her translation of St. Bernard's work on *The Love of God*. Once, when Patmore was writing of his verses "Scire Teipsum," he said: "They may be taken . . . as expressing the rewards of virginity attainable even in this life in the supernatural order."

It was Patmore's heavenly gift to have met early and in this life his "predestinated mate." This carried him without blemish through that perilous adolescent period of the heart's history. With single eye and calm vision he looks upon truths and tells them to us with the ingenuousness of

the saint—the truths which, if we could see, would nevertheless be unlawful for us to utter. Fortunate, doubtless, it is at times that he talks for the many in a “Dead Language,” though in the poem thus entitled he regrets that it should be so. All his studies, his introspection, his reading of the Fathers of the early church like St. Augustine, his dabbling in physical science, his explorations into what he calls “that inexhaustible poetic mine of psychology”—all these are used but to sound his three mysteries, the three *motifs* of all his music: God, Woman, Love. Throughout the procedure his intentions are as limpid as crystal. He is

“proud

To take his passion into church.”

He writes of women as if the horrible fact never came to him that the world can corrupt all things, even so fair a thing as a woman.

In his essay on Woman, entitled “The Weaker Vessel,” he ridicules the French writer who classifies woman into twenty-five species. Patmore seems to perceive that not only is every woman a species in herself but many species. In his “Angel in the House” he has sublimated domestic love to a high and holy pitch. With wondrous delicacy he attaches a sacred symbolism to a tress of hair and the flutter of a ribbon.

What does that young genius Mr. Francis Thompson mean when he accuses Patmore of having stalked through hell like Dante, and of having drunk

“The moonless mere of sighs,
And paced the places infamous to tell
Where God wipes not the tears from any eyes”?

These verses may possibly refer to Patmore's later days when, in depression of spirit, he could no longer sing aloud that

“Sadness is beauty's savor, and pain is
The exceedingly keen edge of bliss.”

If melancholy encompassed Patmore towards the end when his life was consumed, it never touched his poetry. Nor can it be said that this “black humor,” as Mrs. Meynell calls it, ever found entrance into his essays. *Religio Poetæ*, an extraordinary volume published in 1893, manifests, if you will, a petulance and aggressiveness betokening the advance of senility. Yet in how masterly a fashion it suggests, in a few brief essays, thoughts that are too tender and too glorious to be amplified! He sees so clearly himself that he has nothing left but divine contempt

for those who doubt. With grave impoliteness he assaults Protestantism as a moral system radically defective, and loses his temper because it is narrow, extreme, and vulgar. He proves himself conversant with occult regions not only of dogmatic but also of ascetic theology. He is in no sense whatever (for he lacked the learning) a theologian, but he is devoted to St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, and in a felicitous English style he reveals beauties long since hidden in the writings of Sts. Catharine of Genoa and Siena, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Bernard, and St. Francis de Sales.

Curious it is that for the most part the modern propagators of the Catholic Renaissance in art and letters and spiritual science are English Protestants or converts to Catholicism. We know nothing of our treasures until they are opened by eager hands like Pugin or Patmore. They were both sick at heart because we lacked devoutness for our fathers in the faith. In the pressure of our untoward history we have become only half-educated. We have lost the great soul and broad culture which created the music, the literature, the architecture which for largeness of conception has not yet been equalled. For our chaste, majestic, plaintive chant—God's own music, once sung by saints and kings—we have substituted tones out of keeping with the sacrifice and the incense of prayer. Our æsthetic sense has become un-Catholic. In 1889 Patmore published a little book entitled *Principle in Art*. He displayed a keen observation of lights and shadows—he has an eye not so much for the styles in architecture as for the philosophy in it, its cause, ideal greatness, substance, purpose, and “symbolization of sentiment,” an expression used by Mr. Ruskin. His sighs for the forgotten past are frequent; yet they come not from acute despair, that disease which furrows the brow of sensitive genius. He has no belief that the future is rich in golden promise, yet he has said: “I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.” He has dubbed the nineteenth century

“O season strange for song!”

If in verse execution and technique Patmore be defective, his vitality is so imperious that we yield out of sheer weakness to his mannerisms. As with his compatriot, the histrionic artist Sir Henry Irving, we are pressed to give way to his magnetism even when he misuses his marvellous voice to grunt and snort, and distorts his divine face to misshapen attitudes.

Art loses its perfection when it reveals the least vein of eccentricity. Yet some weaknesses sit well upon and actually seem eminently proper to some individuals. The wondrous simplicity of dramatism, as personified by the Italian actress Duse, can never touch the point of classicism, yet it is the most finished representation of passion. Patmore roughly exposes the statuesque composure of Emerson; he flashes all his cruel light upon the veins of clay and forgets the comeliness of the statue. The American's stoicism irritates him; he brands him for ringing the changes upon a few themes, a fault common to himself, for he repeats ideas both in his prose and his verse. Yet if truths be new and startling, why not resurrect them into a thousand different forms? We accept almost totally the judgments of Matthew Arnold and Patmore concerning Emerson. That they studied him proves that he has made an impression. No man is closer to Patmore in manner and method than Emerson, and, strange to say, even many of the prophecies that they uttered would seem to issue from the same lips. We cannot afford to be always smelling out the grave sins of our only two original geniuses, Emerson and Poe. Emerson had the mystical tendency, and were he a contemplative of the ages of faith he might have given us a book just this side of inspiration—a work like the *Imitation* of à Kempis or of Tauler the German mystic. Yet this may be on a plane with saying that if Kant were an integral Christian he might have left us a *Summa* like that of St. Thomas Aquinas. Excepting Isaac Hecker, Emerson is the only American who manifests any high interior experience. These two men differed vastly, and told each other so with honest openness when they knew each other in youth.

Take him all in all, Patmore has but "A Pessimist's Outlook" for the fresh phases of civilization which are blossoming in this Republic of the West. If the United States has a providential purpose to complete in the reconstruction of the nations, then Patmore can find no shadow of such a mission in our present history. Concerning the theory of the Anglo-Saxon predominance over the history of the future he has written nothing. He greets with keen delight the artistic and searching sarcasm of Mrs. Meynell on the New-Worldling, who, if he be not a barbarian or a savage in her eyes, is certainly a de-civilized type of society.

Indeed, it may be said of Patmore that to him all lovers of the people were beside themselves, and the advent of rich hopes was but the symptom of an overwrought and decadent civilization. He despised the rabble, and made it the visible

organization of the "amorous and vehement drift of man's herd to hell." It had nailed Christ to the Cross and it was not worthy even of sociological analysis. In his essay on "Christianity and Progress"—meaning material progress—he contends for an opinion which, so far as I can learn, is theologically correct, that there is only a distant relationship between the one and the other. To his thinking, if Christianity has not sensibly affected progress—a thesis which, by the way, he does not uphold but suspends judgment,—if it has not, then by no means can it be called a failure, for the reason that it never professed to promote material amelioration. In the same pages he parries ruthlessly with the distressing question of the number of the elect, and although he would reason logically, he is too impetuous to detect that sentiment apart from logic has its own argument—an opinion illustrated in Newman's very original *Grammar of Assent*. An example like this goes to show Patmore's extremism, his inability to view the field from all points. He lacks mental poise, and even while he advocates repose of manner he does so in words that tremble like leaves in an unseemly blast. It is because of such violent Christian teachers that we wax frightened at those words of music and of magic, "Progress," "Liberty," words which the enemies of Christianity have stolen from us while we slept.

Yet it must come at times to the most unreasoning optimist, as it came with vehemence to Patmore, that all this forward social movement may be but another bitter jest, illustrating the mere impossibility for anything in this or any other planet to be at rest. In that strong poetic utterance, "Crest and Gulf," he leaves us with the impression made by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"—that that prophet is wisest and taught by heaven who confesses that he can but see nothing; that this fresh stream of advance is only another fitful heaving in the sea of history. It shall mount to the crest and slop down ingloriously into the trough of the billow:

"Crest altering still to gulf
And gulf to crest,
In endless chase
That leaves the tossing water anchored in its place!"

This sober thought tinged his patriotic poems; even while they breathe a fierce love of country, they are never joyous. So, too, with his political poems (if I may call them such); they are unhappy to a degree. He is peevish and ill-tempered with those who prate about equality and social rights:

"Yonder the people cast their caps o'erhead,
And swear the threatened doom is ne'er to dread
That's come, though not yet past.
All front the horror and are none aghast ;
Brag of their full-blown rights and liberties,
Nor once surmise
When each man gets his due the Nation dies ;
Nay, still shout ' Progress ! ' as if seven plagues
Should take the laggard who would stretch his legs.
Forward ! glad rush of the Gergesenian swine ;
You've gain'd the hill-top, but there's yet the brine.
Forward ! bad corpses turn into good dung
To feed strange futures beautiful and young.
Forward ! to meet the welcome of the waves
That mount to 'whelm the freedom which enslaves.
Forward ! God speed ye down the damn'd decline,
And grant ye the Fool's true good in abject ruin's gulf,
As the Wise see him so to see himself ! "

If he is intolerant and aristocratic in his politics, so too can he become of very narrow gauge in matters of religion. His Catholicity is very often unmannerly and aggressive. He tries to introduce a species of ultra-Toryism into it which is out of harmony with its very name. If a series of hypotheses were constructed purporting to give the percentage of the elect, it would probably have suited his cast of mind to choose the one that sent most souls to damnation. One has but to read the essay on " Distinction " to learn his opinion of Modern Democracy : " I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real Democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe ; and our own Democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early and probably a violent end. . . . In the meantime, ' genius ' and ' distinction ' will become more and more identified with loudness ; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one ; inhuman humanitarianism ; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life ; tolerance and even open profession and adoption of ideas which

Rochester and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals provided it be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority. That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction, surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come."

Mr. Patmore is best in the serener ether of contemplation. It is here that he proves himself a man of deep religious instinct. He revels in the most abstruse problems concerning the being of God. He approaches the mystery of the triple Personality in one Being as the only condition by which he can apprehend the Deity. What, after all, is the Trinity but the relation between Subject and Object—that which in theological terminology is called divine immanence? He has grasped this truth with unusual facility. In "The Three Witnesses" the poetry is defective but the thought is clear. How wonderful to think that Greek philosophers earlier than Plato, and that wise men from Egypt and India more or less obscurely, apprehended God under what Patmore calls "the analogue of difference of sex in one entity"! To Orpheus is attributed: "God is a beautiful Youth and a Divine Nymph." Plato divined that there are three sexes in every entity. With Christian theology the Holy Spirit is the "amplexus" of the First Person and the Second of the Ever-Blessed Trinity. So, too, is this living triplicity somewhat shadowed forth in the animal, vegetative, and mineral kingdoms. The grossest atom in this universe is the "amplexus" of the two opposed forces, expansion and contraction. All being is the harmony of two opposites. That which exists is the result of a process of conflicts—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. All entity has a unity in trinity. That which is natural and human takes the form of sex.

To be sure, it were useless to imagine that such propositions can arouse conviction at the first presentation. The mere reading of Patmore's essay "The Bow set in the Cloud" is valueless unless it be studied and prayed over. He who would rend the veil must have clean hands. His eyes must be of the spirit to discern Wisdom when she is unveiled. As St. George Mivart recently remarked, the sensuous images which are used in one age to express God, who is unimaginable, may be quite repellant to the eyes of another age. There is no irreverence or lack of faith in passing by the non-essential

Hebraicisms which appeal to peoples of the Orient. That tender intimacy tempered with fear—the agony of desire between the soul and God—bears in “the unitive way” an analogy between the affection of bride and lover. In the days of King Edward III. of England an anchoress of Norwich named Mother Juliana wrote charming revelations of divine love. There are several passages relative to what she expresses in old English as: “Three manners of beholdings of Mother-head in God.” Take private revelations for what they are worth, but if the term “Motherhood of God” seems strange to us it is because we do not know how to express the element of femininity which exists in God, and in Woman as she is the reflection of some of the attributes of God. Christ as a man, and also as the literal manifestation of God in history, combines in their proper proportion the tenderness of the woman with the strength of the man. “. . . The anthropomorphic character which so universally marks the religion of the simple and is so great a scandal to the ‘wise’ may be regarded as a remote confession of the Incarnation, a saving instinct of the fact that a God who is not a man is, for man, no God.” The Church represents Christ as the glory of the Father who is His Head. Man is the glory of his head, Christ, as Woman is the glory of Man, who is her head—a fact which Milton gained through his power of intuition and without the aid of Catholic theology:

“He for God only, she for God in him.”

With wondrous skill Patmore traces these thoughts in the essay “Dieu et Ma Dame”; in the verses also, “De Natura Deorum,” “Legem Tuam Dilexi,” “Deliciæ Sapientiæ De Amore,” and several others. No one but Patmore could take our gross English speech and weave of it a white raiment to shroud the bliss of the soul, the secret between the divine Psyche and the diviner Eros. But if we be of “The People of a Stammering Tongue” who have not been told of such a vision, let us remember that divine teaching is almost always gradual.

The new visions looming up in the vast fields of modern knowledge present our God in new shadows of Transfiguration. Science, physical, critical, and historical, will doubtless create a new and more profitable symbolism to represent conceptions of a God who is inconceivable. Patmore, true to his poet nature, selected his symbolism from the domain of emotion, and not

from nature. He has, however, deprecated all art and life which is subject only to emotionalism. The music of Handel, the poetry of Æschylus, and the architecture of the Parthenon are to him sublime appeals—because they take little or no account of the emotions. Yet it would be unfair to say that Patmore does not concern himself with the material world. He does indeed, but as genius always does: he pierces through it and attaches a divine signification to its changing aspects; as, for instance, when he represents the fulfilment of the positive and negative powers in the electric fire as being a faint reflection of the “embrace” existing in the essence of the Deity. He gives science its proper place—it is but a means to an end. Scientific men are of all men the most illiberal—they are at best but specialists. The theologian who is worried about them does not know his books. His worst indignity is to sniff around chemicals and animalculæ. Let him take his nose out of the dust and hold his head erect in his own sphere. The economy of the material universe has no relation to the fold of the spirit.

“Not greatly moved with awe am I
To learn that we may spy
Five thousand firmaments beyond our own.
The best that’s known
Of the heavenly bodies does them credit small.
Viewed close, the Moon’s fair ball
Is of ill objects worst,
A corpse in Night’s highway, naked, fire-scarr’d, accurst.
And now they tell
That the Sun is plainly seen to boil and burst
Too horribly for hell.
So judging from these two,
As we must do,
The universe outside our living Earth
Was all conceived in the Creator’s mirth,
Forecasting at the time Man’s spirit deep,
To make dirt cheap,
Put by the Telescope!
Better without it man may see,
Stretched awful in the hushed midnight,
The Ghost of his eternity.
Give me the nobler glass that swells to the eye,
The things that near us lie.”

In an essay of three or four pages, entitled "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Purity," Patmore shows how the jaundiced eye of heresy has weakened our visual power, and, because it is the most mortal of sins, has colored with sickly hue things that are fair and good in themselves. In times past moralists were wiser: their methods for the cultivation of virtue were so prohibitive and negative; they taught chastity not so much by the suppression of desire as by the presentation to the will of a pure object and the proper direction of the tide of passion. Consequently modern life knows nothing of the ardor that is virginal. Yet ancient and mediæval Catholicism gave us saints thrice-widowed, who their

"birth-time's consecrating dew . . .
For death's sweet chrism retained,
Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!"

From the ancient day when Cecilia so charged the air with the ozone of her moral presence that Valerian could no longer look upon her, to the mediæval time when Henry, king as well as saint, knelt a slave to the virtue of his queen, it was a familiar doctrine which Patmore has tried to revive in the ode "To the Body." It was a

"Little, sequester'd pleasure-house
For God and for His Spouse;
Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
Since, from the grace decorum of the hair,
Ev'n to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonished hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres,
Formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
Lest shameless men cry 'Shame!'"

Ideas such as these were faintly suggested by the best of Romans before the period of decline, and with the nobler conceptions of the Greek. You will bear with me if my memory does not serve me correctly in repeating a scene, possibly from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, where the tragedian paints Polyxena with her throat cut, falling upon the altar, and how,

conscious even in death of her modesty, she carefully folds the snow-white raiment over her bosom. It was not until the advent of Christ's Mother that the high dreams of the pagans were fulfilled. With vestal grace she combined in her virginal maternity the dignities of the matron with the honors of the virgin, and, as Patmore puts it when writing of how she missed corruption,

"Therefore, holding a little thy soft breath,
Thou underwent'st the ceremony of death."

An admirable quality in Patmore is his independence of spirit. He does not argue. He assures you that "Christianity is an Experimental Science," and says, by way of passing: "Try it and see." The saints when they talk understand each other. To Mr. Huxley and Mr. Morley their parlance would be like the hooting of owls. If I may not be abused for saying it, I would intimate that Patmore is an impressionist in his apprehension of the mysteries behind religion. To the many who see not he will ever be an impossible colorist. If you cannot see, then so much the worse for you, he would seem to say. The tones that linger on purple hill and upon skies of gold have impressed themselves upon the painter's eye. Almost all modern impressionists are dishonorable and pictorial liars. They paint, but they do not see. Not so with Patmore. He has safeguarded "The Point of Honor," and sees more than he can write about. He is too honest to be influenced by the hypocrisy so rife in modern religion, art, and letters. Patmore is a true impressionist. He beholds and points out views visible only to the finished artistic eye.

I have tender scruples that in the beginning I put my finger on what he defines as "The Limitations of Genius"—those moods of impatience that are congenital with rare intellectual power. If so, I send a message to wherever his bright spirit reigns that he may deem me fit for absolution. Sargent has painted him long and lean, thin-fingered and weak-chested, with a face eager and crowned with the broad brow of the visionary. It may be noted that nothing has been said of the things that constitute his form of art: the involved clause, colloquialism, symmetry, metre, and rhythm; but such discussions are at best but tedious. Infinitely more interesting is the man, his work and his life. With resolution he bore his last agony. Having received the Holy Viaticum, he was anointed with the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Then having left us, he went to face Death.

REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

V.

NOTABLE ECCLESIASTICS.—INTERVIEWS WITH NEWMAN.

MY personal recollections of men and things in England coincide with my first years in the priesthood, namely, from August, 1848, until near the close of January, 1851. I was ordained by Monseigneur Paredis, Bishop of Ruremonde, in the Dutch Limbourg, August 27, 1848. I soon after was assigned to go to England, with my three companions, Father Teunis, Father Lefevre, and Isaac Hecker. We arrived in London Sunday, September 23, 1848, and retired at once to the Redemptorist House in Clapham. Later on, I was assigned to another house of the order, at Hanley, in Worcestershire.

The first time I ever saw John Henry Newman was in the early part of 1849. It was on a visit to Birmingham in order to meet two old friends and acquaintances whom I had known in America, namely, Baron Schroeder, a German Catholic, and Rev. Dr. Finney, of Oberlin College. I profited gladly by the opportunity of making acquaintance, at the same time, with Dr. Newman at his Oratory. I spent a happy evening there with him and his companions in religion, in their recreation room, before a genial fire, which smiled upon us from the hearth. I was placed directly in front of the fire-place, and close to me on the right hand side sat Newman, hugging his knees not very gracefully, and watching the fire during much of the time, with a glow on his face not inferior to its own. He was in a happy mood that evening. Directly opposite him sat a young American, in whose presence he manifestly took great delight. This was Robert Tillotson, a son of Tillotson of Barrytown, on the Hudson. Tillotson was at that time very young, scarcely out of his boyhood. He had sailed from New York to Liverpool on one of his father's vessels, and made his way at once to Dr. Newman, who was his chief and almost only attraction in England. It was a short process to make a convert of this young

American, who soon also made up his mind to remain in Birmingham and connect himself with the magnetic circle which he found at the Oratory. Tillotson's youthful frankness and vivacity, and a certain something peculiar to our western world and known abroad as Americanism, was evidently very attractive to the great Oxonian, who delighted in drawing him out. I also felt very much at home.

The rest of the company present were, so far as I remember, all Oratorians. They constituted a moving background engaged for the most part in conversation amongst themselves. This larger group, however, was easily broken up and gathered nearer to the fireside when any interesting topic was started there likely to draw out the sentiments of their venerated Superior. A topic like this came up in regard to Dr. Pusey. I do not remember what led to it, but Newman's opinion was asked as to the probability of Dr. Pusey's conversion to the faith. He showed no anxiety to avoid the question, but took time to answer and expressed himself slowly and with a marked caution to say no more than the question called for. I do not pretend to give his exact words. "Of course," he said, "while there is life, there is room for hope. I must say, however, that I do not see how any one who knows Dr. Pusey intimately can found any special probability of his conversion upon that knowledge."

It was some time before this that Dr. Pusey had occasion to express his opinion upon the conversion of his old friend, John Henry Newman, not a matter of hope, nor of probability, but an accomplished fact. He did it publicly and without any expression of regret. He looked upon Newman's conversion as an interesting game known to boys as the "tug-of-war," the party pulling the hardest winning the victory. "It is all right," he said. "The Roman Catholics prayed for Newman harder than we did and God has given him to them." When the news of this conversion was announced in a circle of the Redemptorist Convent at St. Trond, in Belgium, our novice master was less astonished at the conversion than at Pusey's comment. "What baby-talk is this?" he said.

Another visit to Birmingham and to Dr. Newman at the Oratory was in company with a foreign priest. We sat down to the table with the whole community and their Superior. Silence was observed by all except by one of the company who, seated on a bench at the desk and upon an elevated platform, read aloud in English. Later on all joined in an in-

teresting discussion which need not become a part of these reminiscences. It might be interesting in some other book, but I do not wish to lug it in by the ears in this article. My friend had a conversation with Newman himself, his part being necessarily all in Latin. The difference in the pronunciation of that language made the conversation slow but perfectly intelligible. It was all about Newman's position and the work of conversion. He could not answer definitely to many of the questions put him, but was always very kind and very gentle. When, at last, one was put about which he could speak as definitely as it was possible to think definitely, he did not hesitate. Will Englishmen follow up this tide without allowing it to stop? Will men in this land so listen to the grace of God that now one and now another, now more, now more, now more will enter the church, until at last the country may fairly be called Catholic, and truly, looking back from some point in the future, will it look like a single thing in history? Gathering all such questions into one single issue, as a lawyer would say: Will all England be converted, and will that happy time come soon? Having thus cautiously got the whole question into a proper shape, Newman was prepared to make his reply. The reply was: "SPERO FORE."

As he said this a sweet smile took possession of his lips and his eyes brightened with joy. At some moments of painful fear since then, moments, nevertheless, of joyous hope for the conversion of Americans to the Faith, I have taken refuge in these same two golden words of Newman, *Spero fore*. It is an old and well-known saying that "Rome was not built in one day," nor is it likely that any man in this western world already born will live to celebrate the jubilee of America's conversion. There is a great deal of work to be done to bring this about. There is a great deal of opposition to be encountered. But it is no burst of childish enthusiasm for a Catholic heart that bounds with hope to look far forward, to say, and say joyously: SPERO FORE.

The work to which God called John Henry Newman and to which he devoted his whole heart and soul was the conversion of England. He loved Englishmen. If his love amounted to something more than an instinctive preference for one's own native land, it was this divine interior calling which, in him, lifted love up into the supernatural. By a reverse action this accounts for the prevailing love of Englishmen for him. Setting aside some undoubted and very natural exceptions,

this great man's name was honored and dear in England during his life-time and will remain so. Love begets love. Devotion begets devotion. I saw a great deal during my stay in England of this attraction towards Newman, although my duties gave me little opportunity to cultivate my own personal acquaintance with him. From time to time some religious of his order came to make a retreat in our quiet and secluded little chapel at Hanley. These retreats were made in silence; but before and after them we were always ready and eager to draw out such guests into conversation upon their work and that of their chief. I do not remember any visit of Newman himself to Hanley, or to any of our convents or chapels. But reports were spread about more than once in Worcestershire and the neighboring counties that he was expected to preach for us. This brought letters of inquiry from various quarters asking to know the time and what facilities there would be to hear him. The writers were almost always Protestants; sometimes gentry having country seats in the neighborhood, but more frequently Anglican clergymen. It required no little nerve on the part of these writers to overcome the difficulties and embarrassments which lay in the way of coming to Catholic services. To hear Newman preach, however, was an affair of magnetic attraction sufficient to overcome any ordinary difficulty, excuse all scruples, and override human respect.

I do not think that right-minded Protestants are unfavorably impressed by the thought that Catholics are anxious to convert them. In their hearts they know that it ought to be so. Gladstone must have been perfectly aware of this burning zeal in the friend of his early years, and that his own conversion was a hope near to that great heart. Could he love Newman less for being so valued? Gladstone was only one conspicuous man amongst many others that did not follow Newman into the church, but loved him none the less.

To another distinguished convert, an old friend and acquaintance at Oxford, when he said, "This is the first misunderstanding," Gladstone replied, curtly, "I think not the first!"

Is human nature different here in America? Do Protestants in this country feel greater respect for American Catholics, or love us more, when they perceive that we manifest little concern in their conversion? Can we gain their hearts to our cause, or accredit our church as the true church of Christ, when we are forward to wave their religious flags for them and assure them they need no conversion? No indeed, this cannot

rightly pass for genuine liberality. It finds no model in the example of Christ. It is not Christian. It is not apostolic.

VI.

REDEMPTORIST CLOISTER AT HANLEY, IN WORCESTERSHIRE.—
ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.—CONVERTS OF NEWMAN.

During the writer's two or three years of residence in England many converts were received into the church at the Redemptorist cloister near Hanley Centre, in Worcestershire. Their church and chapel, located about twenty miles south of Worcester City and four miles east of the Malvern Hills, was built on the grounds of Thomas Charles Hornyhold, Esq., and chiefly at his expense. The gateway which opened from the public road to Blackmore Park stood close to the convent, with its beautiful little church and churchyard. A short walk or drive made up the distance to the Hornyhold mansion.

Although this country chapel, in charge of the Redemptorists, was too small to hold any great crowd of worshippers, it was advantageously located. Besides the Catholic peasantry of the neighborhood, it was easily reached by several families of the landed gentry who, like the Hornyholds, adhered to the old faith and were generally connected with the occupants of Blackmore Park by family ties. Theresa Hornyhold, a sister of the squire above mentioned, married John Vincent Gandolfi, Esq. Squire Hornyhold dying without issue, the name of Gandolfi now succeeds as proprietor of Blackmore and patron of the chapel. A few miles to the east across the Severn, on the slope of Overbury Hill, lay the residence of Mr. Fitz-Herbert, whose wife, a Gandolfi, was niece to Squire Hornyhold. In the same direction and not far away resided another Catholic family, that of Lord Stafford.

In the city of Worcester Squire Hornyhold found his second wife, Lucy Weston. Her name stands recorded with that of her husband on a side window of the sanctuary at Hanley Church, they being the chief benefactors.

The last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, of Alton Towers, was also a large land-holder in the neighborhood, and a kin to the Hornyhold family. He was, also, not an infrequent visitor at Blackmore Park. He came to our chapel one day alone and unattended. He walked there from the Park to wait for his carriage, which was to come for him with friends. He had to wait there about an hour and a half, and as I was the only

priest at home, it fell to my lot to show him some new things, additions to the vestments in the sacristy and repairs in both church and convent, which he had heard of and desired to see; and otherwise to entertain him until the arrival of Squire Hornyhold and the earl's party. Of course I did my best, for I had the highest respect for his Christian character as made known to me by report, and was glad to take his measure for myself as far as the present occasion gave me opportunity.

I was much pleased with him. His manner was that of a perfect gentleman, but I thought him somewhat cold and reserved. This I attributed to some anxiety about the non-arrival of his friends. After being seated together awhile in the parlor, he expressed a wish to walk in the garden. We went out together, but when in the garden he turned towards the gate which led out upon the road and said he would rather walk there. It struck me at that moment that he wished to be alone. After opening the gate for him I left him to walk by himself, and returned to the garden, occupying myself with my breviary. When Squire Hornyhold arrived and found he was not in the house or garden, he expressed much surprise that I should not have followed him out upon the road. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a friend at Little Malvern who was well acquainted with English ways and customs, he said: "No, I think you are mistaken about wishing to be alone, for he is not much given to reserve, but likes conversation. I think he took you for an Irishman, and with the Irish priests, at this time, he is not very popular."

This may have been true or, indeed, it may have been something arising from my own manner, for when in Europe my American ways seem to have been sufficiently apparent. Whatever the truth may be, I mention him simply as a distinguished and excellent Catholic and one of the belongings of the district.

I remember that the door of our church, or chapel, had posted on it a list of only seven voters, of whom the principal three were Squire Hornyhold and two gentlemen of the name of Lechmere. These Lechmeres were brothers, one being pastor of the parish and also, therefore, in possession of the glebe lands; and his brother, Sir Anthony, having his residence westward of us near the border of Wales, and I think on the Welsh side of that border. It was on the way to Hereford and about half way, the entire distance being only twenty miles. I knew of only one Catholic in the family of Lechmere.

She was a daughter. She was a recent convert to the Catholic faith, and at that time a close prisoner in her father's family, attended by a guard—that is, a lady's maid, who kept watch upon the movements of her young mistress to prevent all communication with Catholics. We may have more to say about this young lady hereafter.

A name very familiar in our neighborhood and to our little community at the Catholic chapel was that of Charles T. Bodenham, Esq., of Rotherwas. His residence was near the city of Hereford, in Wales. It was not far from the border of England and soon reached by any visitor from Malvern. This residence had always been regarded as an excellent type of the mansion of a first-class commoner of ancient family. Its lofty situation above the river Wye, its beautiful and commanding prospect, together with the wonderful antiquities which its walls enclosed, has given rise to an old adage often quoted :

“Non datur cuivis adire Rotherwas.”

Not every one is able to live at Rotherwas.

The mind of the author, however, remains far more impressed with the personality of Charles Bodenham, Esq., than with the antiquity of his family or the wonders of Bodenham Hall. He was a full-blooded Catholic, but not of the ordinary mould. The fears excited in the minds of many and, I may say, most English Catholics by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill were not shared by this doughty champion of the church. It simply excited him to indignation. At one of those conventions called in order to arouse the country to a fury he made his appearance promptly. He took his seat upon the platform above the crowd and in the centre of the assembled gentry. When his time came to speak, he responded without the slightest hesitation, and as we say in America, quoting one of our distinguished poets, Nathaniel P. Willis:

“He flung defiance to the ring.”

I am confident that English Protestants respected all the more that ancient faith which Bodenham so nobly defended. Painters are generally fond of representing our Blessed Lord as parting his hair in the middle. That tradition may well be doubted. It may equally be doubted whether Catholics in our day when in the presence of aggressive adversaries, whether Protestant or infidel, gain much by parting their words in the middle.

What has just been written is intended to be a pen-sketch of a locality in England at a stormy time. In this sketch a group of prominent Catholics are called to the front consisting mostly of men and families connected by religion, by kinship, and by constant social intercommunication with the master of Blackmore Park. The various individuals collected in this group are delineated by the author's recollections, and only in such light and color as his failing memory retains. In a group consisting of Hornyholds, Gandolfs, Fitz Herberts, Talbots, east and west of the Severn, where the author's recollections of England chiefly lie, the figure of Mr. Bodenham could not well be left out. We have only time to mention him now, but we are glad to put him in a strong light. To be sure it is but a partial light, but we think it will do him no serious discredit.

Having spoken sufficiently for the present of the locality of our Redemptorist Convent, it is time to speak of ourselves and of our opportunities at Hanley to put in good work for the Catholic cause. Our most interesting work was that of gaining and securing converts to the Holy Church. A prominent father from the Convent College of the students at Wittem, or Wilre, in the Netherlands, in a letter which gave us great pleasure, said: "We look upon Hanley here as a second Thonon, gathering converts like St. Francis de Sales." Other religious and parish priests were doing similar work all over England, especially in country places, until the work was badly blockaded by the excitement aroused against it by the establishment of the new Catholic hierarchy or, as some thought, by the way in which it was done.

The part which I took in this line in our establishment at Hanley and in the little town of Upton-on-Severn, four miles distant, where a few Catholic families resided, gave me a class of catechumens varying, of course, in their number, but averaging about nine. These I could gather by appointment. Some of them came to me at our convent. The larger part gathered to me at Upton, where we had built a little chapel, which was committed to my care. Our superior, Father Lans, also received many, and generally those of higher rank and influence. Father Teunis, a native of Brabant, and Father Le Fevre, a Walloon, both did good work in the same way, though comparatively new to the English language.

One of the most remarkable converts who made her profession of faith before our altar at Hanley Centre came to us on wings furnished her by John Henry Newman. Let me call her

Mrs. Hunter. She was one of a crowd who had listened to a course of his lectures. I do not think that he ever knew what he had done for her soul. She came to us to be received into the true fold of Christ, because her home was in our neighborhood. She received the necessary practical instructions at the hands of Father Lans. She brought with her her three children. The two elder children, a boy and a girl, were of sufficient age to understand what they were doing very well. They took to the catechism eagerly. After the first Mass they heard, they walked out with me into the garden. There they danced around me with perfect delight at escaping from the dry, sapless ceremonies of Anglicanism. The youngest child, Grace, was less than five years old. It was not intended that she should be introduced into the church by any special formality. When, however, the day came for her mother and the two elder children to make their profession of faith, Gracie insisted upon taking her part in the ceremony and doing everything done by the others. She added a little variation, however, of her own devising. After kissing the Gospel and receiving Father Lans' absolution from heresy, and benediction, she turned her beaming face to the few spectators gathered in front of the sanctuary, she swung her little hands, and clearing two steps with a single bound, she landed triumphantly on the floor. One thing only was left out, which she did not know of at first. She had not been in the confessional. She made this all right afterwards. When in the parlor of the convent her sister whispered to Father Lans that Gracie wanted to make her confession also, and without caring to lose time about this, without waiting for surplice, stole, or kneeling-stool, she called out to her confessor, "I broke my crucifix!" and then ran away laughing into the hall.

The husband of this lady, the father of these little children, was a gentleman not disposed to invest much religious concern in religious matters of any kind. He was a sportsman, and his heart was devoted to hunting. The next visit this lady paid to us he came with her in a handsome carriage, giving his attention to the children, while she held the reins. I went out to the door to meet them.

"What!" said I, "do you let your wife do the driving?"

"Not always," he said, "but she can do it. She can drive a four-in-hand, sir."

I wondered that he should come at all, but his wife accounted for it to me afterwards. He had become interested in

me. He wanted to see an American. He wanted to learn all he could about our great forests and lakes, and the game that abounded in the Adirondacks, a wonder-world which filled his imagination. He and I soon became engaged in this kind of conversation, while his wife and children were kept occupied by Father Lans with matters more congenial to them. I was not much of a sportsman, to be sure, but I had near relatives to whom the forests of New York were familiar, and what I had to tell him in regard to these things was enough to induce him to make one of the party whenever his family drove in to our convent at Hanley. At last he took a house near us at Hanley Centre. Quite an acquisition was this to the society of the little village, and an addition to the congregation.

At the first visit which I paid to this new house, after looking at the hall and principal apartments, and the attractions contained in the garden, Mrs. Hunter led me back to the parlor and made me sit down in a very comfortable chair.

"Now, father, look around you," she said, "and tell me how you like this room and its furniture."

"It is all very fine," I replied. "I admire it very much."

"But is it not very comfortable?" she persisted.

"Very," was my answer.

"But look again, father. Is there nothing which reminds you of your own home in America?"

I was much puzzled, and remained so, until she explained to my dulness that I was sitting in a veritable American rocking-chair, a thing so familiar to me in my own country that I had not thought of its oddity in England.

It does not seem to me that I need give an excuse for remembering so well the advent to Hanley of this Hunter family. I think I ought, however, to assign a reason for introducing so much of detail in regard to this new dwelling house, the new furniture in its parlor, and myself so unconscious of the rocking-chair in which I was seated. Full of a native independence as I was, I know of no time in my life when I was so little conscious of being an American. This Anglican attack upon liberty of thought in Christian worship filled me with indignation like that of Mr. Bodenham, none the less keenly because the obscurity of my position in England deprived me of the privilege of letting off steam. No wonder, therefore, that I sat quiet in a rocking-chair without thinking of it, mindless also of home! The only pleasure at hand was to witness the new-found joy that beamed out from the heart of this convert

lady, so near to a Catholic church, with her dearest friends around her. No wonder that the woes awaiting English Catholics, and already thickening in the air, were absent from her thoughts in a moment so full of new sweetness! No wonder that her smiles and those of the little planets that revolved around her were so catching to me, soothing my sorrows and helping to calm my indignation, but drowning at the same time all thoughts of America and American wares in presence of their joy. It made me, however, proud indeed to help in the work of England's conversion.

I give my account of this Hunter family as a type of a number of converts from the educated and cultivated class of Englishmen to whom Newman and his Oxford followers had preached the Faith, while it was left to us foreign priests at Hanley to finish the work begun by him and introduce them into the true fold from which their ancestors had departed. The town of Hanley, and other towns and villages which clustered around the Malvern Hills, furnished us, however, with something besides converts. They gave us dangerous adversaries, both residents and visitors. They brought us into hostile contact with Anglicans who did not belong to the Oxford Movement, but were hostile to it. Many of these had minds well stored with scraps of learning gathered from Protestant sources. They carried about with them small-arms of controversy, which could be used with much effect in social life, where verification of authority could not readily be called for, but strong assertion could be made to supply the want of proof. My memory furnishes me with a good example to show what influence this kind of brow-beating often has.

Among the visitors to Malvern Hills one summer was a French Catholic of noble family, a Breton count. One Sunday morning, after High Mass, he came into our convent parlor and asked to see some priest of the community. Father Lefevre and the author were sent to wait upon him. After introducing himself to us, he told us that he had been very much annoyed and his conscience disturbed by some Protestant acquaintances of his, with whom he had become very intimate at Malvern and who were very agreeable people to know. They had shown him some work of an Anglican divine in which a letter of one of the early fathers, St. Gregory the Great, himself a Roman Pontiff, was quoted, showing him to have abandoned all idea of Papal supremacy and to have claimed no higher authority in the church

than any other bishop. This letter was addressed to John, surnamed the Faster, Patriarch of Constantinople. Fortunately the whole of this letter is still in existence and given at full length amongst the works of St. Gregory. This letter we had in Latin, and when the count said he understood Latin, we took the book down from a shelf in the parlor and asked him to read the letter through and through. In doing this the count found, to his astonishment, that it constantly asserts the superiority of the See of Rome to all other bishoprics. What St. Gregory objects to, is the form of the title Œcumenical Bishop, which the Patriarch of Constantinople claimed for his patriarchate, and which the Emperor Phocas, himself a resident of Constantinople, would not allow to be used in his empire. The reason assigned by the emperor for forbidding it was, that such a title could only be used by the Bishop of Rome.

St. Gregory objected to the use of this title by any bishop, even by himself, as being equivocal. He claimed in preference a better and clearer title, namely, that of "Bishop of the Universal Church."

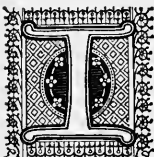
When our French visitor had finished reading the letter he was completely disgusted, and laying down the book, he said :

"That will do. I have had enough of this. I'll have no more discussion with these English friends of mine on points of controversy. I never knew of anything more unfair than such suppression of the truth. They use the Fathers as they use the Scriptures. It is only a new form of the old trick. I was foolish to let myself be worried by it."

Many years later, when living at Baltimore in Maryland, the same letter of St. Gregory was made use of in the same way to prevent a young lady of a distinguished family in that city from uniting herself to the ancient church. The chief agent of the deceit in this latter case was not a Protestant layman, but a prominent clergyman, and one who afterwards stood high amongst Episcopalians as a talented bishop. As the young lady in question did not understand Latin, I took the trouble to translate the whole letter into English and publish it in the *Baltimore Mirror*. It had the same effect as before, and the young lady made her profession of Faith without any further anxiety of conscience.

THE URSULINE NUNS AND A NORMAL COLLEGE.

BY ISABEL ALLARDYCE.

N the year 1730 a prominent citizen of Lille, France, wrote in his memoirs: "The Ursuline nuns are held in great esteem here on account of the excellent education they give to young girls, particularly in religious instruction and fine needlework." The reputation so justly earned has in nowise diminished in our own day; on the contrary, the sisters of St. Ursula have always advanced with the times, and their latest innovation, the founding of a Normal College for the instruction of their novices in the higher branches of the arts and sciences, proves that they do not mean their pupils to be in any way behind those who attend the most advanced secular colleges.

St. Angela Merici, when she drew up the rules for her institution, inserted a clause to the effect that the members should always conform to the exigencies of time and place, and make the changes that differences of situation might require. This clause was specially approved by Pope Paul III. in the bull which he published in 1544, and that it was worthy of the notice and approbation it then received has been proved by the effect it has since had upon the progress and work of the order.

The first community of Ursulines was founded by St. Angela Merici in Brescia, her native place, in 1537, and the same year she established another house at Rome. The members at first made no vows, but consecrated themselves entirely to the gratuitous education of children, visiting the poorest parts of the city daily, teaching them in their own homes, and giving young girls a means of livelihood by a thorough training in the various branches of needlework. This community was known as the Company of St. Ursula until 1572, when Pope Gregory XII., at the earnest solicitation of St. Charles Borromeo, raised it to the dignity of a religious order under the rule of St. Augustine. A convent was established at Milan under the personal direction of the saint, the vows of religion were taken, and instead of going out to teach, the

children were assembled in the convent. The fame of the Virgin of Brescia spread throughout Italy, traversed the Alps, and penetrated into France, where communities were so rapidly formed that in less than a century over a hundred convents were flourishing in the "most Christian Kingdom," and before the Revolution nine thousand Ursulines, in three hundred convents, were engaged in the education of young French girls of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. The other countries of Europe followed this glorious example, and America did not delay in imitating them.

During the French Revolution the convents of St. Ursula suffered less in proportion than those of more ancient foundation, and the facility with which they sprang up again after the tempest had subsided was surprising. Some of them did not disperse at all, even during the most distressing period, and as soon as peace was restored and the practice of religion again allowed, the Ursulines reopened their schools, and renewed their noble tasks, not, as in the preceding century, under the protection of letters patent and royal approbation, but with that simplicity of soul and earnestness of purpose which are the attributes of those whose sole object is the accomplishment of a holy mission, and the fulfilment of a sublime vocation.

Italy, as we know, has not been free from revolutionary troubles, and the Ursuline Convent at Rome suffered severely through the changes of government. After the invasion of the Papal States, although the tribunal recognized the proprietary rights of the Ursulines, the king confiscated a part of their convent for the use of a public school without religious instruction of any kind. In one day fifty rooms, the half of the garden, and a terrace were appropriated for this purpose, and the nuns were driven to the necessity of turning their cells into class-rooms in order to keep their pupils.

At the same time the funds of the convent were suppressed, and a pension was granted them by the government. Towards the end of the year 1875 they were commanded to give up the best part of their grounds for the building of an Academy of Music, which was not opened until twenty years later; in the interval the nuns were continually disturbed and annoyed by the untimely visits of officious inspectors and contractors, who comported themselves like victors in a conquered land, and by the noisy operations of the workmen who followed to execute their plans.

The Italian law now forbade their receiving new novices, and from 1870 to 1877 thirteen nuns died, leaving only sixteen choir sisters and ten lay sisters. In 1891 the "pensioners of the state" were reduced to the number of nine, most of whom were very old, and a cry of distress then went forth from the convent which found a sympathetic echo in France. The flourishing community of Blois decided to respond to this appeal, and in September, 1894, three sisters went from this house for the purpose, according to their own expression, "of relighting near the tomb of the Apostles the almost extinguished lamp of St. Angela."

How well they have accomplished their mission the handsome new convent at Rome, completed in September, 1896, eloquently testifies.

The house at Calvi has also suffered from the ravages of war, and endured all the horrors of a veritable siege. In 1798, during the French invasion, six thousand Neapolitans took refuge behind its strong walls, and thus protected, held out for some time against the enemy; but the French troops finally effected an entrance and installed themselves in the convent, and the sufferings of the nuns during the stay of these unwelcome visitors are a matter of history in the order to this day.

The funds of this house also were confiscated, and there was not a single profession within its walls for thirty years; but the convent of Blois came forward once more, and in May, 1895, sent three of their nuns to Calvi, where they were received with the greatest joy and enthusiasm, and escorted to their new home amid the acclamations of the whole population. The heart of the people had not changed with the laws of the country.

Blois has given new life to the two convents of Rome and Calvi, but up to the present each house has been distinct and independent of the other. According to the law of Italy, these institutions, as independent monasteries, have not the right to exist, and are menaced with extinction if the arm that protects them should be for an instant withdrawn. A closer union was considered desirable and necessary to the welfare of the order, and after serious reflection it was decided to unite the three houses under one superior-general, resident at Rome. The Pope was consulted on the subject, and not only consented to the new departure but highly approved of it as being in perfect accordance with the spirit of the foundress, who,

when she made her famous clause, must have foreseen that the changes of time would necessitate change of rule and regulation.

As soon as the union had received the approbation of the Holy Father, Cardinal Satolli, who was closely associated with the order during his stay in the United States, was appointed Cardinal Protector of the Congregation of Ursulines, and was requested by the Pope to make known to the Ursuline convents of the whole world that they would be for the future all united under a superior-general residing at Rome.

Beneficial results are already apparent as the fruit of this union. A project that has been contemplated for years, but which would have been impracticable had the houses remained independent of each other, is now under consideration, and will be put into execution with as little delay as possible. This is the establishment of the Normal College at Blois before mentioned, for the advanced instruction of the novices in the higher branches of education.

It is necessary that communities of an educational order should have teachers equal to the demands of modern systems of education, and the object of the college is to accomplish this satisfactorily, and keep each community supplied with an adequate number of fully qualified teachers. It will be conducted by those sisters who have gained their experience by many years of teaching in different countries, assisted by ecclesiastical professors who have taken their academic degree.

The greatest encouragement has been given to the promoters by the highest dignitaries of the church, and it is expected that all the convents of the order will aid the enterprise by sending those novices who show special talent for teaching, and taste for the arts and sciences, that they may receive the advantages here offered them, and so become competent to train the minds and develop the tastes of the brightest intellects placed in their charge.



WOMEN AND THE DRINK PROBLEM.

BY M. E. J. KELLEY.



SOCIAL problems are to the fore just now. It was the fashion, up to a few years ago, to insist that America was signally blessed in not having any such thing to worry her and hinder her onward and upward march. Of late, however, the labor problem and the drink problem, the problems of the factory and workshop and tenement and saloon seem to have multiplied themselves until they are a very plague of gnats, compelling attention because they make life uncomfortable for every one.

One of the intenser problems which has hitherto been rather ignored is that of the increase of drunkenness among women. It seems likely to compel attention in spite of the desire to ignore it and to refuse to believe in its existence. Several very sad scandals in high life which have culminated in the courts recently have drawn particular attention to the problem in this country. In England the question has been frankly discussed for several years, but in America there is a popular tradition that women are not given to tipping, and that only men and boys need to be guarded from the evils of the saloon. Women are usually given credit for being the great influence which is making for temperance and total abstinence, and certainly the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Veronica Leagues, and similar organizations have made themselves felt in various ways. It would be very interesting; and perhaps a bit disheartening, if social reformers were not usually prepared for such things; if, in spite of the efforts of these earnest women to rescue men drunkards, it were found that drunkenness were really on the increase among women generally. Some of the facts seem to point that way, and to indicate that while, on the whole, temperance seems to be gaining, there is a decided increase in the consumption of intoxicants among women.

THE PREVALENCE OF INEBRIETY AMONG WOMEN.

At several conferences of women's associations, held recently in Great Britain, the development of drinking habits among

women was discussed at length. In papers read at these meetings, and in the medical journals, it was asserted that the excessive use of stimulants is on the increase, not only among fashionable women, exhausted by the excitements of social life, but among the staid and sensible matrons of English villages: Causes and remedies are the burden of the discussion in England. The facts are no longer disputed.

In Great Britain, however, the problem of drunkenness has always been more troublesome than in America, where there seems to have been a respectable leaven of total abstainers from time out of mind. The traditional position of American women is different too. As a result of the newness of the country, and the scarcity of women, the sex has been set, theoretically, on a pedestal and regarded as an ideal, something very much better and finer than the average man. It was not a matter of surprise, therefore, that women should form temperance societies and fight the saloon with all sorts of unreasonable feminine weapons. The typical American man looked on with tolerant good nature. He might drink too much himself occasionally, and smoke and swear, but the idea of his women-folk doing anything of the sort would fill him with horror. And so it has come about that when a woman has developed a dipsomania, the matter is hushed up as much as possible; excuses of illness and weakness are made. Unless among the very poor in the foreign section of the larger cities, most people seem to prefer to ignore the evidence before their eyes. It is a sort of American conventionality to believe that drunkenness is so much worse for a woman than for a man that it is impossible that an American-born woman in her right mind would commit such a breach of decorum, or that a sufficient number of them could ever so far forget themselves as to make the matter a sociological problem deserving of investigation and remedial measures. Certainly the women who are drunkards are much fewer than the men, on the street and in the police court at any rate, although the disproportion is not so great as is usually supposed. In New York City last year one woman was arrested for drunkenness to every three men. Eight thousand drunken women appeared in the police courts in one twelvemonth, and this by no means represents the entire number of women who are given to the excessive use of intoxicants, because women are less given to drinking in public places than men, and consequently are in less danger of falling into the hands of the police.

It is a matter of course, say the students of this phase of the evil, that women who lead unchaste lives should drink to excess. It is doubtful if they would or could continue such a state of existence unless constantly stimulated by drink or drugs. In their case drunkenness seems to be a result not a cause. It does not necessarily follow because they drink to excess that they become "women of the street," but rather that they drink because of the loose lives they lead. Many women who drink immoderately at times are still otherwise upright and virtuous. In a complete state of degradation, where she can no longer work or get money otherwise, a woman drunkard will doubtless sell her body as quickly as any other of her possessions; but this happens only after she has passed through many stages of intemperance. That the outcast adopts her evil life and her drinking habits at the same time, or else the latter follow as a matter of course, seems to be a reasonable conclusion. This abnormal side of the question, however, has little to do with the problem of the more recent development of the drinking habits of ordinary women.

Notwithstanding the tenacity of the old ideals and sentiment, the growth of sanitariums and homes for the treatment of female alcoholic cases, some shocking scandals which have come to light of late, and the police court statistics, have at last drawn public attention to what may be called, without exaggeration, a growing evil. For growing it is among three distinct classes of women: the very rich, who devote themselves almost entirely to the amusements of society, the theatre, the dinner party, the ball, the afternoon tea, the charity entertainment, and the host of other wearying activities which make up the daily routine of the society woman; the middle-class women, who live in comparative ease and comfort, but whose lives are monotonous; and the poor, who live in tenements in large cities.

DRINKING IN FACTORY TOWNS.

As seems to be the case with most problems, while they present many similar features in England and America, they are inclined to develop along dissimilar lines. While in England the most notable increase of drinking among women is reported to be in the villages, and is believed to be due largely to the monotony of life there, ordinary country women in America are for the most part total abstainers. In the inland villages there may be saloons and the men may drink, but public opinion is quite opposed to drinking on the part of women. A woman

seen entering a saloon would almost forfeit her good name. Intoxicants are used as a treat to guests at the home only on the rarest occasions. What the neighbors will think or say is a powerful force in shaping conduct in the country communities, particularly among the women. This rule does not hold good of manufacturing villages populated by foreign-born operatives, nor of those occasional communities whose inhabitants are well-to-do people of leisure. Generally speaking, in these cases the city problem is simply transplanted. Two adjoining New Jersey towns, populated largely by English and Scotch workers employed in the thread mills, furnish a typical example. Most of the inhabitants live in detached cottages. There is plenty of fresh air and water. Cleanliness and an approach to a wholesome hygienic life would seem possible were it not that the tenants have brought with them the standards of the old-world cities where they lived, without choice, in squalid density. There is a saloon to every two hundred inhabitants. Drunkenness and wife-beating are every-day offences. The saddest of sights, a little boy coaxing his drunken mother to come home, is not uncommon. Occasionally a woman is discharged from the mill for coming drunk to her work too often. Children may be seen at all hours going to the saloon for pails of beer. The spinner's wife who stays at home to do the housework very often drinks to brace herself for her hard work, or sends for beer to treat the women friends who have called. The man who brings the groceries or the meat must be treated too, with the result sometimes that after he has delivered a few tenement-house orders things get mixed. All this is merely a repetition of the state of affairs in the densely crowded quarters of the large cities. It is simply the result of bringing the customs of the city to the country village. The causes are the same. In villages where the majority are mill operatives and where they live in one exclusively mill-people's section, the problem of raising the standard of life is almost hopeless. Where the majority are engaged in a variety of occupations and are old-established natives, and the homes of the mill-workers are scattered about among the other workers, the younger generation strives to reach the village ideals established by the older inhabitants. Even in the most hardened type of American mill village the younger women seem to rise above the life. There is not so much drinking among them as among the older women, though there is always the probability of a retrograde movement as they grow older and marry.

COUNTRY IDEAS YIELD TO CITY WAYS.

One of the factors in the problem of the increase of the evil is the migration of the younger country folk to the cities where there is work to be had in the mills and shops. These young people do not force their simpler and purer ideals upon their new surroundings—the young desire most to be like other people—they adopt the customs of those among whom they are thrown. The party or dance which was such a harmless amusement held at some big, roomy house in the country becomes a promoter of the drink habit in the city. The girl who in the country never heard of such a thing as serving anything stronger than coffee finds that her comrades think nothing of beer or wine being served at the hall where the dance is held. Of course when one lives in a tenement one cannot have a party or a dance in one's tiny parlor—if one is fortunate enough to have a parlor—the family down-stairs would object to the noise. Any way, nobody gives a dance at home in the city. Even the fashionable Patriarch's Ball is held in a hired hall. And so the custom extends downwards, and for the great majority's accommodation big halls have been built which are given at a nominal rent to societies or parties. The bar is always an adjunct, and the proprietor depends upon the increased patronage for his profits. In the very poor quarters five-cent dances are held in the room back of a saloon. The dance music is furnished by the saloon-keeper, and girls and men pay five cents each. Sometimes admission is confined to members of a society, but more often any one who can produce a nickel is admitted. The girls who go to these dances are for the most part decent working-women. They go for the excitement and the exercise, and comparatively little harm comes to them except whatever results from breathing the very bad air in those back rooms, and that they very quickly come to look upon the use of intoxicants as a matter of course. The old village notion that it was "horrid" for a woman to drink at all, and that the use of intoxicants even by men was apt to lead to misery, wears off very quickly. They find that it is the custom among their acquaintances to offer beer to their callers, and presently they fall into the line with a feeling that they are no longer the countrified "jays" they were when they first came to the city. A striking instance of this process of evolution was furnished by two sisters who came from a little place in Western Pennsylvania to do housework in New York.

They brought with them some strong convictions that it was shocking for women to drink. In a year they had reached the stage where they kept a bottle of whisky and some quaint little glasses in their own room to treat their friends who came to see them. They regarded the country visitors who had known them in their old home, and who pointed out the dangers of the practice, as "awfully countrified and bigoted."

OCCUPATION SOMETIMES PROVOKES DRINKING HABITS.

It is sometimes asserted that a woman's occupation has some relation to her drinking or non-drinking habits. Certain it is that a large proportion of cooks and general houseworkers drink to excess, particularly those who work in large boarding-houses. Women who work by the day doing cleaning, washing, and such similar work are also much given to the use of intoxicants. A majority of this class of women are working to keep their little homes together and their children out of institutions, or else they do a few days' work a month to pay the rent and eke out their husband's small wages. The matron at one of the New York day nurseries, which cares for the children of that class of women, says that the mothers are frequently under the influence of drink to such an extent when they call for the babies at night that the nurses are afraid to trust the little ones with them.


However, it is doubtful whether the occupation in itself has anything to do with the matter, except in so far as the work is hard and exhausting and the hours of labor many. It has been said that the heat and tasting many highly-flavored foods and sauces provokes thirst in the case of cooks, but, on the other hand, such men as engineers and firemen, who are constantly exposed to heat and hard work, are not given to drinking, while on duty at least. It would be dangerous, and they would lose their jobs. The chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers points out in a recent report that drunkenness among railroad men has decreased from twenty to one per cent. in the last twenty-two years. Neither are housewives in the country who do housework given to the use of stimulants. It might be nearer the truth to attribute the resort to intoxicants to their accessibility, the hardness of the work, the want of outside interests and innocent amusements, the lack of real religious feeling, and the almost animal plane on which such lives are kept.

Actresses are notoriously given to drink, perhaps because

of the wandering, Bohemian character of the occupation and the lack of home restraints. Actress is a very convenient term, however, and it would be hardly fair to credit to the profession all the women who give their occupation as "on the stage" to the police court statistician. Cases of intoxication are not unheard-of among saleswomen. A visitor to a cigar-shop or a tailor-shop in one of the larger towns is quite likely to meet a boy with half a dozen pails strung on a broom-stick. These pails are sent out every two or three hours to be filled with beer at the nearest saloon, and the women as well as the men drink steadily all day long. So it can hardly be said that excessive drinking is characteristic of any particular trade.

WAYS TO DRUNKENNESS.

Beer and whisky are the staple intoxicants of women of the working-class. The middle-class woman—that is, the woman whose husband or father provides her with a fairly comfortable home—usually starts with something less aggressively intoxicating. It may be beef, iron and wine, used as a tonic, or, possibly, as a matinee girl she fills her bonbonnière with the brandy-drops and absinthe candies sold so freely in the up-to-date candy-shops. Or, it may be that she takes paregoric or peppermint frequently when she doesn't feel well, and Jamaica ginger at the slightest excuse. All these have helped many women to acquire an insatiable appetite for intoxicants. Of late years the soda-water fountains, which were thought to be diminishing the consumption of intoxicants, have added a number of tipples much indulged in by women. The great department stores have opened wine and liquor departments which make it easy and respectable for women to get all the drink they want. Grocers, too, in the larger towns, have of late added liquor departments, which indicates the extent of the growth of "at-home" drinking and the quantity of liquors purchased by women. The frequent taking of headache powders is another way in which middle-class women develop the most awful form of drunkenness, making themselves slaves to morphine or opium. They do not take sufficient exercise in the open air, and when the inevitable headache comes on they resort to some patent headache powder for relief. The basis of most of these powders is morphine or opium, and gradually the victim takes them to relieve any little pain. It is only a question of a very short period until the victim feels that she is in pain if she has not had her powders.



Among fashionable women the fatigue from keeping up with the multifarious engagements of the society woman is chiefly responsible for the craving for stimulants. The custom in fashionable society of drinking wine outside of one's meals, and wines and champagnes at dinners and banquets, and punches at receptions and teas, places stimulants easily at hand for the woman who feels the craving.

Occasionally a fashionable woman is found who is a slave to cologne; she drinks cologne or any sort of toilet water for the stimulus of the alcohol which is the basis of all such liquids.

INFLUENCE OF CUSTOM AND HEREDITY.

In all these cases the element of heredity probably plays a more or less important part. Many of the victims of the drink habit no doubt have inherited weaknesses from ancestors who drank too much. They ought never to have tasted a drop of liquor, but the accessibility of the intoxicant and the custom of social drinking have proved too much for them.

Custom seems to be the great factor in the development of the habit among all sorts of women. It is the custom to offer intoxicants to one's guests everywhere in the larger cities; consequently there is much drinking. Women and men alike fall victims, or come out of the ordeal unscathed according to the extent to which they modify the custom and their own strength. In the country villages social drinking is not the custom outside the saloon, and drunkenness among women here is almost unheard of.

Among the very poor custom is one of the first causes: the custom of offering drink to one's friends at home, the custom of drinking at parties and dances, the custom of drinking at meals. Next to custom, or perhaps the custom is a result of this cause, is the smallness of income which, combined with ignorance, makes it impossible for the very poor to buy wholesome food. Ignorance of the best methods of cooking makes the food still more unattractive, and beer is resorted to as a more palatable substitute. Then there is a current superstition that beer is good for you; it will make you strong and healthy. On that principle it is fed to babies and little children. In one case that came under my observation a little girl, three years old, was given beer every day because she cried for it when she saw her parents drinking it, although the doctor had warned the mother that her child had a disease of the kidneys. All her other children had died of the

same trouble, but the mother was sure beer would not hurt any one, and that it was good for the little girl. The want of rational amusement, of anything to take them out of themselves, the animal level of their lives, are other reasons for drinking to excess among very poor women, and in turn these are to some extent due to want of sufficient income to pay for amusements and comfortable homes, though want of knowledge of how to make the most of opportunities or means at hand plays a large part.

Next to custom among the moderately well-to-do, the causes seem to be a complete lack of any feeling of responsibility to society, a want of sufficient healthful and absorbing occupation, and, to a certain extent, ignorance of the needs of the body and mind.

Among the rich the causes are much the same. The lack of a high ideal of life and the feeling of social responsibility; in some degree the breaking down of the old beliefs and consequently of religious restraints; the fatigue resulting from a constant round of social activities. In other words, the basis of the drink problem among the well-to-do lies in a physical need for a stimulant due to unhealthy ways of living, combined with the accessibility of intoxicating drugs and liquors, and the dissatisfied, though perhaps unrecognized, longing for a fuller life which must be always present with those who have no strong purpose in life or strong religious feeling.

REMOVE THE CAUSES.

The only real remedy for an evil lies in the removal of its causes. In the first place, it seems necessary to arouse a sense of social responsibility. Women are responsible not only for their individual lives, but for the effect which their lives have on the community. Women more than men are the makers of custom. If women were to have their sense of responsibility so developed that they would believe it to be the duty of the strong never to put temptation in the way of the weak, they could easily revolutionize the custom of social drinking. Fashions are followed in layers, and once social drinking were unfashionable among the fashionable it would gradually grow obsolete in the under strata.

What is needed most just now is right thinking on the subject, less intolerance, more investigation and common-sense recognition of the facts. The maudlin sentiment over the reformed drunkard needs to be replaced by the serious con-

sideration of the physical as well as the mental and moral aspects of the trouble. Rejoicing over a cured drunkard ought to be very much of the same character as that indulged in over a cured consumptive. It is now generally conceded that after a certain stage in the use of stimulants has been reached, medical treatment is a necessity. The irresistible desire for stimulants becomes a disease, or at least a symptom of disease. The W. C. T. U. might profitably leave off some of its less useful departments and establish sanitariums where those who wish to reform, and have no money to pay the high prices of the private sanitarium, may secure the needed medical treatment. It is a question whether some of the morbid teaching about alcohol introduced into the schools is productive of the good aimed at. A bright little fellow, son of a college professor, is reported to have come home quite filled with the idea that alcohol would do all sorts of interesting things to his kidneys and liver, and he was quite determined to prove it by trying the experiment on himself! Instead of teaching the children things of which it might be better to keep them in ignorance until they have grown to years of discretion, the end desired would probably be reached much sooner if the temperance societies would devote more attention to the investigation of the social and economic sides of the problem. Still, the argument taken from the physical effects of alcohol may be powerfully used. While keeping Temperance on the proper basis, they might also profitably use their influence to make cooking and housekeeping mandatory studies in the public schools. The longest way round is often the shortest way home, and organizations like the Household Economic Association will materially assist in the elimination of drunkenness.

An economic philosopher discoursing on the subject says: "We have only just begun to realize what a change of diet, or a change in the standard of living, may mean to a people. To make lemons, bananas, oranges, and similar fruits cheap enough to be within reach of the poorest housekeeper, and to improve canning processes so that fruit and vegetables may be had all the year around by the poorest, or to increase their income so they may purchase these things, will revolutionize the mental and moral as well as the physical character of a nation. It is likely that reform of the drinking habit will be brought about not so much by agitation or religious enthusiasm as by changes in diet and habits of eating." The housekeepers of the land in the last analysis are always the most important factor.

MARKHAM: A MISCHIEVOUS PESSIMIST.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



R. EDWIN MARKHAM* has thought fit to give a poetical interpretation of a picture by Millet. In the picture a French agricultural laborer is represented pausing for awhile at his work, his hands resting upon the hoe with which he had been breaking the clods until a moment past. The face is purposeless as it seems to us—or, as Mr. Markham puts it, is that of

“A thing that grieves not and that never hopes.”

Altogether a heavy, dull face indeed, but by no means the em-bruted one on which Mr. Markham has woven his rhapsody against society personified in the

“ . . . Masters, lords, and rulers of all lands.”

With a print of the picture before us we look to judge how Mr. Markham endeavors to tell in song the thought embodied

* “THE MAN WITH THE HOE.”

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting.)

“God made man in His own image,
in the image of God made He him.”

—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this
brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for
power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the
suns

And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's
blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for the
soul—

More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering ages
look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,

Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,

Cries protest to the Judges of the World,

A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;

Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the dream;

Make right the immemorial infamies,

Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,

How will the Future reckon with this Man?

How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the
world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—

With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God

After the silence of the centuries?

Oakland, Cal.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

in the painting,—the story of the life of that peasant resting, as we see him, his lips parted, or rather the mouth slightly opened as any one's might be in an idle reverie, though the painter may have intended the outward facial curve and the loose jaws to indicate not much more than animal intelligence, and that such a type might be found here and there in remote places, the type of one

“Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,”

at the peasant appears in Mr. Markham's reading. But he promises to tell the meaning of that figure in the picture, that heavy, loutish-looking man shaped by the unaltered daily toil into a sort of man-brute, doing ap-



“The mysteries of budding flowers, of growing fields, Confiding nature has revealed to him.”

pointed work ; he is to give the story that lies under the hulking frame, to write the transcript of the passions



“Of all that frightful frenzy innocent.”

and the needs of that existence. This is what we wish to learn from Mr. Markham, who is generous in promises. He is disappointing ; the oracle does not unlock the secret lying in the dull brain and moving the currents of that creature's heart, but we have much loud talk instead, and are bewildered by the war trumpets. If economic laws raged as other forces can, this fury might be fairly matched ; but that is not their way. They work calmly, seek their ends, as it were, without much fuss, though no doubt their moral effects may be immensely modified as society realizes its obligations.

It does not appear that Mr. Markham's object is to help society. He discovers, through the picture, that a terrible tragedy is going on in the midst of it, the greatest of all we read of, greater than wars or the blotting out of subject races; namely, the veiling of the light of reason in countless souls tied to the wheel of labor. We cannot give him credit for raising the veil of an awful mystery. It is true that the putting out of the mind's light and the transmission of such rayless minds so as to constitute the vast majority of mankind in all the past and all the centuries yet unborn would be an awful tragedy, nay, more than the word tragedy can express. It would be an evil measureless and incomprehensible, arraiguing the providence which has made society the instrument by which man is to work out his life here in preparation for his destiny hereafter. But there is no such effect as this on the masses of mankind. The decree which condemns man to labor is the title-deed of his dignity; but the very statement of Mr. Markham's conception of the problem exposes it.

Troubles there have been no doubt, as there are. We can well conceive that in the cycles of the long forgotten past problems were agitated like those which cause anxiety to-day. There is no period of authentic history in which religious and economic questions had not sent the fever of passionate thoughts into finely touched spirits, no time at which some such spirits had not drooped when thinking of the strong forces to be overcome. But we deny the riddle of life is insoluble, just as common sense must reject the amorphous fantasy of horror which finds utterance in the lines of Mr. Markham. The "philosophy" contained in them—as critics call his suggestions of despair—any more than the hollow roarings of his voice, could not have been derived from any work by Millet. The picture in question as it stands may recall the exaggeration of La Bruyère; no one says so, yet it is likely; but it could mean, in taking that remarkable characterization, nothing more than an isolated product of narrow and severe economic conditions. The average field life the world over is not only not degrading but it possesses, from the very nature of the environment in which it is cast, influences that are elevating and refining. The paganism of modern American life, of which Mr. Markham is the oracle, often thinks that when one puts aside the laundered shirt and the creased trowsers he puts aside refinement, intelligence, and all delicacy of sentiment. It thinks that the laborer with hardened hands and heavy boots is the professed enemy

of civilization and the established order of things. Beneath the homespuns of the farm laborer is found the man who of all men is most content, and when the whirlwinds of revolution come, if come they will, he will still continue to lean on his hoe in placid complacency—

“Far from rebellion’s shout in cities’ streets,
Far from the smoke of burning palaces,
Far from the bloody heads held high on pikes,
His hand unsullied with a brother’s blood—
Of all that frightful frenzy innocent.
The sun shall spread its sheen of golden light
Across his waving fields, birds sing their songs,
And gentle zephyrs touch their harp-like chords
Of harmony amid the ripening grain.”

The peasant is oftener than not the very backbone of a nation’s strength, and when great and lofty sentiments have stirred the nation’s heart the agricultural population have been the first to feel their promptings and have been the last to relinquish the struggle for their attainment. Great movements for civil and religious freedom, the struggle for a people’s rights, as well as for a country’s liberties, have begun oftener than not with the country folks, because their heart is close to the great heart of nature and is attuned to noble and lofty sentiments. When there is added to this rectitude of heart an abiding sense of religion, the peasant becomes the most perfected type of an enduring civilization. He is honest, is respectful of his neighbor’s goods and rights, is sympathetic with him in need, is not grasping, nor is he avaricious, but is the embodiment of the golden rule whereby he does to others as he would be done by, and does it first, and though bowed by toil, misshapen, and misformed, his life is one of simplicity and content, and he goes down to his grave at peace with man and with God.

“The mysteries of winds, of storm clouds massed,
Of budding flowers, of growing fields, all these
Confiding nature has disclosed to him.
All these he understands, and knowing them,
Is drawn in close communion with his God.”

It is only fair to Millet to interpret the phenomenon of the lowest form of French agricultural life by the picture of the “Angelus,” in which one sees, as in a kind of ecstasy, lines

like rays of grace connecting the peasants in the fields with the light of a life beyond the grave, the thought of which ennobles labor by making it the passport to that higher life wherein inequalities shall be redressed, the only thought to solve the problems of the hour. Consequently we put away the soulless creature of Mr. Markham, who from his brute mind must some time or other see that "whirlwinds of rebellion" shall win for him a soul, shall "straighten up his back," and give beauty to the shape than which at present "hell to its lowest gulf contains nothing more terrible."

Considering this work from a literary point of view, we say it consists of forty-nine unrhymed lines rigorously limited to ten syllables. It is, then, cast in the mould known as English heroic metre, the same as that of the *Paradise Lost*, but we miss the melodious thunder of the latter. Mr. Markham's piece is an invective for the passion of which he goes to visible and invisible worlds. Against the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands" he summons spirits from heaven, from the air, the earth, "the vasty deep." He goes down to hell, and though we do not regret his return, we must say it would be more in accordance with the law of the place if he had remained there. But the allies from visible and invisible realms refuse to obey his conjuring; his spirits, if they come, are words dying with the breath that made them.

How this production could have roused so much excitement is to be explained by its dishonest appeal to the discontent seething in the minds of certain sections among the working classes. Anything more mischievous than the dressing up in the stolid face and shapeless figure of a French laborer, abnormally degraded, the needs and aspirations of American workingmen, can hardly be conceived. This is what the tyranny of their masters will make their children and their children's children—hideous shapes with a brute's blind life within the brain. This is the purpose to which the picture is put—to shroud in a shape like that portrayed in Mr. Markham's reproduction of Millet the future hopes of American fathers. We lay no stress on the misrepresentation of the figure's gaze; and yet even in this there is unfairness in the rendering: as though a human shape without the human light in open eyes—a sort of death in life, matched with the half-open mouth,—altogether the picture of a man with intelligence not above the brutes, stood for the laboring man. This is hardly fair; it is, in plain truth, a subtle and wicked libel on

the skilled and unskilled workmen who at the late presidential election proved that they stand foremost in political education of all peoples. We are certain this piece would have fallen still-born were it not for a brazen system of advertisement without parallel. All that Macaulay lashed in the advertising of the poet Montgomery was the self-effacement of modest genius when compared with the pushing into public notice of the tirade which Mr. Markham has flung upon this age as his poetic testimony against its crime to-



"The sun shall spread its
sheen of golden light
Across his waving fields."

wards man, its culminating blasphemy of human nature by which the crimes of every former age are crowned in its confirming cruelty and greed. Taking the picture as his altar and his god, before

"Is drawn in close communion with his God "

which the ages are to be immolated with the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands," the rhapsody begins:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."

As a matter of fact the figure in the painting does not gaze

upon the ground; moreover, to gaze signifies an act of the will manifested by the bending of the eyes on some object, or if on no visible object, on some object in the fancy. Gazing on vacancy does not at all imply that a person is devoid of intelligence, but the sight is, as it were, turned within and external objects are as though they were not. At the start we have an incorrect description of the painter's manner of revealing himself, and therefore of the thought to be revealed. The embodiment of the thought is misrepresented in order to give a wrong meaning to the thought. The picture before Mr. Markham is not Millet's, but his own conception of an incarnate woe and degradation; and this is the signal for his attack on society under the names of masters, lords, and rulers. If the laborer in the picture gazed upon the ground, we are at a loss to discover how "the emptiness of ages" could be seen in his face. But whether or not the ages may bear emptiness in their urns is a question for grammarians to discuss. But putting aside the abuse of words, the absurdity of the ages employing all their power to write nothing on a face, to carve an invisibility upon it, is something striking. We have always understood that the ages carry experience with them, that their hands are laden with the knowledge of the past, and this they offer to the present. We had a notion that the hours which are their ministers were fabled to go before them one by one, until that momentous hour shall rise which leads in an epoch charged with forces mightier than our author's "swing of Pleiades," or his "whirlwinds of rebellion."

We are sorry one critic spoke of Mr. Markham's philosophy as "the veriest twaddle"; it is not so much this as an appeal to the most powerful passions of unreasoning men, an appeal without honesty because it is pretended that the source of it is a great painter's embodiment of the tragedy of life, the testimony of Christian art to the failure of Christianity. Nor is there anything great in this view of life in relation to the moral order of the world, in relation to society as the scheme for accomplishing the work of preparing man for his true destiny, any more than there is genius in the laborer with his pickaxe who destroys the finest work of the architect. It is not the true measure of this piece to call it, as another critic does, "drivelling nonsense"; it is mischievous nonsense, expressed with an emphasis which resembles passion and a bravery of words which looks like the clothing of poetic thought. This seems to have taken captive a critic who indulges in language



worthy of the theme, a critic to whom Mr. Markham is "a new voice, deep-toned, sonorous, singing grandly," whose work is "a piece of virile verse, one of the very few true poems written by Californians." One writer, who character-

izes the teaching as "silly," is pleased to recognize Mr. Markham's splendid endowments. On the surface this would be criticism which would strike one as judicious, but then the document is before us and we fail to see evidence of the qualities which show the poet. Dis-



"Far from rebellion's shout in cities' streets."

jointed ideas, crashing words, unmeasured invective, and confusion of mind may exhibit the tumults of a soul, but that tumultuousness of imagery and rush of passion which may be found at times in poetry are never without the control of the creative power which marshals while it launches its thoughts upon the world.

No man was so severely taken to task as Shelley for his social and political opinions; every one recognized his ability,

while censuring his principles as subversive of religion and public order. With regard to Mr. Markham, it seems there is a war about him in which the critics differ in their estimate of his talents as much as of his doctrines. We mention Shelley not because there can be the slightest literary comparison between him and Mr. Markham, but because he serves to illustrate what we said above of the difference between the storms raised by genius—the wild elemental play or the whirlwinds of passion it evokes, and the tumults of words, the stage thunder coming from a confused mind, which has vainly tried to articulate the emotions it has conjured up. —The note of despair is an easy one to strike, but real singers, even those most affected by the tangle of moral problems, have allowed a gleam of hope to shine upon the waves. No light falls on the confusion in which Mr. Markham rests, or rather swaddles himself as though in the old clothes of a patchwork Carlyle. Shelley made an issue with all the social forms of his time, yet he led oppressed humanity along the way of deliverance by the might of ideas, instead of conjuring up a host of monsters, soulless brutes with loose-hung jaws, “more terrible” than the most hideous of the shapes of hell, who rise up in some hour of madness and strength to do what?—to take revenge on “masters, lords, and rulers.” The bathos of this conclusion demonstrates the utter poverty of Mr. Markham’s mind. He was drawn to attack something concrete, as it were, by turning the abstract ideas of law, power, and wealth into three offenders—masters, lords, and rulers. This expedient reminds one of the poetry of a placard or advertisement sheet; for, so far as he has any meaning at all in his dithyrambics, masters, lords, and rulers are different names for the same idea—authority, which he sees in its concomitants of wealth, power, and law, and in which alone he is able to see it. There are abuses, as we have said already, of those elements or incidents of social order, but Shelley in his most characteristic work, *Prometheus Unbound*, has a redeemer; and the history of man has shown that leaders have risen in every age to point the path of deliverance. Does Mr. Markham think that his

“—monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched,”

could unaided work his way upward to the plane where duty rules life? It is this sentiment which guides man in all his relations and sustains him in his troubles. Then what is his teach-

ing? Even the "whirlwinds of rebellion" are inconceivable products of a soulless thing. His work is a confusion in which he seems to have involved critics from whom better things might be expected. In other words, he is not only confused himself, but he is the cause of confusion in others. The president of Stanford University, in his palæozoic mood, recognizes in Mr. Markham's creation his old acquaintance, primitive man. The "slant brow" is an unmistakable token of the presence of that ancestor. In the evolutionary mood the president finds that feature the mark of the French peasant; so we are to conclude that the shrewdest people in the world—within the area of their experiences—have not advanced one step from the time the facial curve showed man's brotherhood with the ox. The poet Landor, on the other hand, makes the "slant brow" the feature by which George III. is identified in hell, yet he had a hundred potentates among his ancestors.

If we are to believe Tennyson, the "foolish face" is the mark of descent from a long line of "masters, lords, and rulers"—to employ our author's words—but if there be a suspicion of meaning in the line

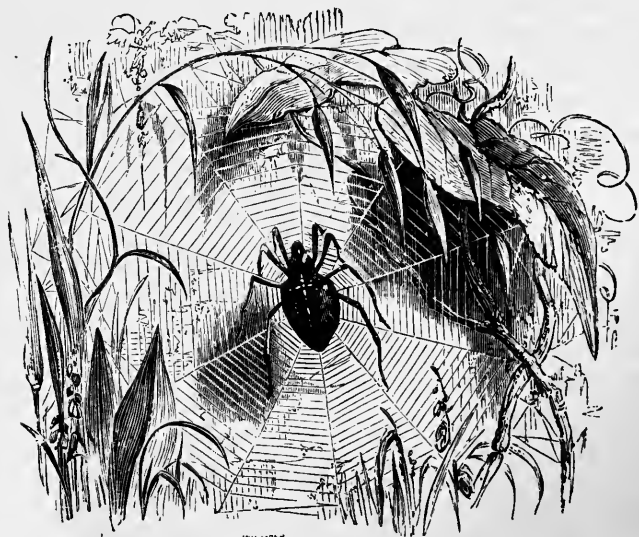
"The emptiness of ages in his face,"

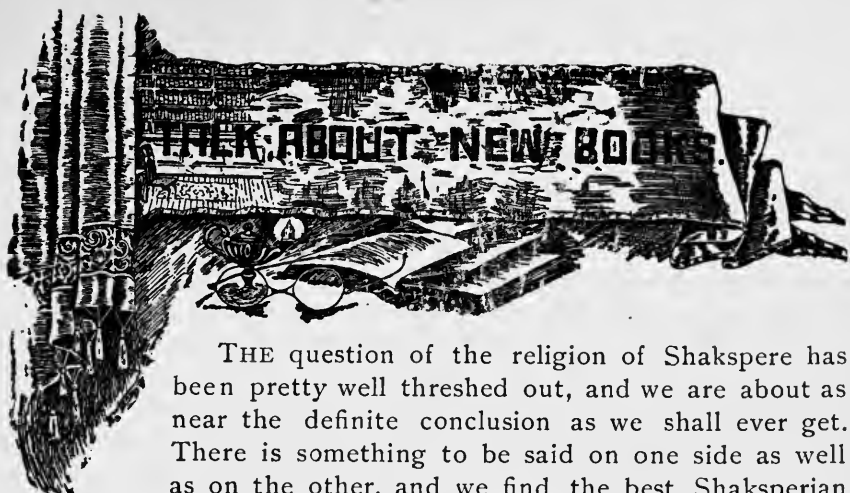
it must be this very "foolish face" telling of the dulness of minds without responsibility, without that sense of duty which is inseparable from existence the moment we are in contact with our fellow-men.

Analyzing the words and clauses a little more closely, we find the difference between this effusion and true poetry. Mr. Markham laments his hero's indifference to "the long reaches of the peaks of song." This is not a cause for sorrow, in our opinion, for peaks must be taken in connection with the scenes in which they stand, and therefore they are without long reaches, and the indifference is to a thing that does not exist. We know that song gains heights above all peaks, heights rising into the infinites of space in which, like flakes of snow, the white stars hang; we know of this, but we know nothing of its "unpeaklike" peaks; nor can we sympathize with this Hoeman's heedlessness of "the rift of dawn." The dawn has not a rift, nor is it a rift itself, either in the azure or the cloud, or in anything belonging to the "brave o'er-hanging firmament," as Hamlet would say; but we read that it "mantles in the skies," that it is "dappled in the east," it "rises," "it opens the golden doors for the Sun"; and many other things which dawn

does we follow with delight because the descriptions are true. Finally, whether we view Mr. Markham's poetry or his despair, we have from him nothing but words. Discontent, anger, scorn, hate have a ready utterance, the dialect is rich from Billingsgate to the sonorous roll of the English heroic lines; but in vain we search for an idea which reflects one truth of the past or the future of mankind, its difficulties or ultimate hopes.

The true and beautiful in poetry call for the exercise of the highest gifts. There is nothing true here, the philosophy a sham; nothing beautiful because a bedlam rout of words. The sweet reasonableness which serves as a lamp to the imagination is a divine touch not given to all—it certainly is not given to those who rush in where angels fear to tread—but by the want of it we detect the glare of showy words, the false colors of earth and sky, the noise of brazen instruments, the clamors of the mob; and distinguish all and each from the words that are music, that are full of light, that are instinct with life, that are the pulsings of great thoughts, that are the mirrors of the earth and sky, the echoes of the wind and sea. Tried by this standard, Mr. Markham is not a poet; tried by the judgment of almost all his critics, he does not possess one scintilla of social philosophy; tried by the rules of rhetoric, he does not even write good English.





THE question of the religion of Shakspeare has been pretty well threshed out, and we are about as near the definite conclusion as we shall ever get. There is something to be said on one side as well as on the other, and we find the best Shaksperian scholars agreeing to disagree. In Mr. Sydney Lee's recently published *Life of William Shakspeare* the biographer says emphatically that Shakspeare was a Protestant, but Father Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory, in a dignified volume* of four hundred pages, in which he closely follows the elaborate and exhaustive studies of the late Mr. Richard Simpson, M.A., makes a very good case for Shakspeare's Catholicity. This much is certain, that had Shakspeare been a Catholic he would have been obliged to conceal it very carefully from the public. The Catholic religion was proscribed during the Elizabethan period, and any one professing it openly not only acquired no prominence but lost place, position, wealth, prestige, and very often his head. A second thing is certain, that if he were not a Catholic, he would have had a very choice opportunity in his plays to chime in with the popular clamor against the monks and nuns as well as against the practices of the Catholic Church. If there is anything that differentiates the plays of Shakspeare, apart from their genius, from the ordinary run of plays of the day, it is the very absence of this fling at the church. He might have made splendid capital out of the many plots which he derived from continental sources by holding up to popular ridicule the cardinals and bishops of the times, but he has carefully expunged all this satire from his derived plays. The fact that he was buried in the chancel of a Protestant church loses all point when we remember that Trinity, Stratford, was really a Catholic church, and through the parish foundations that still perpetuated themselves William Shakspeare was entitled to sepulture in the chancel. Father Bowden edits and arranges all the vast amount

**The Religion of Shakspeare.* Chiefly from the writings of the late Richard Simpson, M.A. By Henry Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. London : Burns & Oates ; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago : Benziger Brothers

of material which has been placed at his hand by Richard Simpson, and for completeness and research the book, as near as may be, says the final word on the much mooted question of Shakspeare's religion.

Since the publication of the *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* by Wilfrid Ward the opinion is rapidly becoming a settled one with the students of those times that the way in which the restoration of the hierarchy was announced in England did not a little to set back the tide of conversions tending towards the church through the Oxford Movement. Whether this revulsion would not have occurred anyhow, as all these popular movements have their ebb and flow, and whether had the hierarchy not been established the work of conversions could have been taken up again with such energy, are matters of not a little question. However, with scarcely less energy than that which pervaded the movement in Newman's time is the work being carried on by the present incumbent of the See of Westminster, as well as the clerical and lay forces of the realm. In France, in the United States, in Australia, in Germany, there are keen-eyed watchers of the struggles between the reviving church and the forces of an expiring Protestantism, and not a few in these many countries are gaining courage for their own battles by the successes of the brethren in England. Paul Thureau-Dangin, of the French Academy, has written in French a comprehensive review* of the situation, in which he carefully estimates at their real value the many forces that were combined to bring about the results.

A compilation from Spanish novelists † by which the scenery, the appearance of the towns, the manners and customs of the people, their religion and their politics, are offered to the reader as might be extracts from the diaries of travellers, is just now full of interest. The idea is not altogether new; the pamphlets, the broad-sheets, the lampoons, and the plays of all kinds were employed by Lord Macaulay when writing his history to supply the local coloring which gives to his pictures of the condition and costume of England and Ireland in the seventeenth century their vivid character. We think he could have trusted to his own imagination for many of the effects.

* *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe Siècle*. Première Partie. *Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford*. Par Paul Thureau-Dangin de l'Académie Française. Plon, Nourrit et Cie, Rue Garancière 10, Paris.

† *Contemporary Spain*. By Mary Wright Plummer. New York and London: Truslove, Hanson & Co.

Miss Plummer in her selections has evinced remarkable impartiality when we learn her object was to throw light on the present religious, political, and social condition of Spain. The severest invectives against the belief of the people, their honesty, their courage, their morality in any way, may come in as a happy choice, albeit the speaker might have intended to represent only his own discontents. It would hardly be fair to rely upon the speeches of Satan in the *Paradise Lost* for Milton's opinion as to the justice of his rebellion against "heaven's mighty King." The reader will agree with the fair editor in admiring the ability of the writers from whom she has drawn her materials. The crowded amphitheatre where the people sit to witness a bull-fight is admirably described by Benito Perez Galdós, and whether it be our fancy or not, we contrast it with the descriptions given by writers who were never in one, while the expectation and excitement were surging upwards as the spectacle drew to its close.

The bustle of the Congress of Deputies, the stir and agitation reigning in the committee room, are familiar to us all in other legislative and administrative bodies. This we think good: "A host of laborers, in high hats, were going and coming, entering and bowing, elbowing each other; their faces bore the imprint of the deep cares that agitated them." "Some were sitting in front of desks and feverishly writing letters and more letters." "Others would cluster around the entrance and anxiously wait for some minister to pass" to press upon him the importance of some family interest. The place occupied by caramels in Spanish politics and in the relations of representatives of the people to members of the fourth estate has its value.

This is an extract from much that is objectionable in the last degree in the extracts marshalled under the heading "Religion": "Spanish priests . . . when they are really good men are the most priestly priests in Christendom, true ministers of God, pious, affable, without affectation, and full of sound and healthy wisdom."

The very vivid and at the same time calmly sensuous drawing of the landscape round Madrid is finer than anything we have read since we looked at Mr. Stoddard's *Voyage under the Crescent*. It is "Lion Roach" from which most of the citations given above are taken. There is a touch of Cervantes in this: "A certain boarding-house, where the Evil One tempted me to take up my abode." We think it is Cervantes who says the highwaymen of his time had given up their old life and taken to the business of inn-keepers; and we remember Swift's

marvellous mode of accounting for the appointments to the bench of bishops in Ireland at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Well, any one who says a thing which brings sunshine to the dulled brain is a benefactor; and so we part with the selections made by Miss Plummer in a better temper than we thought we should, judging from those we came upon at first.

Most readers of Catholic literature are more or less well acquainted with the stories of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, nor is the esteem in which she is held as a writer confined to Catholic circles. In this, as well as in more strictly and peculiarly religious ways, she had the privilege of being of service to the truth; it is mentioned in this volume, as an instance of this usefulness, that it was to her story *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* that the Marquis of Ripon attributed the final conviction which led him to join the church.

Some time after the death of Lady Georgiana a memoir of her life was written by the late Mrs. Craven, and was translated into English by Father Coleridge. This memoir dwells chiefly upon her exterior life, writings, and good works. Her friends have been so impressed by the holiness of her life that they propose to bring before the Holy See an account of her holy example and rare virtues with a view to her canonization. The present work* is written in furtherance of this design. Nearly half of the book (which was written and printed in Rome) is devoted to a sketch of her inner life by an intimate friend, who remains anonymous. The larger part consists of notes made during Retreats and extracts from a Diary kept for many years, which were meant exclusively for her own use, to be seen by no other eye.

The object in view explains the form of the present publication. It is not attractive as a literary work; in fact, it can hardly be said to be a literary work at all. It is, in fact, a statement written for the purpose of being laid before the judges of the ecclesiastical tribunals, in order to open the inquiry into the heroic character of the virtues of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. It proceeds, therefore, upon the lines of those Lives of the Saints which modern taste universally condemns. Actions showing the faith, the hope, charity, humility, and other virtues are given, together with the impression produced upon her friends by her conduct. The result is a most edifying record, but not one to entertain the seeker for amusement.

* *The Inner Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, with Notes of Retreat and Diary.* London: Burns & Gates, limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is not for us in any way whatsoever to anticipate the judgment of the church. Two characteristics, however, stand out prominently in the life so recently ended which may, in God's providence, be destined to lead to the bestowal of the highest honors of the church.

The state of poverty of large numbers rests like a nightmare on the minds of all who can think or feel. What remedy is there? or is there none? The present writer feels convinced that socialism in any form, and in fact all legal measures, are but palliatives at the very best, and that either there is no remedy or that the remedy must be found in a far greater practical realization of the principles of the Gospel by each and every one of the faithful. This has been clearly and forcibly set forth in an article in a recent number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* by Dr. Nicholas Bjerring; and is, in fact, the thesis of Catholic philosophy. Of the Catholic method and remedy Lady Georgiana was a type and example. It is not indeed to be expected that every one will go to the length she went; for, although living in the world and in society, she took a vow to practise evangelical poverty as far as her condition of life and family duties permitted. She devoted herself to the service of the poor, visiting them, sweeping their rooms, making their beds; not merely herself bestowing her all upon them, but begging of others in order to be able to give more; and becoming if not the founder at least the inspirer of a community of women called the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, whose work is to live in the midst of the poorest. Now, all who have more than what suffices for the needs of each day may, in any degree they choose, emulate this example; and this, although an easy and a humble and a non-pretentious method, will prove, we believe, in the extent and to the extent in which it is followed, an efficacious remedy, and the only efficacious remedy, for the evils of which so many talk.

The other point brought out by this life which may render her worthy of special veneration is the fact that although a lay woman she exercised a ministry for souls, and in fact proved a guide and instructor in truth, not merely by her writings but by her conversation. Under obedience to her director, Father Gallwey, she gave up her life of comparative retirement, in which she had occupied herself exclusively with her books and the poor, in order to carry on by means of social intercourse a social Apostolate, in which ultimately she proved singularly successful.

We have said enough to indicate the character of the work.

It is not likely to afford amusement, nor will it be useful to the mere reader. To the student of spiritual things it will be of value as the record of a life of sanctity passed under modern conditions of life and under the most powerful influences of this materialistic age, the very centre and stronghold of their power.

Father Madden,* the author of *Disunion and Reunion*, has given to the thinking public a cursory review of the world of scientific thought from the time when men of science first attempted to hew their way through the barriers of tradition and religious beliefs that had sanctified the tenderest relations of life, up to the present reaction from the barren infidelity of Agnosticism.

This review is made in a clear-cut way and with a good grasp of his subject. Men are profoundly religious. The belief in the supernatural cannot be eradicated from their minds. We may invent hypotheses which more or less shut God out from an active participation in the affairs of the universe; we may refuse to believe in a miracle whereby God may intervene to protect those who look to him for succor; still, as the plant daily looks to the sun and turns its leaves to get all of it it can, so the soul will place its God near at hand—nay, in its very heart. The "scientific method" which casts the doubt on anything that it does not certify to, is responsible for not a little of the scepticism that marks these times. The theory that makes God a Creator in the far-away time, and, as though fatigued with the act of creation then, has left everything to be evolved since from the first protoplasm, and is no longer actively participating in the affairs of this world, is responsible for a good deal of the decay of religion in these times. Undoubtedly Agnostic and irreligious scientific men have been overboastful of their knowledge. They have been bumptious in their assertions. They have claimed too much for their hypotheses, and it is a question as to whether some theologians have not themselves yielded too much of the revealed truth, or at least have not pared and chipped away from the rock-ribbed teaching of the church, in deference to the dogmatism of science. But the mind of the people has returned to a wholesome condition. Science has failed to solve for them the riddle of humanity. It has thrown away the key to the problem of evil, which alone can quiet the minds of the questioners, with the result that the world is threatened by dreadful unrest of the masses

* *The Reaction from Agnostic Science.* By Rev. W. J. Madden, author of "*Disunion and Reunion.*" St. Louis: Herder.

of the laboring poor, by the deplorable change in women's view of maternity, by a loss of respect for the sacredness of the marriage bond, by a lack of honesty in public and private life, by a blurring of the idea of *femininity* in women. Little wonder, then, that the intellectual world desires to get away from the so-called "scientific method" and back to their old religious mooring.

Michael P. Seter, at the American College, Louvain, who writes in this current number an interesting account of the academic life in the university city, gives us in a neat form a treatise on the reasonableness of the fundamental teaching of Christianity.* His manual is comprehensive, and securely welds the links of the chain of logic that begins with the admission of the existence of God and reaches to the portals of the Catholic Church.

Mr. J. Herbert Williams, whose first volumes were reviewed last month, has added a third, entitled *The Church of the Revelation*.† Mr. Williams's work has been very favorably received on this side of the water. There are critics who are not very ready to lose themselves in admiration either for an author or for a book, yet who have considered Mr. Williams's *Protestant Belief* as the very best review of the state of the religious mind in England to-day. They have made comparisons between Mr. Williams's work and Newman's, and have said that, while Newman reflected the religious mind of his day, still very many changes have taken place, and Mr. Williams is a better prophet of the new dispensation.

I.—FATHER FOX AND THE UNIVERSITY DOCTORATE.‡

The Dissertation written by Father Fox for the Doctorate in Theology, which was conferred upon him at the end of the last term of the Catholic University, after a very severe public examination, has been published in book form. This examination he passed in such a way as to cover with glory and honor not only himself but the University, to which he was largely indebted for his success. He thereby greatly contributed

* *Are Catholics reasonable in their Belief?* By Michael P. Seter, American College, Louvain: Polleunis & Ceuterick, 30 Orphans Street; New York: Benziger Bros.

† *The Church of the Revelation*. By J. Herbert Williams, M.A., late Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Catholic Truth Society.

‡ *Religion and Morality: their Nature and Mutual Relations historically and doctrinally considered*. By the Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.L. New York: William H. Young & Co.

towards that spirit of larger and fuller hope for the future which pervaded the proceedings at the last commencement in a degree greater than ever before. The excellence of the dissertation is on a level with that of the examination. Our opinion of it is briefly expressed by saying that it is a piece of genuine and honest good work. It fills, we think, a place in English Catholic literature which there was great need of filling; that is to say, a fuller, more profound, and more readable discussion than is found in the ordinary text-books of the universally accepted and fundamental principles of Catholic moral philosophy as contrasted with what we may call the philosophy of the world. Father Fox's special topic is not the whole field of ethics, but particularly ancient and modern; the relation between religion and morality, and the refutation of the notion, now loudly calling for acceptance, that morality is possible, although religion is impossible. Father Fox disclaims having made any new discoveries in ethics, or having discovered any original argument against the opponents of religion. He has, however, expounded in a new way the old truths. The historical side is more fully dealt with than anywhere else. Great fairness and clearness are shown in the exposition of the views of opponents, and in his criticism of Kant, Mill, and Spencer. We doubt very much whether within equally short limits a more complete and judicious account can be found, one which does justice not only to the philosophy of the church but to the views of those who have supplanted her as the teachers of the present generation. What comes out triumphantly is the superiority in every respect of the philosophy which the church has made her own when compared with every other. The former, competently expounded, has only to be set side by side with the others for this superiority to be seen by all; and Father Fox has expounded it in so magisterial a manner as to deserve the bestowal upon himself of the doctorate *optima cum laude*. The general scope of the dissertation may be seen from the following extract, which also indicates Father Fox's method of treating his subject. It is taken from the chapter on the Relation of Ethics to Morals (pp. 156-9):

"Whilst reason, by its nature and in virtue of its pre-eminence over the other faculties and activities, dictates a certain course of action to be pursued, and authoritatively declares such a course to be binding on the agent, a concurrent impulse has carried man to recognize that behind this authority of reason, and giving weight to it, lay divine authority. Whilst,

however, the chief sanction of moral precepts has been derived from religion, the contents of the moral code have usually been defined by reason itself. Another indisputable fact is that frequently, owing to the perversion of religious notions, morality has been compelled to sustain itself without any assistance from actual or concrete religion. In this condition it languished, indeed, but it endured. Again, some individuals, dispensing with religion, have found other motives sufficient for the observance of duty. These facts lead to the conclusion that between religion and morality there is not a connection such that if the former is withdrawn the latter must completely perish. The rational nature of man is itself a guarantee against such a contingency, the innate propensity of reason to classify conduct into right and wrong, the existence of a moral judgment affirming some kind of a necessity to embrace the right and avoid the wrong, the necessity of observing some rules of morality in order to make social life possible, are elements always present and, independent of religion, sufficient to constitute a certain measure of morality. As a rational being, man is a moral being; and he may obey his reason, without looking beyond its sanction, and the sanction of his fellow-men. But, whilst this is possible, we have already seen that at no time of the world's history did such a condition prevail. If the advocates of a morality independent of religion were content with showing that, theoretically at least, the element of morality in an imperfect, inchoate condition may be brought into play in human life without any religious reference, they could easily establish their thesis. But they undertake to prove that the moral life can dispense with religion altogether without suffering any injury; and that morality, independent of religion, has all that is required to constitute its perfection and insure its efficacious realization in human life. In order to make good this position they must show that duty is invested with such a sanctity that its violation is an evil for man greater than all other evils; they must prove that the moral good is of such transcendent excellence that not alone are we justified in sacrificing for it every other good, but that we are bound, not by a mere feeling of preference but by a tie which holds us even when we should wish to be free, to sacrifice every other desire, good, or happiness that is incompatible with moral good. . . . It is utterly impossible that any valid system of ethics can be constructed by human ingenuity, without recognizing the existence of God as the author of the universe and of the moral

order. A man may act upon the dictates of his conscience and obey the laws of duty without challenging it for its credentials. . . . He may be sufficiently enlightened, and so little under the influence of his passions that the superiority of a life led according to his rational nature will commend itself to him with sufficient weight to incline him to follow it. . . . Others are so little given to reflection or to questioning their motives that the approbation of society given to the moral standard suffices to insure their obedience. . . . When, however, morality is made the subject of systematic inquiry, or when an individual who feels the bonds of duty irksome asks himself why he must submit to duty, and for its sake sacrifice his other inclinations, then the value of moral obligations must be investigated, and, under penalty of seeing it vanish altogether, its supreme authority must be vindicated. Here we pass from the facts of morality to the science of ethics."

The Introductory Part is expository, treating of the notion, universality, and origin of morality and of religion. The Second Part is historical, and is of special value. The Third Part is doctrinal, and forms the heart of the dissertation. The Fourth Part contains a criticism of the most prominent modern leaders, Kant, Mill, and Spencer. In the conclusion the Ethical Society and Socialism receive all the approbation which it is possible to accord to those movements. Father (or, as we must now style him) Dr. Fox recognizes, with many other signs, that a conviction of the worthlessness of independent morality is forcing itself upon modern thought.

2.—CAMBRIDGE CONFERENCES.*

The first series, which consists of eight conferences, was delivered on the Sundays of Michaelmas Term, 1898. The Ideal of the Christian Man is the general subject, and each conference treats of the various elements of that ideal. The first conference sets forth the ideal as practically possible, and the subsequent conferences treat respectively of a rational, a spiritual, a glorious, an historical, and a social ideal. The last two conferences have for their subjects "The Likeness of the Son of Man" and the "Final Realization." The conferences are brief,

* *Cambridge Conferences*, delivered to the Under-graduates of the University of Cambridge in the Chapel of St. Edmund's House. Two parts: Michaelmas Term, 1898, and Lent Term, 1899. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

and would seem to some to be rather essays than addresses. They appeal to those already predisposed to think. They are specimens of that easy reading which is the result of hard thinking. Father Rickaby is, of course, a master of Catholic philosophy and theology, and combines therewith what is rarely found, a really good acquaintance with what is called modern thought and with the subjects which interest the educated men of our times. For those whom he was called upon to instruct the latter is as necessary a qualification as the former. Sobriety of tone, a spirit of moderation and reasonableness, freedom from the dogmatic manner of the authorized teacher, a large practical experience of men and things, seem to be the salient characteristics of these conferences. The fifth conference, on an historical ideal, is very opportune. In it Father Rickaby refers to the discussion, recently raised anew, as to the effect of Christianity and Catholicity on the prosperity and development of nations; and points out the distinction, often not recognized, between the empire-making qualities leading to greed of gain and territory, to which Christianity does not contribute (although it does not conflict with what there may be of good in them), and those virtues which Christianity has directly impressed by its very nature upon mankind, namely, humility, purity, charity, and detachment. These latter, so far as practised, necessarily promote the *social* prosperity of nations, which consists in the absence of squalid poverty, of brutality, of flagrant public sin, a general level of contentedness, peace, and unity among all classes, a diminution of crime,—and consequently Christianity directly promotes national well-being. As to the remote future Father Rickaby is somewhat optimistic, or rather he endorses the optimistic expectations of Father Cornely. In opposition to what many theologians hold, Father Cornely interprets the revelation made to St. Paul as foretelling not merely that the Gospel shall be preached among all nations, but that it shall find credence among all and be received by all. The end of the world will not come before the fulness of the Gentiles and all Israel have entered the church, and the entire earth is subject to the Gospel and become Catholic, or at least has been so. This, however, is a consummation which we who are now upon the face of the earth shall hardly see; we must be content to be a counterpoise to the evil which reigns in the world, and in this he agrees with Dr. Newman's appreciation of the relative strength and power of good and evil. In fact, as to the im-

mediate future, Father Rickaby, as appears from the sixth conference of the Lent Term, looks forward to a loss of faith by large numbers of thinking men. This loss, he thinks, will be due not so much to intellectual difficulties as to the greater power with which the world is ever being borne in upon the imagination.

The second series of these conferences was delivered during the Lent Term of 1899. This series has not, as had the former series, the unity of plan which makes each conference a part of the whole, except that they all contribute to the very practical end of imparting to the university undergraduates elementary religious instruction. Of the first conference the subject is, "How a Man should prove Himself"; of the second, "The Sacrifice of the Cross"; of the third, "The Daily Procedure of Judgment"; of the fourth, "The Sacrifice of the Mass"; of the fifth, "Everlasting Death"; of the sixth, "A Religion entirely Spiritual"; of the seventh, "A Religion without a Polity"; and of the eighth, "A Religion without a Creed."

We cannot discuss here the many points of interest offered by these conferences. Everything written by Father Rickaby well deserves attention. He always presents the old and familiar truths in a new setting—the setting and atmosphere of a thoroughly cultivated mind. While, however, far from being rigorists, we cannot but regret the impression left by the first conference. There is nothing in it, of course, which is not true and good. There seems to be, however, a want of the requisite completeness and qualification. It has been said of the Society of Jesus that it goes as near to the gates of hell as possible in order to save souls. It seems to us that in this conference Father Rickaby has gone a little too near, inasmuch as the impression left upon a reader may easily be that relapses into sin and the corresponding repentance may be taken for granted as the normal course of things, and, as according to the order of God's providence, sure to eventuate, and not merely capable of eventuating, in a full and permanent conversion. If we take his illustration literally, which of course we *ought* not to do, the oftener a man sins, provided he repents (a thing which Father Rickaby seems to hold to be as easy and as much within a man's power after the thousandth sin as after the first), the more likely is it that in the end he will be established in the state of grace—the polygon with indefinitely numerous sides will pass into the circle more easily and natu-

rally than the regular polygon with but a few sides. And is it true that in case a man sins and repents indefinitely, "the habit will die of sacraments," especially if it be a corporeal sin, like drunkenness? Do not experience and reason alike show that, notwithstanding the acts of repentance, the habit not only remains but is strengthened?

With this exception we greatly admire the way in which Father Rickaby has faithfully presented to an audience such as for more than three centuries no Catholic priest has had it in his power to address, some of the elementary truths of the faith. Each conference is weighty, interesting, and instructive.

3.—NOTES ON LEA'S HISTORY OF AURICULAR CONFESSION.*

Mr. Lea's *History of Auricular Confession* is a serious work, which has deserved and has received the attention not only of his fellow-Protestants but of Catholic students in this country and in Europe. Mr. Lea has accomplished all that could be expected of an amateur, nor is any one fitted to cope with him who has not received the training of the Catholic schools. The impression his work makes upon the average reader, with its array of citations, and studiously careful references to authorities, is simply overwhelming. To deal with it exhaustively would require a book of many volumes and the attempt would defeat itself, for no one would think of reading the refutation even if it should find a publisher—a thing not so easy for Mr. Lea's opponents as it is for him. Father Casey has adopted the plan of taking ten pages—that is to say, the pages containing the history of the keys during the first five centuries of Christianity—and subjecting every assertion therein to a careful examination. He has printed the ten pages so taken in order that the reader may be able to compare the original with the reply. Although Father Casey indulges in no declamation and writes briefly and succinctly yet brightly and clearly, his reply fills four times the space occupied by his opponent. To reply on the same scale to the whole work would require twelve octavo volumes.

What Mr. Lea's own stand-point is we do not pretend to know. From what appears in the matter subjected to examination by Father Casey it would seem that he belongs to the class of

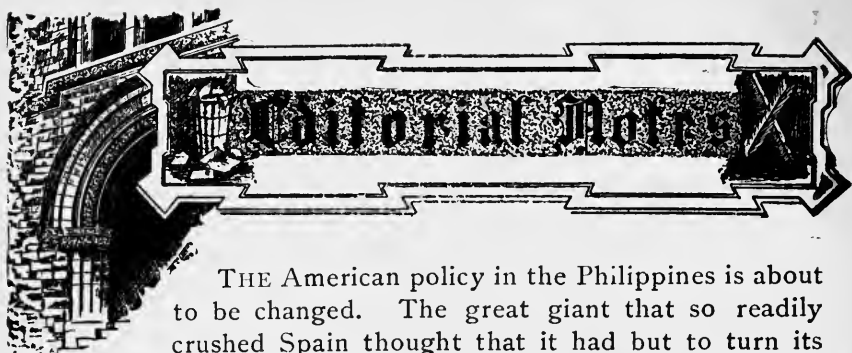
* *Notes on a History of Auricular Confession: H. C. Lea's Account of the Power of the Keys in the Early Church.* By the Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Woodstock College. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

intellectual lords who own no teacher and recognize no master; like the gods of Epicurus, he looks down with sublime indifference on the warring hosts beneath. According to him Christ made a false prediction, for he foretold the coming of the Day of Judgment before that generation passed away. Mr. Lea's own opinions are, however, a matter of but little importance. The important point is whether his quotations are accurate, and whether they represent the full mind of the authors quoted; and whether the inferences drawn therefrom are valid. Mr. Lea's arguments also rest very largely on the fact, or alleged fact, that reference to the power of the keys is not made when he would have expected such reference to have been made, on the argument, that is, from silence. Consequently what purports to be merely a history necessarily passes into the field of logic, and Mr. Lea's weakness in this field is made clear by Father Casey in not a few instances. Especially with reference to the argument from silence urged by Mr. Lea is Father Casey triumphantly successful. But the main question is as to the reliability of Mr. Lea's citations, and we feel sure that no reader of Father Casey's examination of each and every one of Mr. Lea's propositions will be in doubt as to which of the two places the whole case fairly before him, so as to enable him to form his own opinion of the real meaning of the authors quoted. No reader of Father Casey's examination of this sample will entrust himself further to Mr. Lea's guidance; if he does, his falling into the ditch into which the blind leads the blind will be the consummation which he has himself deserved. Father Casey has not proved, we think, that Mr. Lea has deliberately misquoted; but what is made evident is, that he went to his authors with the full belief that what he took to be Catholic doctrine was false, and was by this belief led to seize upon anything which seemed to support this false preconception. What Father Casey has done has been to correct, where necessary, Mr. Lea's idea of Catholic doctrine, and to show by the context and other writings of each author that nothing inconsistent with such doctrine is to be found in the places in which Mr. Lea claimed to have found such contradiction, and in not a few instances he has shown that the writer quoted so far from being against is in favor of the Catholic doctrine. A naturally dry and laborious work is enlivened by freshness of style and by a good-humored setting forth of Mr. Lea's inaccuracies and inconsistencies.

In a very few cases we regret the absence of dignity and

urbanity—as, for example, on page 76; this we attribute to the desire of Father Casey to bring the subject down to the level of the readers of the daily newspaper. This is doubtless a necessity, but a hard one. We have, too, noted three instances of what we look upon as bad grammar; perhaps, however, Father Casey would not agree with our opinion.

Small though this volume of eighty pages is, the labor involved in its preparation has been very great, and for most, even theological students, it would have been a work too onerous to undertake. To search through, for example (as Father Casey prevailed upon his pupils to do), some thousand pages in order to ascertain the accuracy of a single quotation from St. Ephrem is a task which but few modern readers, or even students, would enter upon. But great as has been the labor involved in the composition of this work, it is chiefly distinguished by the higher excellence of accurate interpretation of the texts and of clear insight into their meaning. If we mistake not, this will be found the chief characteristic of the work. Perhaps we may venture to say that in this we see the marks of the theologian rather than of the controversialist, and that Father Casey depreciates his own work too much when he says that all he has done has been to destroy. On the contrary, a careful study of the book will impress upon the reader the positive conviction that the power of the keys was recognized as being in the hands of the church in the first ages, although we could have desired a fuller and more explicit discussion of the relation between the penitential discipline of the church and the sacramental pardon which is of divine institution, than is found. This, however, would have been to address another audience. Perhaps it would have been better, too, frankly to have admitted that St. Isidore's words, "the power of the keys comes from the Holy Ghost, and is not possessed by those who are in sin," cannot be defended, and while capable of explanation, stands in great need of it.



THE American policy in the Philippines is about to be changed. The great giant that so readily crushed Spain thought that it had but to turn its forces against the Tagalos and they too would be subdued. But the contest has not been so easy. The administration, however, is determined to pacify the Philippines, and if gunpowder alone has failed, a little judicious mixture of diplomacy with it may succeed. We always said that it was a mistake to have appointed on the Philippine Commission men who had no Catholic sympathies.

It has always been a problem, while preserving intact the divine nature of the church, to so conform the human element to the genius and character of various nations among whom she exists that she may not only affirm her note of Catholicity with more emphasis for her own sake, but that she may with a glad and acceptable hand bring the gifts of divine comfort to the peoples who stand in need of her ministrations. But especially is this so in our modern life, when the very foundations of society as well as the superstructure are being reconstructed.

"Democracy is a fact, unbelief is rampant, and the millions are awaiting social redemption. Who will bring it to them? As we hope and believe, the creation of a new and a better world is reserved for the Catholic Church. Therefore we are constrained to cry aloud and spare not, to warn those who threaten liberty in the name of Absolutism that they are darkening the dawn of faith and repeating their ancient error which confounded religion with dynasties, as now they would confound it with national prejudice and local interests. . . . Let these democratic races be assured of freedom under their own laws—those who for many a year to come will be in the vanguard of civilization—and tokens are not wanting that they may look with favor on the beauty of the Catholic Church, and one day be subdued by her charm." So Dr. Barry, the eminent English essayist, declares in an exceedingly readable article in the latest *Contemporary Review* on "The Troubles of a Catholic Democracy."



MAJOR MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

MAJOR MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

It seems difficult to realize that only a year ago this summer such accounts as the following formed the subject-matter of every issue of the daily press:

“ WITH THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, }
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, August 14, 1898. }

“The little line of graves where the dead of the Ninth lie buried is lengthening. At one time we had four deaths in four days—a death a day—a ratio which promised then to hold out until better sanitary, feeding, and sleeping conditions prevailed. A change, however, has come about since then.

“One week ago to-day, about half an hour after midnight, Major O'Connor died. He had been quite low for several days. An isolated tent had been accorded him, and two Cuban nurses were hired to act as attendants.

“The corporal of the night detail had just posted his midnight relief when he saw the flaps of Major O'Connor's tent break open and a Cuban nurse coming across the field in the moonlight. He surmised what had happened before the Cuban had told him. He immediately notified the commander of I company, of which the dead major had been a member when he joined the militia ten years ago.

“At once a detail of eight men was formed to dig the grave. It was two o'clock in the morning when we began our work, and reveille had been sounded by every regiment on the field when our task was done.

“Then we went back to the hospital and prepared the body for burial. We arranged Major O'Connor's uniform about his body, placing with it all his private papers. There was one letter, evidently from home, which had come too late for his reading. Sealed and all we placed it with the others. We wrapped him in the gray woollen blanket of an enlisted man.

“In two relays of our men we carried his body, resting on a litter, across the hot field to the little hollow at the foot of the old hospital hill, where we had dug the grave. The major's last resting-place came just within the shadow of a wide-spreading tree. Only five paces away was the grave of his brother officer, Major Grady.

“This was a burial even simpler in ceremony than Major Grady's, though at the latter's burial no taps were sounded, no volley was fired.

“Major O'Connor was very popular with the officers and with the rank and file of the regiment. The night before he died the writer was talking to him in his tent. He asked about the welfare of all mutual friends before he discussed his own case. He said that the nights seemed so long to him. The writer answered that it must seem so to a sick man, add-

ing that this one was nearly over. 'It is already almost dawn,' the writer said. 'Yes,' he answered, after a moment's silence; 'my last dawn here, probably.'"

Brave Major Michael O'Connor was the idol of his battalion. Modest, spirited, and true, his death was a sad one. He had been indefatigable in his efforts for his men, often prowling about among the tents of his companies after taps, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, seeing to the comfort and welfare of his command. His men naturally grew to love him. He, too, fought against every feeling of sickness until finally compelled to give in. He died of the worst case of yellow fever known in the army. So dangerous was his condition that the poor fellow was not permitted to die in the hospital, but was removed to a tent by himself, and there left to his God. His was one of the most sorrowful deaths in the entire army.

Major O'Connor was born in Boston, January 31, 1861. He attended the Boston schools, graduating from the Bigelow Grammar School in 1874, and from the English High School in 1877. After several years in trade he, in 1885, entered the Boston Dental School, taking a three years' course in dentistry. He graduated in June, 1888.

About the time he left the dental college he joined the militia, taking a prominent part in forming Company I of the Ninth Regiment. He was soon elected adjutant, and not long afterwards became major in the regiment. He was greatly interested in its work, and labored indefatigably in its behalf. When the war broke out he was anxious to go to the front, notwithstanding his rapidly growing business. He realized the dangers of the war, but never having been ill, and being a strong, well-built man, an athlete, in fact, he did not mind them.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the opening of the third International Congress of Publishers, Mr. John Murray compared the deliberation with which books were prepared in former years of the nineteenth century with the present rush and eagerness for novelty. In the signs of the times he saw considerable danger of serious decadence. By a colossal expenditure the number of readers has been multiplied. How shall they learn how to choose the best reading? The apparent demand for the lowest class of journalism is not encouraging. Authors need to be incited by fitting compensation to do their best work, and the highest function of the publisher is to aid in this elevating tendency.

It is related of the Rev. Luke Rivington that after his conversion he realized the conditions of the Catholic book market, and knew well that anything he published was likely to be a financial failure. He did not look for any money profit from his literary labors. He was contented with the hope that readers might be aided, through his writings in their search for truth, and he was ready to make sacrifices for such an object. His works have been the means, with the blessing of God, of bringing many into the church.

*

*

*

The pioneer Catholic Reading Circle of Mobile, Ala., was established in that venerable city last January. It is called the "Aquinas Reading Circle," and is composed of nearly a hundred Catholic ladies. The season's study has been: "The Women of the Bible." The officers of the Aquinas are: Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, President; Miss Belle Neville, Vice-President; Miss Mollie Walsh, Secretary; Miss Margery Burke, Treasurer. This Circle gave a public reception at the Cathedral Hall in May. Mrs. Ruffin in her address on that occasion outlined the purposes of the Circle as follows: A short while ago I was reading a rather severe criticism on the lack of the progressive spirit among the Catholics of the South. These censures were especially directed towards the city of New Orleans, and we will be generous enough to allow that city to retain all the undesirable epithets that the writer applied. We will not ask to have even the smallest share. But in the course of her remarks—the writer was a woman, and women never say sharply-pointed things except at the end of a pen—the following remarkable expression occurred: "Now and then (in the South) some divinely courageous souls begin a Reading Circle." Divinely courageous souls! I was startled when I read that sentence, for neither my associates of the Aquinas Reading Circle nor I would ever dream of applying to ourselves such a grandiloquent expression. Divinely courageous souls! But since this writer seems to believe that those who give the impetus to such literary movements are entitled to this description, I repeat it for the benefit of my associates, and we will gather what comfort we may from this unsought eulogy.

The usual charge against women's clubs—organizations composed of or chiefly controlled by women—is that they are vague and indefinite as to their purpose; prone to be full of large, wordy resolutions, that resolve into nothing; that in fact they do nothing but talk and talk, and then—talk some more. Now, as a woman, and a not altogether silent woman, I would like to walk around that

accusation; ignore it or pass it by as if I had never seen it nor heard of it before. But it is just here, face to face with that fact, that I want to speak of our own organization; for I do believe we have worked more than we have talked; we have been indeed doers and not sayers. Later on our efficient Vice-President will give you a synopsis of our season's work. We have before us a very definite purpose, a very concise intention. In two easily understood words we can express our aims: "Profit" and "Pleasure." The profit comes from the acquisition of most desirable knowledge, the advantage of being factors in the progress of a most progressive age. Pleasure from agreeable, congenial association, and the stimulus of kindly fellowship in elevating pursuits.

We will not talk to-night in resounding phrases of "marching in the van of advancing progress." We will not resolve in glowing language "to lift up the whole human race." We will not even promise to lift up the Philippine Islands—not an island. We have before us a straight, simple intention.

Practical life lays upon all of us its burdens. We toil on and on, very often weary and disheartened. When we gather together in pursuit of elevating knowledge, it is as if we had climbed to a bright, breezy hill, and laying aside for awhile our burdens, we grew rested and refreshed, gazing on the wider, nobler horizon. Then our burdens seemed lighter when we went down again to everyday life. We, as Catholics, have a magnificent heritage of the best thought the world has known. When we associate in intellectual efforts, it is to enter upon our inheritance, to enjoy the treasures which are ours as children of the world-wide, cycle-covering church. It is usual to believe that the intellectual movements of the day, the formation of organized effort in literary research, are a part of the spirit of the times, are contemporary with our resistless progress. But if we think a little, just think back awhile, we will remember that just such organizations have been a part of the intellectual life of the Church for many ages. The profoundest teachers, the master minds, drew around them congenial associates. They read, they argued, they discussed. There you have the Reading Circle. True, the subject matters of those days were of a profundity that is now rarely attempted. Then knowledge was a deep, precious possession. Now it is far-spread, and we have lost in depth what we have gained in expanse. We no longer sound the profundities, but the horizon is far-reaching and vast.

And in those days there were women, too, who drew around them the strongest thinkers. There was a Catherine of Siena. There was a St. Teresa. Intellectual women, advanced women, strong-minded women, if you will; but truly women of stronger mental fibre than even the newest of to-day's "new women." We are accustomed to think that our age has left far behind it all the centuries of the past. Yet there were minds in that past brilliant enough to illumine even this twentieth century. The consecrated intellects that lead us up the heights of the spiritual life walk in the light that streams down from a mediæval saint—Thomas Aquinas.

*

*

*

The Right Approach to English Literature was discussed in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mark H. Liddell, and The True American Spirit in Literature by Charles Johnston. In the first of these articles the writer points out that in approaching the study of literature most of the mistakes made are due to a vagueness of our understanding of the word itself, so he begins by giving the following definition: "Literature is that part of recorded human thought which possesses, or has possessed, a more or less general and abiding human interest," and goes

on to point out that the best way for the student to proceed is by studying the causes and nature of human interest. In the second article Mr. Johnston, who, as he tells us, has long been seeking an expression of the American spirit, thinks that he has found it in two characteristics, positive and negative: the presence of power and the total absence of atmosphere. In illustration he proceeds to analyze the works of four American writers, chosen "not because they are the only examples of the American spirit, but because they are the most remarkable for the absence of what Mark Twain calls 'Weather.'" These four are G. W. Cable, Bret Harte, Mary E. Wilkins, and Mark Twain himself. He concludes with the following summary of the American spirit, as he finds it in our literature:

"Floods of light, meagre coloring, no atmosphere at all. The writers of the future must give up everything which depends on the atmosphere of the church, with its mystery and tradition, and the atmosphere of the palace, the castle and the court. All these things will be stripped off, as the mist vanishes before the noonday sun; and we shall have plain humanity, standing in the daylight, talking prose. American writers will have to pull their books through without weather, in a larger sense than that meant by Mark Twain. Some of them have already tried to do so, with very notable results."

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

Advanced Grammar and Composition. By E. Oram Lyte. *Stories of Animal Life.* By Charles Frederick Holder.

ART AND BOOK CO., London, England:

The Catechism simply explained. By Rev. Henry T. Cafferata.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Are Catholics Reasonable in their Belief? By Michael P. Seter. *Close to the Altar Rails.* By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. *The Religion of Shakespeare.* By Henry S. Bowden. *The King's Mother.* By Lady Margaret Domville.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

The Church of the Revelation. By J. Herbert Williams.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Reaction from Agnostic Science. By Rev. W. J. Madden. *Manual of Meditations preparatory to the Feasts of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, of St. Joseph, and of the Visitation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.*

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Catechism made Easy. By a secular Priest.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

History of St. Vincent de Paul. By Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval.

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, W. Toronto, Canada:

Songs of the Settlement, and other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill.

JOHN J. MCVEY, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Notes on a History of Auricular Confession. By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Industrial Cuba. By Robert P. Porter.

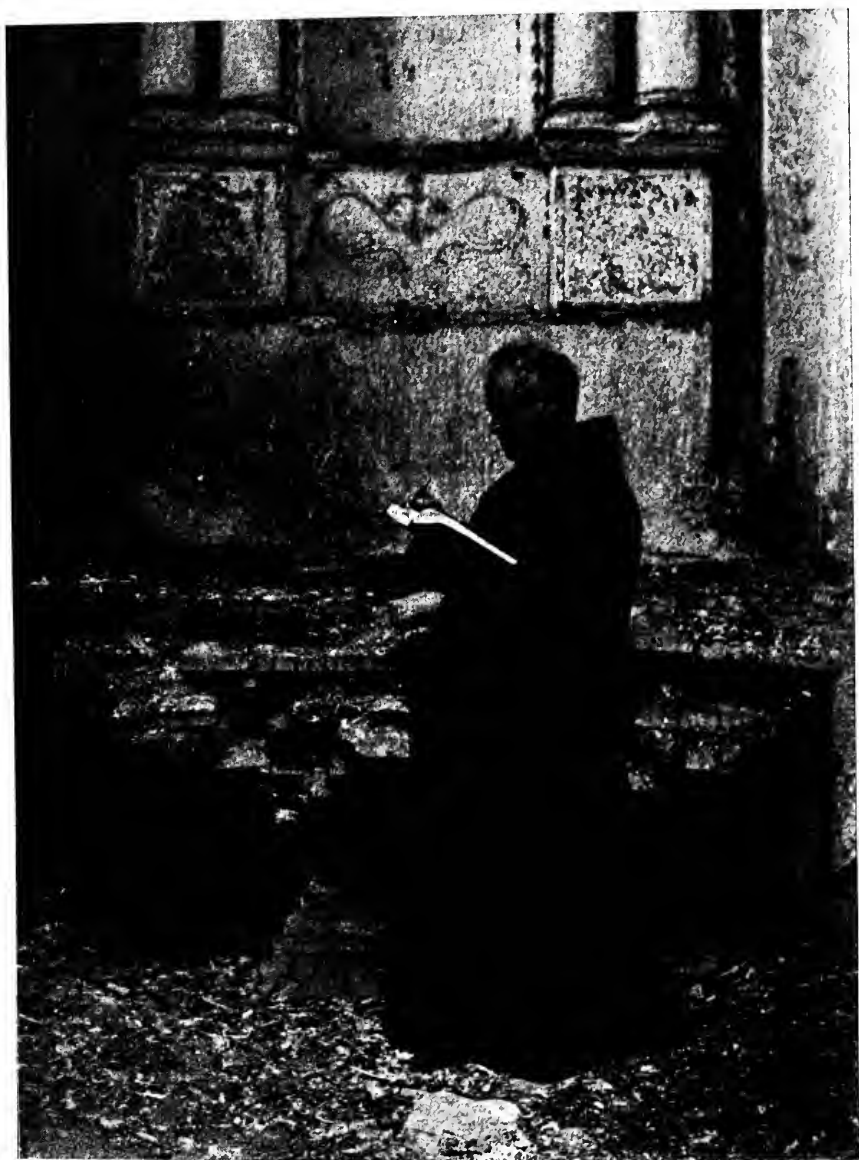
VICTOR RETAUX, LIBRAIRE-EDITEUR, 82 Rue Bonaparte, Paris:

Louis Veuillot. Par Eugène Veuillot. 1813-1845.

E. PLON, NOURRIT ET CIE., Rue Garancière 10, Paris.

La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe Siècle. Par Paul Thu-reau-Dangin.





*From an original by
Oliver Lippincott, Los Angeles.*

AT THE RUINED ALTAR OF SAN LUIS REY.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

NO. 414.

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



THE Longmans* have given us an excellent specimen of book-making in these two volumes of the life of the modern Apostle of the poor. His great deeds will, we trust, instil, by means of this work, the spirit of Christian charity into many of those kindly souls outside the church who are endeavoring to succor human misery, actuated only by human motives. The study of St. Vincent's life is an introduction into the very sanctuary of the Gospel's wisdom of pity, and if Catholic philanthropists are familiar with this holy wisdom their fellow-workers are not, or they are only acquainted with the inadequate notions of human dignity and divine love saved from the shipwreck which Christian truth suffered from Calvinistic errors.

The origin of this greatest and gentlest man of the seventeenth century is that of a peasant of the Landes, a pastoral district of the South of France. He was of such humble parentage that his father's Christian name is in dispute. Our only knowledge of his mother is derived from the saint's brief testimony. One day an old woman begged an alms from him, saying she had been his mother's servant. "Oh, my good

* *History of St. Vincent de Paul, Founder of the Congregation of the Mission (Vincen-
tians) and of the Sisters of Charity.* By Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. Trans-
lated from the second French edition by the Rev. Joseph Brady, C.M. With an introduction
by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. New York: Longmans, Green
& Co.

woman," said Vincent, "you make a mistake; my mother never had a servant, she did everything herself, for she was the wife of a poor peasant." He was born in 1576, being the third of six children, and in his childhood toiled about his father's cattle-shed and sheepfold, and learned his prayers and his letters like any peasant's son. But the spell of a remarkable vocation was on him from infancy, and prayer and charity, adoring God and communing with the Blessed Virgin and the saints, giving away all his little childish treasures to beggars, even his simple lunch while out on the commons herding sheep, were deeds betokening a spirit whose heroic fire of charity was lighted at baptism. It burned ever brighter during the four-score years of his life. "He will make a good priest, for he has a tender heart," said his father. The father's test of vocation indicates that the son's supernatural charity had some quality of natural heredity mingled with it.

Vincent was, therefore, sent to a school kept by the Franciscans at Dax. But he had not made up his mind to study for the priesthood; rather the contrary. And when after a few years his devout preceptors urged him to do so he was startled; he hesitated, prayed hard, and only reluctantly consented, although a boy distinguished for proficiency and for piety.

At twenty years of age he was through with the course at Dax and had received minor orders. He then went to the University of Saragossa, but soon changed to that of Toulouse, where he was ordained priest in 1600. He continued his studies for several years more, probably attaining to the doctorate.

For three score years Vincent labored as a priest in the highest order of supernatural activity. He was a founder of religious communities of both men and women, an institutor of gigantic works of charity and religion which yet endure and never can perish, an expounder of the laws of heavenly mercy to the whole world. Vincent was the strategist and tactician of charity's holy warfare, the leader of his age in pacifying human passions, the foremost man among men for frankness and courage, the most powerful promoter of female activity for God and the poor ever known, yet always the simplest of Christians.

Looking back on his achievements, he appears the most progressive, and indeed aggressive, of master-men. Yet by the witness of those who knew him personally, and, in fact, by his

own self-witness, he seemed to be ruled wholly by suggestions from others, seemed to succeed only after patient endurance of failure upon failure, always yielding and humble, and always triumphant.

Bishop Bougaud thus tells of Vincent's singular, even ro-



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL ACCORDING TO AN ANCIENT AND AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

mantic, novitiate for his public career. Five years after ordination, on a little sea voyage between two Mediterranean ports, he was captured by the pirates of the Barbary coast. "At first sold as a slave in the market-place of Tunis, brought away into the heart of the desert, he was deprived of all spiritual aid, and even of the happiness of saying Mass, for two years (1605-7). Then escaping from Tunis with his master, whom he had converted, and crossing to Aigues-Mortes, he went to Avig

non. He is next presented to Monseigneur Pierre Montorio, Papal Nuncio, who becoming attached to him, brought him to Rome, where he remained fifteen months. From Rome he is sent to Henry IV., with secret messages not to be risked in a letter. He is received by that great king, and then just at the moment when he seemed to touch the highest honors, he quietly disappears into a small parish in the suburbs of Paris."

Nothing can be more interesting than Bishop Bougaud's narrative of how St. Vincent founded one of our great modern orders, the Congregation of the Mission, otherwise known as Vincentians or Lazarists. His success was so great that in his own life he sent apostolic men of this order everywhere throughout France, and into Ireland, Scotland, Poland, Italy, Madagascar, and the Barbary States. After his death and unto our own times his missionaries are everywhere in Christendom, and upon and beyond the danger line in every heathen country, worthy cross-bearers of Jesus Christ. Besides this the Vincentians hold a high place in Catholic education, especially the training of priests in seminaries.

Vincent originated and permanently established the wonderful order of Sisters of Charity, one of the peculiar glories of the Church of Christ in these later centuries, and the working model for the making and directing of a multitude of other orders. The entire dedication of the female sex to works of charity and popular education, it is not too much to say, flowed out from God the Holy Ghost through the soul of Vincent de Paul. And this is true not only of vast organized efforts like the Sisters of Charity, but of little groups of women in a single parish, or individuals working independently.

Vincent's gift was very different from that of most other founders, who got it all by special revelation. Vincent, no less successful and far more imitable, gained his by close study of external providences, and equally close observance of interior impulses of the ordinary supernatural kind. He may be said to have led the whole Christian world to a higher degree of divine and human charity by means which serve common mortals for no more than ordinary devout living. "At first he refused, and afterwards he accepted the plan," is a phrase which summarizes the beginning of many of his works, even among the greatest. He is perhaps the foremost of those saints who were canonized more by their work than their miracles, though after Vincent's death these were very wonderful. He

was not a man of visions. He plainly said that he never had any before the death of St. Chantal, when he saw her soul meeting with that of St. Francis de Sales in the heavens; and this occurred in his old age. But no saint ever gave more examples of instinctive obedience to the interior impulse of the Holy Ghost and the external ordering of divine Providence.



CARDINAL ARMAND-JEAN DU PLESSIS-RICHELIEU.

It was only after thirty-three years of patient trial of his views (or rather those which Providence gave him) about his community of missionary priests that Vincent finally wrote his rule and submitted it to Rome. His biographer says that "there was one point, however, which (at Rome) retarded everything: the unprecedented form in which he wished to establish his congregation. He did not wish that his priests

should be religious. At first he hesitated to require them to make vows; but afterwards he decided that they should make simple vows, and not solemn, which would constitute them a religious order." Vincent's purpose was to add to the secular clergy a body of men near enough to them in spirit to work among them very smoothly, as well as to aid them in bringing out their own peculiar virtues. "If St. Vincent were asked," continues our author, "why he was so determined that his followers should not be religious, he would have given, no doubt, good reasons; but the source is to be found in the divine inspiration which was then making itself felt throughout the church. Adapting itself to altered circumstances, after creating in the middle ages such grand and holy religious orders, this divine afflatus was now about to meet the requirements of modern times with simple congregations, no less holy, no less fervent, and no less fruitful. More exalted in sanctity than others, St. Vincent felt before them this divine breath, which was only to be felt later on by all."

And it was by means of Vincent that Rome itself was to obtain an understanding of this new allotment of methods and new development of spiritual force in the church. For when the leading cardinals of the Roman court refused to accept Vincent's plan, he, though the meekest of men, declined to yield. "At the time," continues Bishop Bougaud, "the older members of the sacred college only saw in such a congregation of priests an innovation, and therefore they refused to approve it. In vain did Father Berthe, who was sent to Rome for the purpose by St. Vincent, endeavor to succeed. His successor, Father Jolly, would probably have failed also, had he not met in Rome Cardinal de Retz, who always remained devoted to his old tutor. The cardinal took up the matter and proposed it to the Pope himself. The divine inspirations which saints feel by reason of their close union with God, are also felt by popes on account of their high position and authority. Alexander VII., by a brief dated September 22, 1655, approved the fundamental principle of the constitutions drawn up by St. Vincent de Paul, namely, that the Priests of the Mission should take simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but with this express condition, that these vows do not constitute them a religious order: *Atque dicta congregatio non censetur propterea in numero ordinum religiosorum, sed sit de corpore cleri sæcularis.*"

One is puzzled and confused in reading of the number and

variety of great things done by this servant of God and His poor. Vincent put his hand and heart to an interminable list of works and institutions of charity of a kind to be called minor because more or less local, and dwindling only by comparison with his two great foundations, the Missionaries and the Sisters of Charity. But many of these works were in them-



CARDINAL DE BERULLE, FOUNDER OF THE FRENCH ORATORY, AND ST. VINCENT'S SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR.

selves gigantic, such as the systematic relief of the wounded and sick of vanquished armies, and the care of whole provinces desolated by the plague, employing in such undertakings literally thousands of volunteer or salaried co-workers, raising millions of dollars in money and material, distributing all in perfect order and accounting for every penny, never failing to

win help from all classes alike, no less the haughty noblesse than the sordid peasantry. He founded and endowed great hospitals, and equipped them with zealous workers both religious and secular; he established homes for poor old men and for foundlings; he made provision for the betterment of the condition of the galley slaves, beginning by taking his place, wholly unknown to his friends as well as to the officials, as a substitute at the deadly toil and shame of the oar-banks. He did everything for every sort of human ill, calmly, simply, quietly, but irresistibly; and with a love which can be compared only with that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In all Europe no miser rated "the value of money" so high as Vincent, nor could any angel in heaven spend it more unselfishly for the souls and bodies of Christ's brethren. No monarch coveted and gained the loyalty of men more eagerly than Vincent, and no seraph could command them with more gentle and resistless sway to love Jesus Christ and serve Him alone.

He organized a complete system of visitation of the poor in their homes by both the men and women of the upper classes, including instruction in Christian doctrine. He founded night refuges for tramps. He sifted out the various classes of the poor, making careful discrimination between the worthy and unworthy, and he established this as a permanent work. His plans stopped professional begging and yet relieved all distress. He opened workshops for poor mechanics and trade-schools for poor boys. He himself thus tells of the results: "By this means the [children of] the poor are brought up in the fear of God, taught to earn their living, assisted in their necessities, and the cities are delivered from the pest of sturdy beggars."

One of the great works which have in our own day brought the name and influence of St. Vincent de Paul prominently forward in every quarter of the Christian world began one hundred and seventy years after his death. It is that of the conferences which bear his name, there being at present more than four thousand branches of this society. In 1833 eight young laymen of education and social position in the city of Paris instituted the first of these societies for the relief of the poor, the most notable charter member being Frederic Ozanam, who may be called the second founder; for under God it was the soul of Vincent who, from his place in Paradise, guided them in their noble undertaking, and it is his genius of organ-



JEAN JACQUES OLIER, FOUNDER OF THE SEMINARY AND SOCIETY OF ST. SULPICE, AND CO-LABORER WITH ST. VINCENT IN THE REFORM OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.

ization which has enabled their innumerable members to form into compact associations, raise funds, carefully inspect the poor in their homes, and judge their needs and apply the spiritual and material remedies. Each conference is composed of a limited number of the best laymen of the parish, men of place, and often of wealth. These personally visit the poor and personally help them, holding weekly meetings to compare experiences and for some brief devotional exercises, all being

inspired by a singularly fervent love of the poor and an edifying brotherly affection for each other.

In looking over the secular history of Vincent's era one name is conspicuous above all others. We cannot help comparing two such powerful characters as Richelieu and Vincent. The former, priest and prelate and prince of the church, was dominantly the builder of the French monarchy, and his is the figure which occupies one's attention in reading the civil history of France in the earlier half of the seventeenth century. Priest, indeed, and prelate, and prince of the church, yet out of hatred of Austria he gave Gustavus Adolphus great subsidies in his war against the Catholics of Germany, and was ready for an alliance with the Grand Turk himself if it could help his ambitious schemes. Students of the art of craft and of vengeance enjoy reading of Richelieu and his intrigues and his ferocious beheadings. All who love God and human kind venerate Vincent de Paul. Richelieu in Vincent's day established the modern absolutism by a marvellous combination of deceit and slaughter, making despotism glitter with elegant literature and shine with high art, but characterizing his whole career by terror and violence. Vincent founded in his communities the divine republic of love, the synthesis of the freedom and the obedience of the Christian. He did not institute the French Academy like Richelieu, but he established innumerable schools to teach letters and the faith of Christ to the children of the poor, and he opened innumerable hospitals for their aged and infirm. Who was the greater man, the founder of the French Academy or the founder of the Sisters of Charity? The very romance of cunning and cruelty is in Richelieu, made as famous by playwrights and novelists as by the spectacular reality of a most lurid history. And Vincent is a sweet miracle of love, both in his personal well-doing and his everlasting organizations of Christian pity for assuaging human suffering. All Europe feared Richelieu, his own fellow-subjects most of all. All the world loved and yet loves Vincent de Paul. He was one of those exceptional beings whom no man feared, not even galley slaves and notorious sinners, unless we call fear that pain of heart which an unrepentant sinner feels at the reproachful glance of a man of God. He is the highest glory of France since St. Louis. The French monarchy which Richelieu founded on the ruins of personal liberty, home rule, and constitutional right went out in malediction and blood, and is gone as finally as that of the Pharaohs. But Vincent's missionaries and sisters

and laymen's conferences are more than ever the glory of regenerate humanity to-day, after two hundred and sixty years of fruitful charity.

It was, therefore, with the applause of the whole church,



CLAUDE BERNARD, SURNAMED THE POOR PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF THE "MEMORARE."

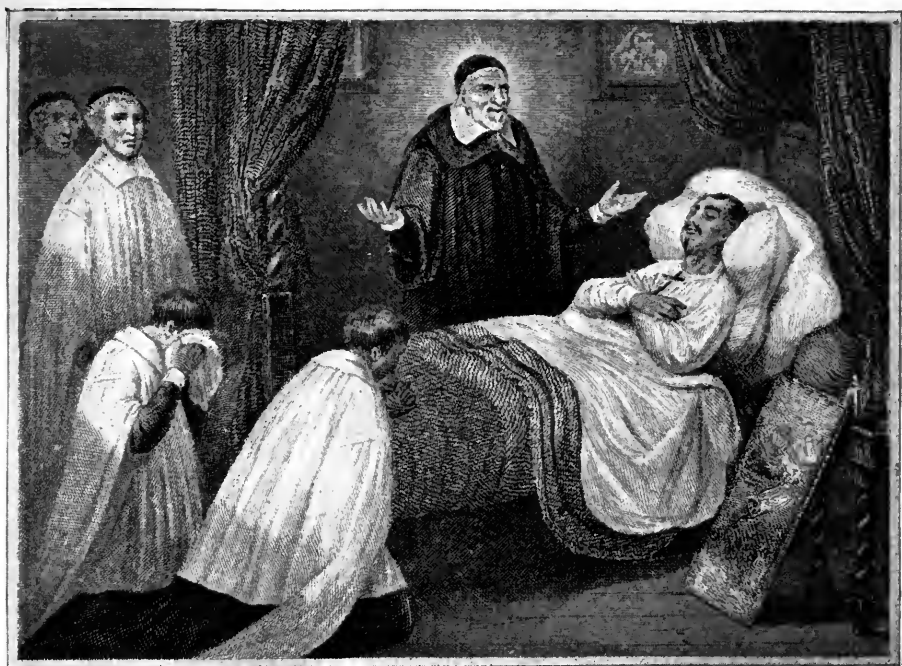
we may add of the whole world, that Leo XIII. made Vincent the stated, universal, and liturgical patron of all works of Christian charity. The Holy See having many generations back canonized him for his heroism of personal sanctity, now canonizes his genius of charity organization, his sacred technique of brotherly love. The Holy Father in his bull of the patronage calls him "The great and immortal model of Christian charity. He left no misery unassuaged by his marvellous charity; he embraced every labor for the relief and advantage of his

fellow-men." Such words, and they are but specimens of the general tenor of the document, are unique praise. They are echoed by the entire church; they are assented to by Protestants and Jews and pagans in the whole world.

Vincent, in fact, saw Christ in every poor man. He took the Gospel literally: "As often as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." And in all his carrying out of this divine process of brother-making Vincent was, to use the words of Bishop La Grange in his preface to this biography, "a man of superhuman proportions." He was of



CHARLES DE CONDREN, SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE FRENCH ORATORY, AN
INTIMATE FRIEND AND ADVISER OF ST. VINCENT.



ST. VINCENT AT THE DEATH-BED OF M. OLIER.

the true saintly sort, an amazing embodiment of the divine love among men.

We were once conversing with a learned French priest about the sad condition of that people at present, and of the peril of dismemberment which the nation so narrowly escaped thirty years ago. Our friend said: "Yes, it would be possible to destroy France; but the Frenchman, never!" Most true. In history how many pre-eminently great souls have been Frenchmen! Whether France is up or down, the knowledge that she produced men like Vincent de Paul, though doubtless he was the greatest of Frenchmen, gives us valid hopes of her future.

Volumes might be written upon Vincent's relations to the priesthood of France and of the whole church in his day, which was of so vital a character and so beneficent as to be usually called the Reform of the French clergy. In this he was the associate of such saintly men as the Cardinal de Berulle; Jean Jacques Olier, the renowned founder of the Sulpitians; Père Bernard, surnamed the Poor Priest, and M. de Condren, the successor of Cardinal de Berulle as superior of the French Oratory.

In appearance Vincent was of a plain, even homely countenance, but when closely viewed, and especially when intimately known, his face was found to be ennobled by an extraordinary expression of frankness and kindliness. He was simple, cheerful, and gentle-mannered, but of a grave tone throughout, as beseemed one whose earnest study was in a book he never permitted himself to close—that of human misery and guilt. “In looking at the true likeness of St. Vincent,” says his biographer, “what strikes us at once is his resolute aspect. His eyes, deeply set, shone with a singular brightness which seemed to penetrate to one’s very soul, while at the same time they clearly revealed a kindly disposition. His forehead was broad and clear, denoting an abiding serenity.” Portraits of the saint are numerous, “but,” says Bishop Bougaud, “often his true likeness is not reproduced. The resoluteness of his character is not sufficiently emphasized, while its tender side, no doubt extreme, is unduly exaggerated.” The author gives various examples of this resoluteness and vigor of soul in Vincent. His treatment of the Jansenistic heresy is a good illustration. He was very tender of persons infected by that subtle error, over-tender almost of the leader of the sect in its incipency, but absolutely solid for the truth and for the only true way of testing and holding it: adhesion to the decisions of the Holy See, sincere and unreserved, interior and openly professed. The author gives a valuable summary of the early history of Jansenism as well as of its errors, and narrates Vincent’s instantaneous detection of them and his active and powerful resistance, and this though Vincent was the least suspicious of men. His test was simple, and as peculiarly Vincentian as it was Catholic; immediate and unfeigned obedience to the teaching of the Church and of Rome. “What, sir!” said he one day to Saint-Cyran, the co-founder of Jansenism, “will you rather believe your private opinions than the word of our Lord Jesus Christ, who said he would build his church upon a rock, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it?”

We would call attention, in conclusion, to Cardinal Vaughan’s introduction, in which he points out the use of St. Vincent’s lessons for solving the social problems of our time. “In the long run,” he says, “it will be found that the power of capital is a miserably inefficient substitute for Christianity, and that it will be destroyed by the combination of numbers, and by its own corruption, unless there be a return among all classes to Christian principle.” “Charity was made to suppress mendicity,”

says Bishop Bougaud. His prodigious courage did not falter before the unspeakable evils of the penal system of the seventeenth century, and he was a prison reformer of the heroic type, with success in accordance with his courage, we might say audacity. The accounts of the treatment of felons three hundred years ago read like the chronicles of another race of beings, a race totally insensible to human pity.

We regret that neither our ability nor our space allows us to do even partial justice to this our great saint of holy pity, or to his great society, the Congregation of the Mission. But we hope in another article to return to one part of our subject, and that perhaps the most interesting: the origin of the Sisters of Charity. Meantime here is a book that one must have. It is ably written, beautifully printed, and concerns a man whose great plans and noble spirit are ours to use for God's works as much almost as they were in his own lifetime.

AU SABLE CHASM.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



HOSE hand of power carved deep this mighty
gulf?

In what dim æon of uncounted days

Fell the swift blow or slowly chiselled stroke

Cleaving the rocks, as woodmen cleave a tree?

Was it some giant of primeval time

Smiting the earth in rage of deadly wrong,

Or making here a plaything for his brood?

Tier upon tier the rugged bastions rise,

Now, stone on stone, so cunningly arrayed

That skill of mortal hand can only hope

To humbly follow, now grown grim and sheer

Like some dark fortress of the castled Rhine:

Here, in the wall's descent, a yawning cave
Hewn midway in the forefront of the rock,
As if the spirits that had wrought the thing
Had cut a place to rest in from their toils.
In grotto such as this swart Pan, of old,
Sat sheltered from the burning noontide heat
Piping sweet ditties to the river sprites.

Below—the rushing of the arrowy stream,—
Gentle, at first, as is a lover's sigh,
With now a slumber in a sheltered cove,
Then issuing forth upon the swift descent.
Down—down the legions of the waters come
With many a shout of battle-breathing joy,
With many a cry for triumphs to be won;—
Down—down they rush, to throw their foaming steeds
Upon the rock-ribbed phalanx of the foe,
Then, with a mighty sweep, the warriors ride
Into the peace and rest their valor won.

Oh, thou, who thro' Life's Chasm art rushing now,
Who, thro' the granite walls of Circumstance
Hast cut thy way as by a thousand strokes,
Tho' but a flake upon the swirling tide,
Tho' over thee may tower the flinty rock,
Tho' under thee the bed seem adamant
And round about thee range a myriad foes—
Know that thy course is onward—onward still,
That naught of earth can bar thy forward way,
That, tho' the cliffs may rise on either side
And bid thee sink into Oblivion's gulf
Thyself—thyself—strong with our Pilot's power,
Thyself, with Him, can lay the mountains low,
And, rushing onward thro' the vale of Life,
May reach thy peace within the Eternal Sea!





"WHAT MAGIC IS IN THE NAME OF VENICE."

ON THE LAGOONS.

BY E. MCAULIFFE.

" The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seem to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the day joins the past Eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest ! "

—Byron.

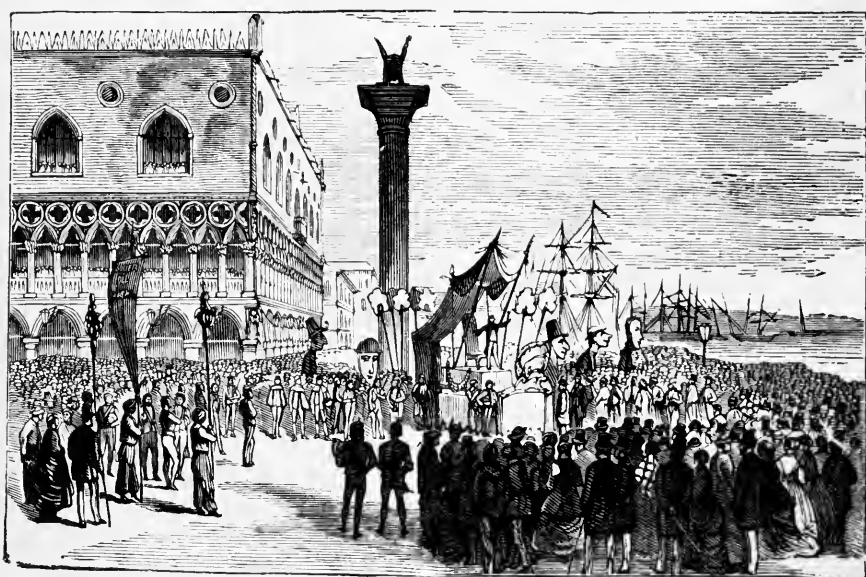


REMEMBER a night in Venice following such a sunset ; the moon reigning supreme, and pouring her soft radiance over the laughing water, which returned her loving gaze, giving back faithfully the deep blue sky and the attendant stars. The face of heaven mirrored in the deep ; and on every side the ear was regaled with the sweet notes of the guitar and mandolino, mingled with the manly voices of amorous cavaliers.

What magic is in the name of Venice ! In these first warm days of summer, as I listen to the noises of the street, my

thoughts carry me back to that city of the sea where the gondola glides through the silent streets, reflecting the palaces which line their sides, and the trees hanging over old garden walls; and the bridges, where every object that meets the eye is an object of beauty, and where every sound is a sound of music!

I close my eyes, and in fancy hear the soft swish of the waves against the walls of the house, as the tide comes in; in fancy I see my gondola waiting at the foot of the steps; and the snowy-vested gondolier waiting, quiet and thoughtful, gathering the threads of the story which is to beguile our afternoon. And that story will live as long as the stones of Venice, for it is the story of a noble life, and every day we have a chapter



A FEAST DAY IN SAN MARCO.

of it; it is the story of the virtues and charities of his master, the late Cardinal Patriarch, with whom Beppo, the narrator, lived as gondolier for twenty years, until the saintly man, in his old age, gave up the luxury of a private gondola in order to save the money for his beloved poor, and gave the gondola to the faithful servant, so that in losing his situation he should not be left to want. I can see the tears in Beppo's eyes as in eloquent words he pours forth the praises of his generous friend, concluding always: "*Si, signore, adesso e in Paradiso.*"

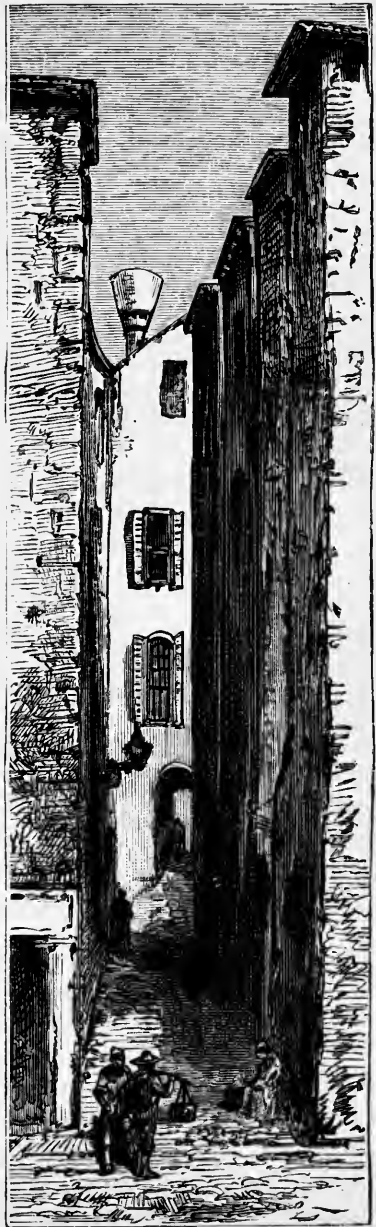
How exquisitely drawn in the mind's eye is the view from my windows on the Riva Schiavoni, in the freshness of early morning! Some large ships are riding at anchor in the basin of St. Mark, one of them an Austrian battle-ship which has come over from Trieste; all along the shore are smaller craft of various kinds, from the eastern shores of the Adriatic, which come into Venice bringing their merchandise. Directly opposite, seeming to float on the waves, are the splendid churches of St. Giorgio Maggiore and Santa Maria della Salute; a little further off, on the island of Giudecca, we distinguish the Franciscan church of Il Redentore; and now all the bells in Venice are ringing for the early Masses:

“And then the organ sounds,
and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of
peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy
Ghost;
And the melodious bells
among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and
through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the
Host!”*

In our house there is a tribune which looks directly on the altar of an adjoining church, and we can hear Mass without leaving the house.

To furnish forth our breakfast, rosy-cheeked maidens have

*All over Italy the church bells ring during the elevation.



come down at daybreak from "blue Friuli's mountain" bringing fresh-laid eggs, and butter and cream; the latter in glass flasks as thin as bubbles, with long necks into which is stuffed twisted vine-leaves, and the butter is folded in a vine-leaf, and so are the strawberries. It is an appetizing repast, and Celeste, the maid, is as sweet as her name, with blonde hair, delicate pink cheeks, and eyes of heaven's own blue; a string of glass beads around her neck accentuates the color of her lovely eyes.

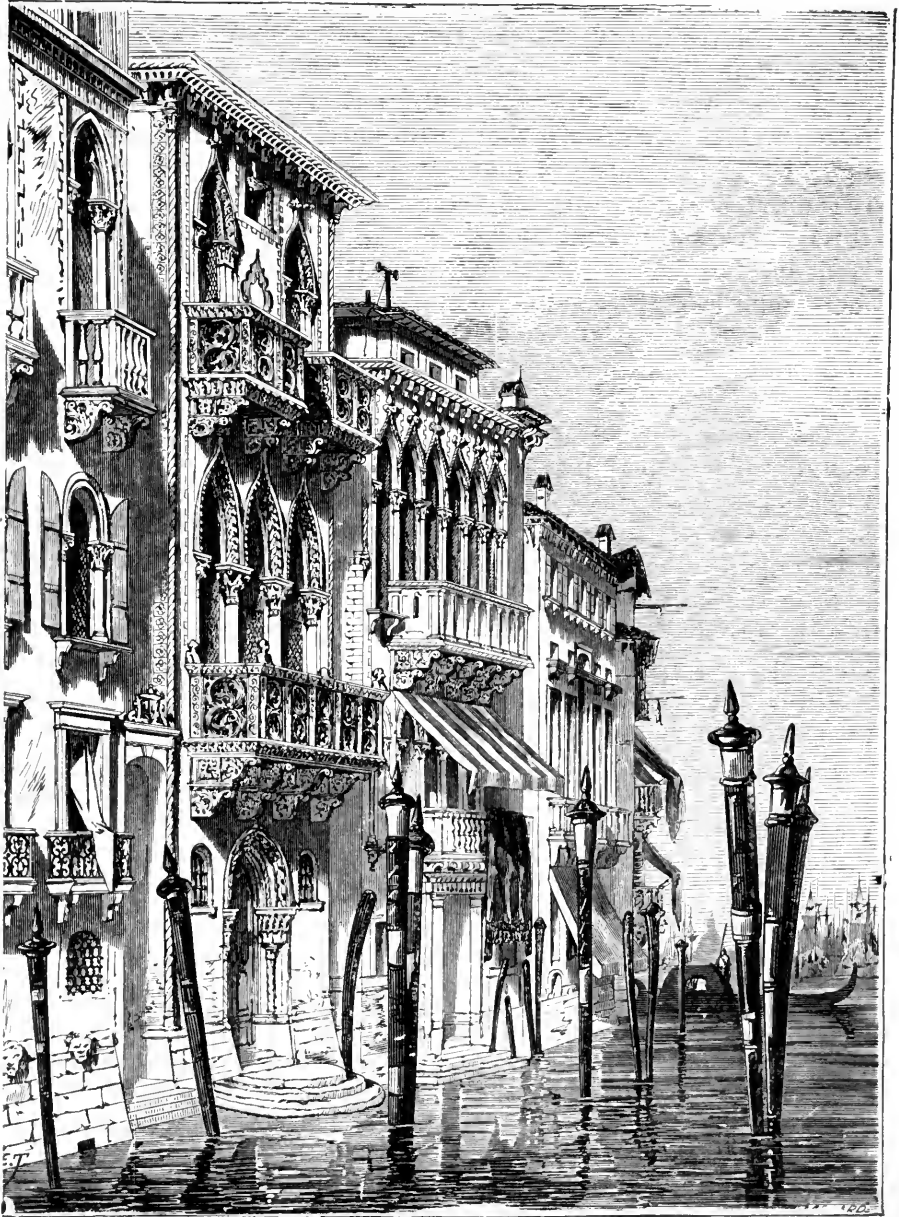


What an intense pleasure she took in waiting on us, and what a pleasure we derived from looking at her! I was amazed when first Celeste spoke of her husband, imagining her to be a great belle among the young men of her class in the town, but I found out afterwards that there is no family poor enough to let a daughter go out to service. It would be a disgrace, and for the girl a danger. So they are married young, and while the husband is working and saving to set up a little home, the bride goes out as a servant.

After breakfast we enter our gondola, and float away into dreamland. The gondolier knows where to take us; we leave it all to him. The churches monopolize our mornings; they are beautiful beyond expression—"beautiful each but differing all." No pen, no tongue, could describe them. The artistic mind of Ruskin seemed to feel more deeply than any other traveller the beauty of San Marco: "A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light, a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl; hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-trees and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together in an endless network of birds and plumes; and in the midst the solemn faces of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet." . . .

"The St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage and min-





“WHERE THE GONDOLA GLIDES THROUGH SILENT STREETS.”

gle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.”

Of the piety and devotion of the Venetians the same writer

observes: "At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the darker places of the church, evidently in prayer, both deep and reverent. . . . The step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly, with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church as if comforted."

On the same subject I must quote Mr. Howells's impressions: "The equality of all classes in church is a noticeable thing always in Italy, but on this Christmas Eve it was unusually evident. The rags of the beggar brushed the silks of luxury, as the wearers knelt side by side on the marble floor; and on the night when God was born to poverty on earth, the rich seemed to feel that they drew nearer him in the neighborhood of the poor."

"In these costly temples of the eldest Christianity the poor seem to enter upon their inheritance of the future, for it is they who frequent them most, and possess them with the deepest sense of ownership. The withered old woman, who creeps into St. Mark's with her *sealdino* in her hand, takes visible possession of its magnificence as God's and hers, and Catholic wealth and rank would hardly, if challenged, dispute her claim."

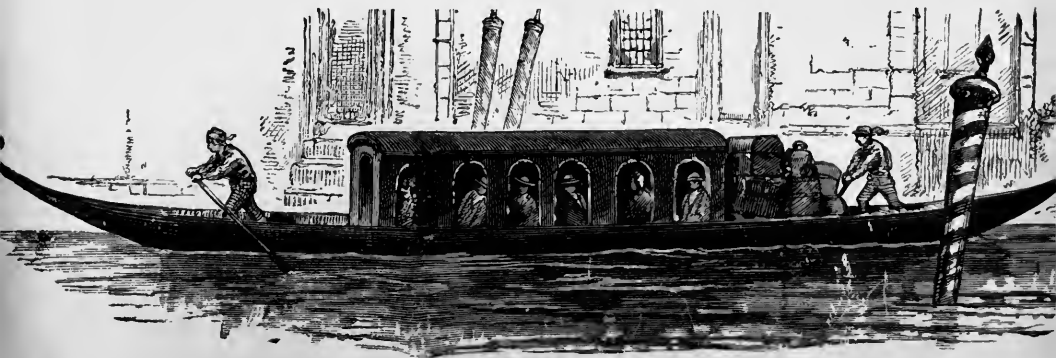


After midday dinner, without any siesta—not one of the precious moments of our Venetian days could we spare to sleep—again in gondola for long excursions: gliding down the Canal Grande, past the storied palaces, which for so many centuries have been gazing at their own mirrored semblances in the depths beneath; past the Bridge of Sighs, past the Rialto, and out into the great northern lagoon; thence to the outlying islands of Murano and Torcello. Swiftly the

hours fly, and the shades of evening are closing before we have seen half the wonders of the region. Another day we visit

the Lido, a long island between the lagoons and the sea. There one can inhale the fresh breezes from the Adriatic, and buy shells from the very interesting venders of the spoil of the sea.

From Venice to the island of St. Lazzaro is a charming sail of about half an hour. This island belongs to the Catholic Armenians. In the middle ages it was used as a leper hospital, and since then has been abandoned, avoided by all. At the beginning of the last century it was nothing but a heap of ruins; to-day it is an earthly paradise. A band of Armenians, fleeing from Turkish cruelties, sought refuge in Venice. The doge gave them the island, and with thankful hearts they accepted his gift and soon made the "desert blossom like the rose." The buildings are magnificent, and contain, besides the portion used by the community, a fine chapel and several libraries, containing an immense number of books in every language, and many rare and valuable manuscripts. Among the latter is one in the handwriting of our own Longfellow, which they prize very highly, as he wrote it for them on leaving the monastery:



"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his Pater Noster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.



So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

St. Lazzaro is the headquarters of all the Armenians in Europe; they have here a college where Armenian youths receive gratuitous education, fitting them for positions of honor and profit. Many of them return to their own country bearing the true faith to their schismatic brethren. There is a large

printing establishment in connection with the monastery; in the different alphabets, it is one of the richest in Italy; a sample of the different characters, in a book printed in thirty-three languages, was presented to us on leaving.

The monks are very courteous to visitors, and cheerfully show them everything outside the cloister. They are truly pious and unworldly, and very interesting with their dreamy oriental eyes and their peculiar costume. The views from all the windows are perfectly enchanting; on one side Venice with all her towers, and beyond the Tyrolean Alps forming a barrier against the bleak winds from the north; on the other, the Adriatic, with the fine steamers passing and repassing by the shore, their stately forms a constant delight to the eye.

All the space on the island not occupied by buildings is laid out in gardens, so that, from whatever side you approach, the flowery banks reach the water's edge. The fresh verdure of the trees and the brilliant hues of the flowers make this wave-washed garden an exquisite spot.

"How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of dreams."

"In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.
I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine."



DON JAIME'S HONEYMOON.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.



ON JAIME DE PEDROSO dropped his title of Count when he went into business in New York. He was a working-man now and could not afford such a useless and expensive ornament. His Spanish father little dreamed when he died that his rich estates in Cuba would soon be burned and plundered by the insurgents, and his wife and children left in comparative poverty. If he could have seen his two eldest boys accepting with gratitude subordinate positions in a large Jewish-American firm in the United States, importers of tobacco, I think the aristocratic, soldierly old count would have sat upright in his grave with horror. But Jaime and Ernesto were only too glad to hide their poverty in semi-disguise in New York, in order that they might enable their mother and sisters to live in comfort in Matanzas, on what little income remained to them. Doña Paz, their mother, had had to consent, or rather to submit, for on this one occasion her usually respectful and devoted sons had quietly dispensed with her consent.

The boys' training in the Jesuit colleges of Havana and Paris had hardly fitted them for commercial life in the States, and they had to begin at the bottom of the ladder; but it was a matter of little time to work their way up, for their familiarity with modern languages, their superior intelligence, their orderly, obedient habits and courteous manners quickly made them invaluable to their employer. They lived with pitiless frugality, for their one idea was to reclaim some day their devastated plantations on the unhappy island. In the autumn of '97 the Captain-General repealed the order concentrating non-combatants within the fortified towns, and at once Ernesto threw up his position, gathered together his little savings and started for Cuba.

"What do you expect to do there, my friend?" inquired the practical Jaime.

"I shall go out to the plantation. I shall make the government give me a guard. I shall take some poor devils of reconcentrados out with me and we will grind the sugar. I shall

invest my savings in guns and powder, and we shall see if we cannot manage to hold the estate against the insurgents."

"Not unless you pay them tribute."

"Tribute, the rascals! No tribute shall they get but hot shot. I want a free Cuba too, but I propose to be free to work our plantations and keep our people from starving, if I have to hold freedom with bayonet and dynamite."

Jaime's cheek flushed. He would have liked to take a gun and go with Ernesto, but he was eminently practical.

"You will need money," he said, "and a lot of money, for food and machinery. I will invest my savings in your enterprise, and as I am the eldest son, I will make you my *administrador* and *mayoral* and pay you a salary."

"My dear millionaire!" laughed Ernesto. "Pray, when did you come into a fortune?"

"My salary has been raised to one hundred and fifty dollars a month," said Jaime proudly. "I can live like a prince on forty and put by ten for a rainy day. I invest a hundred dollars a month in my estate through the services of my *administrador*. It is very simple."

Ernesto was silent for a moment. "I will do my best to see that all is carried out as you wish," he then said, with a gravity that made his boyish face look ten years older.

It was very lonely for Don Jaime in New York when his brother left. The firm in which he worked openly sympathized with the insurgents, the war feeling was strong, the denunciations of Spain excited and bitter. Jaime had inherited Carlist principles from his father and had little love for the present government of Spain, and was ready enough to criticise its colonial policy, its military tactics and political morals. Criticisms of Spanish methods in Cuba he could have submitted to calmly, had they not been mingled with insults to his race and his religion which were more than flesh and blood could bear. He withdrew himself in proud, dignified silence from intercourse with his fellow-men, worked harder and lived more frugally than ever. He had undertaken to do a large part of his brother's work in the establishment, and in consideration of this his pay was raised, but it entailed twelve or thirteen hours of labor a day. His simple meals consumed little time and he rarely went to places of amusement. But, in spite of his increase of salary, there was no increase in the monthly instalments forwarded to Ernesto in Cuba.

Not that Don Jaime was lacking in patriotism or charity,

but in sending these monthly payments to his brother he was making a sacrifice which Ernesto little suspected. The Cubans are an intensely domestic race; they marry and settle young, and Jaime's thoughts had long since been turned towards marriage and settlement in life.

She was a little señorita of Matanzas transplanted to New York, and very much out of touch with her new surroundings. He had known Lolita Frappoli ever since he could remember. Her father had been the Count de Pedroso's *administrador* in Cuba, and had managed the estates there during the long absence of the family in Paris for the education of the children. Frappoli had no doubt been an honest overseer, for he was no richer when he gave up the work than when he undertook it. Nevertheless he had quarrelled with the count and left under a cloud. Frappoli, unknown to the count, had paid tribute to the insurgents to insure the safety of the plantation. When, at the end of the first year, explanation became necessary, the haughty count dismissed Frappoli and refused further payment of tribute. The next week the valuable and beautiful coffee plantation, the growth of years, was utterly destroyed, all the buildings burned to the ground, the defenceless employees scattered far and wide, their little homes and their occupation gone. The count was too ill to be told of the disaster and died in happy ignorance of it. Frappoli, who was now an active agent of the Cuban Junta, had taken his daughter to New York, and found for her the position of secretary and accompanist to a famous prima donna, then singing in the States. There her thorough musical training and knowledge of modern languages made her invaluable to her employer; but to the young girl, bred in the modesty, reserve, and seclusion of Cuban family life, the abrupt transition to free-and-easy Bohemia and the glitter of stage life was appalling. She stuck faithfully to her duties while the prima donna remained in New York, but refused to travel with her.

"I am only fitted for home life," she said sadly; so the prima donna called her a tearful little fool, and dismissed her after deducting part of her salary for breach of contract. But the next position, that of daily governess to the invalid daughter of a wealthy merchant on Madison Avenue, was hardly an improvement. It was easy to teach the young lady music and embroidery, to read the French and Italian classics with her; but to the young foreigner, who had never been allowed to walk in the streets without the protecting companionship of

grandmother or maid, it was nothing short of horrible to be forced to take a room in a boarding-house, to walk back and forth from her lessons, and frequent the shops alone, and accustom herself to the independence of American young girls and the free-and-easy manners of the young men. Lolita had been merry and saucy enough in the protection of her own home, but under this strange and, to her, unmaidenly freedom she became agonizedly shy. She hardly dared to raise her eyes as she passed through the streets. Those who tried to befriend her, attracted by a certain quaint prettiness, soon let her alone, pronouncing her too bashful and stupid for any use.

After a year of brave fighting against this spiritual martyrdom, Lolita at last found some one to understand her longing for familiar conventionalities. Madame Rommel, the Belgian singing teacher, had been brought up in the Old World, and she could never reconcile herself to the American young girl.

"You shall leave all this and make your home with me," she said imperatively. "I have a little house and studio and a little French *bonne* at Harlem, and you shall share them with me. You can help me by looking after the housekeeping, which I detest, and you can earn a little pin-money by playing my pupils' accompaniments and teaching them French and Italian diction, which I have no patience for."

This had been a happy arrangement. Constantly with her dear old friend, busy with lessons and household cares, Lolita felt at home and quickly regained her quaint, saucy brightness. Here it was that the young Count de Pedroso found the daughter of his father's agent, the playmate of his sister's childhood. It both amused and pleased Don Jaime to see her fidelity to her early training, and for her sake he was very mindful of all the little conventionalities that surround a young girl of the Latin races. His calls became frequent, but Madame Rommel was always present, and there were often other friends in the pretty studio, so Lolita felt thoroughly at ease and none of her friends found her bashful or stupid.

Perhaps we cannot blame Don Jaime that when he obtained a raise of salary his hopes rose with it, and he went home that very evening to write like a dutiful son to his mother, and ask her consent to his marriage with the daughter of his father's disloyal *administrador*. We may suppose that Doña Paz wept many tears over that letter. It would be but natural. Frappoli had been under her husband's displeasure, and was now among the rebels who had caused

their present poverty and distress. She must give up for ever the hope of her eldest son redeeming the family fortunes by a brilliant match. Still, she wrote her boy a loving letter of consent. Perhaps it was easier to her now than at another time, for, surrounded by all the misery and helpless distress attendant upon war, the thoughts of worldly ambition and success seemed to shrink away and disappear. It was enough if her children were safe and happy and had plenty to eat. Death and hunger and disease were very near, were all about her; anxiety for her younger son gnawed at her heart. Let Jaime love and be happy as he pleased, safe in distant New York. As for the mother, she would pray for Ernesto, and, taking her young daughter by the hand, would go like an angel of charity to minister as far as she could to the suffering around her. All else was mockery.

And yet two months went by after receiving his mother's blessing, and Jaime had not yet offered himself to Lolita. Madame Rommel was very ill, hopelessly ill, and the young girl was devoting all her time and strength to her dying friend. Jaime felt that he could not intrude with his selfish plans and desires at such a time. Encouraged, however, by a tender whisper from Madame Rommel when he was admitted to her sick-room for a few moments, he began to make preparations for his little nest in his few spare hours. It occupied him and kept up his spirits in these dreary days of public and private suspense.

At last the kind old singing-school teacher drew her last breath, and Lolita mourned her truly. Motherless and as good as fatherless, she had clung with her whole heart to this friend. It was sad to lay her away for ever, and sad to break up the dear studio. Everything was packed now, and soon she would be obliged to turn the key on her only home in the wide world and find work again. She sat down in the salon for a last look at everything, feeling very desolate, when the young French maid-of-all-work threw open the door and announced: "Monsieur le Comte."

A sudden embarrassment came over Lolita as the young Cuban was ushered into the little drawing-room, now dismantled of all that had once made it so home-like and attractive. It was the first time in her life that she had received him without the protecting presence of her dear old friend, and for a moment it seemed a strange, unmaidenly position. With a glance at her mourning, and with trembling lip, she bade him

welcome, gracefully and timidly. He bowed low and remained standing till she signed him to a chair, and invited him to put away hat and cane.

Jaime could hardly command himself to look at the slender little dark thing in her black frock. For her sake he wished to save her all possible embarrassment, so he assumed a very business-like air.

"Señorita," he began very gravely, looking away from her across the room and earnestly scrutinizing the chimney-piece, "I called to see you this morning about a matter of some importance which should be settled at once. I understand that you are of legal age, and that you have sole control of the affairs of a certain Señorita Maria-de-los-Dolores Frappoli?"

"I am of age," she replied, reassured by his easy, matter-of-fact tone and deferential air, "and I am that lady's sole legal representative."

"Among her other affairs, then, you have the disposal of her heart and hand?" he continued, still in grave, business-like tones.

"Ye—yes, I suppose so," she stammered. Dear! what was coming next?

"I have been charged," he continued quietly, sitting very erect and still gazing at the chimney-piece, "by a friend in whom I take a warm personal interest, whose happiness I think I may say is as dear to me as my own, to speak a good word for him as a suitor to the hand of this same Señorita Frappoli. If you know the young lady well enough to believe that his suit is hopeless, and that it would be painful for her to have it urged, pray stop me at once, for he would not wish to distress her. But if I may—if there is ever so little hope for him, let me speak. Let me say how earnestly, how reverently, how eagerly he desires what he seeks."

"How can I tell?" she whispered demurely. "How can I judge of her feelings till I know more about him? Is he—is your friend—at all like—yourself, for instance?"

"Very much," he replied, and as his head was still partly turned from her, she gained courage to lift her eyes and glance shyly at him. "He is about my age and appearance. He is, like myself, a business-man, and, I regret to say, without fortune. He can offer his wife little more than the bare necessities of life."

"And Señorita Frappoli has always been accustomed to the luxuries!" she observed sarcastically.

A slight smile crossed his lips. "It would not be as bright a life or as free from care as he could wish," he went on.

"Perhaps it would not be so very dark or weary if she shared it with him," suggested Lolita.

He started joyfully. "Dolores!" he cried; "Lola! Lolita!" His eyes left the chimney-piece; he turned towards her; then a sudden humility seized him. He pressed his hand to his head. "I have forgotten what my friend wished me to say next."

"I think it is my turn now," she said gently. "You have told me about your friend; now, I ought to tell you something about this Señorita Frappoli, for whose future you make me responsible. I hope your friend does not overestimate her. She is neither pretty nor clever, and she is not always amiable."

"As if any one but you would say that!" he muttered.

"Her little dowry is pitifully small," she urged.

"Ah! And my friend supposed her an heiress!"

"And her father's life has been under a cloud," she added, very low.

"Only to her sensitive vision. Her lover saw nothing of the sort."

"But the world knows of it," she said earnestly and tremblingly. "The world thinks of these things and will think that she is no match for him. Your friend, I take it, is a nobleman, and owes some consideration to his position. He should not choose work and poverty when he might easily marry wealth."

"Hang his title!" he exclaimed impetuously. "You know that he does not assume it in business life. As for work and poverty, perhaps my friend only adores his sweetheart the more for her patient endurance of these things."

"Just as she loves him more for his noble disdain of possible fortune and ease!"

"Lolita!" he cried, and suddenly he was kneeling at her feet and looking boldly up at her. "Lolita, isn't it my turn now to talk?"

"Have I said too much?"

"Never enough! But my friend thinks it is time he had a personal interview. He wants to tell Señorita Dolores that she is his life, his hope, his joy! He wants to take her hand in his, so! He wants to press her to his heart, so! Don't start, dearest! See! I have released you already. I will not embrace you again till you ask me to do so!"

"Don Jaime! You will not be so cruel as to expect that of me!"

"Certainly! It is the only fitting reparation you can make for your pretended dislike of me."

"Pretended?"

"Oh, very well! If I am so disagreeable to you I will rid you of my presence at once. Señorita, I have the honor to salute you!" And he took up his hat and cane, bowed low, and formally made for the door. She ought to have sprung up at this juncture and called him back. He slackened his step a little to give her time to do so, but she sat immovable and demure.

He fumbled with the door-handle a moment, then he turned and looked at her reproachfully.

"Lolita! Who is cruel now?"

Then, indeed, she sprang up and came forward into the middle of the room, holding out her hands and smiling shyly. He tossed aside hat and cane and came towards her, but with both hands held resolutely behind his back.

"Señorita, you understand that I can do nothing till you ask me. I gave you my word."

But she remained mute.

"Do you wish me to break my word to you?"

"Yes, I do," she replied, blushing but decided.

"Ah! that alters the case!" and laughing happily he caught her once more to his breast, and this time she did not start nor shrink, though he even went so far as to touch his lips to her brow and cheek.

"This is our marriage contract," he said, "signed and sealed. You are now my betrothed, solemnly made over to me by your guardian and legal representative. You see you have been courted with all the usual Cuban formalities. I hope you give me credit for discretion."

"I do indeed," she said; "I am very grateful for your consideration of my dignity. It would have been very mortifying to my pride if any of the preliminaries had been omitted in my lonely and unprotected position."

"It shall not be lonely or unprotected a day or an hour longer than I can help. Will you marry me to-morrow, my child?"

"And when will the banns be published? Do you forget your discretion?"

"True, I had overlooked that little matter. We must have a dispensation, Lolita. To have the banns published three successive Sundays in the usual way would oblige us to wait nearly

a month. There are excellent and urgent reasons why one publication should suffice, and no doubt his Grace the Archbishop will see that and dispense us at once. We may consider it settled. To-day is Thursday. You understand fully that on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, we will go straight to the cathedral, where the pastor will say a Nuptial Mass and make us man and wife. Monday morning, then, you will lay aside black for the day, and as there is not time to prepare a white gown, you will wear the little plum-colored suit that I have so often watched for."

"Monday morning! Don Jaime! have you taken leave of your senses? Do you not realize that a woman has many preparations to make before she marries? I will do my best to be ready in three months, but anything short of that it would be utter unreason to consider."

"My good child, now it is you who are demented! Three months? Pray when did your reason forsake you? Indeed, I am really worried. Three months! Let me feel your pulse and look at your tongue."

"No, no! It is your tongue that needs looking after!"

"My little Lola, sit down quietly for a moment and let me see if we cannot find your wits for you. What! you will not let me sit by your side? Must I sit stiffly opposite you, a quarter of a mile away, twirling my thumbs? Why, it is not five minutes, señorita, since—oh, the inconsistencies of women!"

"I will try not to be inconsistent any more. From this time forth you shall always sit a quarter of a mile away from me. But, Don Jaime, there are some practical objections to this haste which you do not seem to consider. For instance, you have apparently not brought your mind to bear on the necessity of looking about for a home, for one thing."

"Not brought my mind to bear on it? That shows how little you know me! My angel Lolita, have I not already gone to the extravagance of engaging the dearest little apartment you ever saw, right near the dear studio in Harlem. It was just made for us two. It may not be absolute perfection, but it is the best I have seen, though I have hunted for weeks and weeks. I hope you will like the furniture, too; I chose it with so much care—" But he checked himself in sudden terror. What had he been saying? She drew herself away from his arm and looked at him with reproachful, troubled eyes and quivering lips.

"For weeks!" she exclaimed. "For weeks! O Jaime!"

He bit his lips and turned scarlet to the very eyes. Then he threw his head back and burst into a loud fit of laughter. For his life he could not stop himself, though he was awfully sorry to have made such a slip. He laughed till he cried. Then he bent forward and buried his face in his hands and laughed till he choked.

"Jaime! Tell me at once what you mean! For weeks you have been hunting, and you have it already furnished! O Jaime! what did I say or do that made you so sure of me? What was there in my manner that made you feel authorized to prepare for your marriage weeks before you had proposed to me?" She was nearly crying now. "If I was so unmaidenly as to betray my great love for you, believe me, Don Jaime, I was not consciously so!"

"My sweetest!" he exclaimed, and he was sober enough now. "You unmaidenly! That could never be! Forgive me, dearest, if I have been bold and presuming. Listen, Lolita. I would have asked for your hand two months ago, when my salary was first raised, but I knew you could not leave dear Madame Rommel in her illness and I must be patient till all was over. She knew, dear Madame Rommel, how I felt, for I spoke to her, and she too hoped you would feel that you could turn to me when she was gone, and she gave me her blessing and consent. But, dearest, I was very restless in those days of waiting, and it comforted me a little to be preparing a pretty home for you when you should be free. And you would have had to come to it! Do you think I would have listened to a refusal? My dear girl, if you had chosen to be very obstinate, what could have prevented me from taking you up in my arms and carrying you off bodily to my castle? It was well you took me when you did."

She did not look much alarmed. "Which do you really mean?" she asked.

"Excuse me, but which?" he said, puzzled.

"When you did me the honor to ask for my hand, you said that if your suit was distasteful in the least degree to me you would withdraw at once. Now you say you never would have withdrawn, but would have marched me off into captivity without any regard to my feelings."

"I suppose I felt pretty safe in saying either," he replied wickedly.

"O Jaime, Jaime! The more you talk the worse you make matters."

"Very well," he said. "You may do the talking for awhile and see if that will mend them."

Don Jaime had his own way about the wedding, for there was no one to support Lolita in the opposition. But, after all, he was never to enjoy the little home he had prepared with so much love and pride and at the price of such rigid abstemiousness. On the night before his wedding, when he returned for the last time to his little hall bedroom in the modest boarding-house on Seventeenth Street, he found a note awaiting him, written in a carefully disguised hand:

"If you have any influence with your brother, persuade him to abandon his mad scheme or to pay tribute to the Cuban Republic. There is no hope for him if he keeps on in his present course. 'CUBA LIBRE.'"

It flashed through Jaime's mind that the warning could come from but one source. No doubt Frappoli knew that the insurgents were planning a raid on the *ingenio*, and was trying to save the son of his former employer, the brother of his daughter's lover. It would be difficult to induce Ernesto to abandon his enterprise. He had borrowed several thousand dollars for the necessary machinery and constructions; it was now the height of the grinding season, and Ernesto had written that in a few days they would be cutting the cane, that the fields promised an abundant yield, and he hoped to clear the whole of his debt from this first harvest. He could not draw back now. Jaime felt there was no time to lose in useless regrets. He obtained from his employers a two weeks' vacation for his honeymoon; this would give him ample time to run down to Cuba, interview Ernesto and help him wind up affairs.

"There is going to be war. You had better stay right here and take out your papers as an American citizen," said his employer when he bade him good-by.

Jaime shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly. "We were prosperous enough under the old Spanish rule before these cursed insurrections. I ask you, What would you do in my place? You find fault with your own government, but when it comes to war you will forget everything and stand by it right or wrong, will you not?"

"We don't have any but righteous wars," said his employer warily, but with a good-humored wink. "Take care of yourself, young man, for we don't want to lose you; but let me tell you, though I am no jingo, you would find this place too

hot for you if war is declared before you are an American citizen."

"It is understood, then, that if there is war, I lose my place," said Jaime calmly enough, but as he walked away there was a lump in his throat. It was not pleasant on one's wedding day to be confronted with the prospect of being penniless. If he took Lolita to Cuba, he must be fully prepared never to return. That meant that the little flat in Harlem must be underlet, if possible, and the furniture sold. Some very unmanly tears forced their way to his eyes.

But there were other things to weep over than vanished castles in the air. On their arrival in Matanzas, Jaime and Lolita found Doña Paz busily working with the Spanish Red Cross Society in its efforts to relieve the distressing cases of misery and destitution among the refugees, crowded and starving in wretched quarters. The sufferings of war left no class untouched, and it almost broke Jaime's heart to look about their once stately, luxurious home and see it stripped of everything that could be sold or pawned, and see the scantiness and poverty of their once abundant table.

"I am getting to be an expert cook," said Lolita gaily. "Shall I make you a delicious rat-stew to-day, my dear count? I am sorry we can't afford cat, but they have risen to thirty cents apiece and are very thin at that. They would not keep the wolf from the door."

"I wish the wolf would come to the door," said Jaime grimly, "then I would shoot him and we could at least have wolf steaks."

With all her brave, practical little soul the young bride threw herself into the service of charity. The insurgents' policy of devastation, together with the former captain-general's policy of concentration, had pushed to extremes the horrors invariably attendant upon a prolonged state of warfare in whatever clime or among whatever peoples, and in fever-ridden Cuba the misery seemed doubly accentuated. The government could with difficulty find provisions for its own half-fed and fever-stricken troops, and the refugees were perforce left largely to the charity of the towns-people, who, with few resources at their command, could do but little to ameliorate the unhappy condition of affairs.

It was with infinite sadness that Jaime descended from the leisurely train that had borne him from Matanzas into the interior, and viewed for the first time since its destruction their

once beautiful coffee plantation and saw evidences of Ernesto's attempts at planting fields of sugar-cane. Ernesto had flatly refused to stir from the spot. He said he had faith in the ability of the troops to guard the estate if only he were sure of help from the working-people; but their awe of the insurgents, their vivid remembrance of former scenes of devastation, made them timid and half-hearted, and they needed his constant presence to encourage them to work. The difficulty of getting food was great. Ernesto shared their hardships with the men, as his gaunt, wan appearance proved. Jaime pleaded with him in vain.

"That warning is a mere threat, a bit of bravado," Ernesto declared. "We have seen absolutely nothing of any insurgents so far, and we have been here three months. I have fifty soldiers constantly patrolling the outskirts of my plantation, and my workmen can be armed in a few minutes at the first signal. Stay two or three days with me and you will see how peacefully everything is going on."

Things were fairly under way. Of the former beautiful *cafetal*, where the evergreen coffee-bush grew under the shade of fruit-trees of every variety, intersected by broad avenues of royal palms and fragrant oranges, no trace remained. Ruins of burned buildings and stumps of blackened trees were all that was left of the country home of their childhood. Ernesto had cleared the fields for many acres and planted them with sugar-cane, converting the *cafetal* into an *ingenio*. He had bought machinery and built an engine-house, the tall chimney of which was rapidly being completed. It would be ready in time for the late sugar harvest. Hastily constructed shanties sheltered the working-people, while Ernesto himself, the mayoral, and the engineer in charge of the cane-crushing machinery slept at the engine-house to guard the valuable plant.

The second night after his arrival Jaime was sharing the watch with his brother. From dark till midnight he paced the grounds near the engine-house, his rifle slung over his shoulder, pistols at his belt, and a couple of sleuth-hounds following at his heels. The night was exquisitely still and peaceful; the crisp, dry, invigorating air of the interior was a tonic to tired nerves. The stars in the deep darkness of the sky looked wonderfully near. They seemed to all but speak. The mountain breeze scarcely stirred the atmosphere. A sudden cry of alarm rang through the stillness; the dogs sniffed the air uneasily and Jaime strained every nerve to listen to the note of

danger. It had hardly died away before he saw a small tongue of flame leaping through the distant cane-fields, then another and another. Already he could detect the ominous crackle of fire, and again the shrill warning of the sentinels rang out. Jaime sprang towards the engine-house to rouse the sleepers, when one of the powerful hounds made a sudden leap upon him and threw him to the ground. The other lay crouching in terror by his side whining piteously. Jaime struggled to free himself from the dog's grip, calling loudly to rouse the occupants of the engine-house, but he had hardly regained his feet when the hound seized him by the clothes and held him back. He was conscious of a terrific glare of light, the air was full of flying objects, and a blow on the head knocked him senseless.

It was a sad awakening for him,—the cane-fields a sea of flame, the engine-house a burning wreck, and the soldiers dragging from the ruins three crushed and mutilated bodies. The young Andalusian sergeant had tears of helpless rage in his eyes, and was shaking his fist toward the hills. "Oh, the mean, cowardly dynamite fiends! If we could only get at them to fight them! But they do their dastardly work in the dark and through traitors, and are gone before you know it."

Ernesto was still breathing. The anguish in his eyes was as much mental as physical. "The warning—you were right," he gasped. "My poor mother! It is ruin for you all. My debts! Oh! forgive me."

"That is nothing; we can work; that is nothing," sobbed Jaime. "O my darling brother! you tried to do your duty. Think of your soul now; one little prayer—"

"Must I go?" Ernesto gasped again. "I am not suffering much; I should be all right but for this weakness—this suffocation. Oh, support me! I am falling! Give me air—air!"

They could not stanch the wounds in the poor shattered body. The gasping, fainting boy looked agonizedly at them; then he grew still and ceased struggling.

"Is this death?" he whispered. "God is good. O sweet Christ! who hast bled for me, into Thy hands—my poor sinful soul—Thou knowest all! O Jesus! Mary!"

And so he swooned out of life. Jaime threw himself sobbing on the ground beside his brother and the dogs crept whining about him. Then the sergeant touched him compassionately and helped him to rise.

"The flames will soon sweep this way. I can feel the heat

from them. We must start at once with the bodies if you wish to give them Christian burial."

The workmen had rushed from their shanties at the first sound of the explosion, and seeing the ruin and the advancing flames, had scattered in terror, seizing their scanty belongings and making for shelter at the nearest point of the trochas.

In silence and sadness the soldiers tramped along, bearing the bodies on hastily improvised litters. Jaime walked beside them, one hand resting on his murdered brother's shoulder, the other on the head of the faithful hound whose keen scent of danger had saved him from sharing the same fate. At the turn of the avenue, where the main road skirts the wood, the dog suddenly barked, and they caught sight for an instant of figures in ambush. There was a short, sharp interchange of shots; the insurgents retired, and the little troop went on its way, carrying one more litter than before.

A few days later Jaime lay on the veranda looking across the pretty bay at Matanzas. Lolita sat near her wounded husband, sewing quietly. Their deep thankfulness in being together again softened the sorrow of these days, but their faces were very grave.

"I ought to be glad at the news from New York that our little apartment is let and that the tenants have bought the furniture," said Jaime sadly. "It gives us a little ready money for the present in case there is war and we cannot return to New York. But I am afraid I am more sentimental than practical. Think of it, Lola! Before the insurrections our estate was valued at \$350,000. After a few years of peace it will be worth again as much, yet to-day we are grateful to the American who accepts it from us in payment of debts amounting to less than \$15,000. We could never have the heart to live there again, now," he added by way of excuse.

She pressed his hand gently. "I think you did right. Debts are a fearful burden," she said practically. "Now you are independent."

"But it is so different from my dreams for you," he complained.

"Indeed, Jaime," she said, with tears in her eyes, "I am almost glad that we have sorrows and hardships to bear. There is so much suffering about us that riches and comforts would seem cowardly, almost guilty. I could not enjoy them. Your dear mother and Primitiva are glad to have you here, and offer us their home with hearts full of love. They devote

their time and strength to the suffering, and I help them by attending to the household cares. It is better so. Now I do not feel cowardly and useless."

He hesitated. "Lola," he said inquiringly, "the Captain-General offers me, when I am well enough to work again, a position on the staff for relief work in the interior. I shall be doing for Cuba what Ernesto tried to do for our estate and people: encouraging the farmers to go back to their farms, and to revive industry and agriculture in the devastated provinces. The kitchens and stores that are established in the cities will be duplicated in the country districts and every inducement offered to the people to plant their farms again. I shall have charge of disbursing the relief funds."

"What else does the Captain-General's offer mean?" she asked.

"It means a noble work of true practical charity and humanity. It also means the sacrifice of my New York position, which in case of war I should have to give up anyway. It means a beggarly salary, a mere pittance, which may not even be regularly paid. It means frequent separation, as I shall have to leave you here with my mother and Primitiva and make many journeys into the interior, and it means danger, for the insurgents are still strongly entrenched on the mountains."

"I know you are not afraid of poverty or work," she said quietly. "You have proved it, and I love you for it. I do not believe you are afraid of danger either."

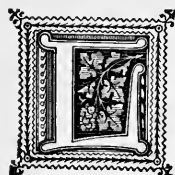
"I?" he exclaimed. "I afraid?" He reddened and laughed. "I thought I was asking if *you* were afraid!" he explained. Then his eyes flashed, he drew her proudly toward him and kissed the brave little mouth. "I have your answer, dear. Now I will try to get well quick." He sighed a little. "I did not think you would spend your honeymoon as nurse to a poor wounded man!"

"I am only too thankful to be a nurse," she replied, "when I think how near I came to being a widow!" And she stooped to caress tenderly the noble head of the big hound lying at her feet.



THE RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS OF TINTORETTO.

BY MARY F. NIXON.



OWELL has said that in the sixteenth century geniuses were as common as they have been rare before and since, and the atmosphere of mediæval Venice was peculiarly suited to the fostering of talent, the growth of genius. A republic, healthy and vigorous, the "Queen of the Adriatic" was so constantly occupied in commerce as to prevent such internal squabbles as rent the heart of Italy between Guelph and Ghibelline, Scaliger and Visconti.

To the lovely, rose-hued waters of the lagoons were brought all of the luxury and splendor of the Orient to delight artistic eyes; the city itself, with its palaces and towers, seeming to float between sea and sky, was a fitting cradle for the artist soul, lulled by the dreamy rhythm of the sea, nursed in its beauty-loving arms, and attaining full completeness in its tranquil perfections.

Into this atmosphere of sturdy virtue and artistic refinement there came, in the year 1518, Jacopo, son of Battista Robusto, a cloth-dyer by trade, and to this fact Jacopo owed his nickname of "Tintoretto" (The Little Dyer). The boy early showed a talent for drawing, and his parents placed him in the studio of the great master, Titian. Here he did not long remain, for his genius was of too original an order to permit him to endure the tutelage of any one. The great colorist largely influenced him, however, as is shown by the motto which Tintoretto placed upon the walls of his studio: "*Il disegno di Michel Angelo, e 'l colorito di Titiano!*"

Years of study followed: study of nature, the cast, anatomy, chiaroscuro. So careful was he to be exact that the Chevalier Carlo Ridolfi, the great biographer of Venetian artists, tells us that he made small clay images, draped them, arranged them in various ways and placed them in tiny houses, to study the lights and shadows which fell from diminutive windows. No detail was too insignificant and his studies looked endless, so much so that he seemed mad to the people about him.

Mr. Stearns, in his admirable life of Tintoretto, says: "None of the great artists of Italy suffered so much from lack of encouragement, patronage, and appreciation as Jacopo Robusto; this, no doubt, had its influence in determining the bent of his genius, which was always more or less serious, and often with an undertone of deep pathos."

The Venetians were not so generous as the princely Florentines, such as that Duke of Tuscany who presented Benvenuto Cellini with a house as a reward for his "*Perseus*." Tintoretto seems to have painted for the love of his art and for the good which he might do, content with a bare living, and "there is no record of a more unselfish devotion to an elevated pursuit."

The first mention of Jacopo, by the cognomen which clung to him ever after, was in connection with an exhibition of paintings by the youth of Venice. Robusto's picture was a portrait of his brother and himself, done by lamplight in so wonderful a manner that a companion wrote:

“Si Tintoretus noctis sic lucet in umbris,
Exorto faciet quid radiante die?”

The great paintings of the times expressed clearly the trend of thought in the various cities. The Florentine works were religious in character, homely scenes, Holy Families and Madonnas; the Roman paintings were historical, portraying Constantine and his glories, or the Acts of the Apostles. Each city had its specialty, and the Venetians were especially religious with a robust piety which to-day her cathedral testifies to, a



CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELL' ORTO, TINTORETTO'S FAVORITE SHRINE.

monument to that brave race of seamen who served as a breastwork for Christianity against the Mohammedans.

But lordly Venice was gorgeous beyond compare. Its palaces were frescoed inside and out by the finest artists of the day; its nobles were arrayed in purple and fine linen and glistening with gold and gems. Therefore it was to be expected that its religious paintings should show gorgeous pageantries, feasts, or processions. Tintoretto followed the general rule in his choice of subjects, but he painted with a spirituality and a deep religious feeling which seems more indicative of the Spanish school.

There was, moreover, such intensity and energy in each stroke of his brush that he won for himself the title of "*Il Furioso*." Vasari said of him that he possessed the "most singular, capricious, and determined hand, with the boldest, most extravagant, and obstinate brain, that had ever yet belonged to the domain of painting"; but Vasari was so enamored of Titian that he was inclined to undervalue the work of the man with whom Titian is said to have quarrelled.

Emerson says that the true artist must be

". . . Musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit-touch
Of man's or maiden's eye;
But, to his native centre fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing in its own mould recast."

Tintoretto's character seems to bear out this description. He was ardent, energetic, eager, devoted to art, deeply religious, amiable, generous but not extravagant, neither jealous nor vain, sincere, refined, and of a purity of character rare enough in the century in which he lived. In all the various documents relating to the Venetian painters there is no slur upon the morality of Jacopo Robusto, no blot upon his escutcheon.

A youthful portrait represented the artist as with a long, oval face, square chin, short beard, an open countenance, with clear eyes and sensitive mouth, and the carrier in his famous picture of the "*Golden Calf*" much resembles him. The Tin-

toretto with which we are familiar, however, is such as he portrayed in his portrait of himself, now in the Uffizi at Florence. It is the likeness of a fine old man with the hoary hair which is such a crown of glory to the good, and a care-worn, deeply-lined face, with that nobility of expression which comes to strong souls who have battled and won, and who have learned "How much glory there is in being good."

One of the finest of the master's paintings, one of his first, and yet, fortunately, one in which the main figure is still well preserved, is a lovely Madonna, now in the Venetian Academy.

Our Lady stands upon a pedestal, clad in robes of soft-hued blue; clad simply, yet, oh! the marvellous grace in the lines of the drapery which covers her from the modest throat to the sandaled feet. Her arms are half outspread, and seem to draw the mantle about her, yet extend it to shelter in its generous folds the faithful ones at her feet. Upon her simply parted hair is a veil which droops upon her shoulders and her waist is encircled with a golden girdle. The coloring is perfect, and each line of the figure—the soft brown hair, the mild blue eyes, the rose-leaf skin, the slender wrists, the hands which look as if meant for loving service, the incomparably sweet, protecting expression—all make us say to ourselves: "That is just what I always thought our Blessed Mother was like!" At each side of the pedestal kneel her devotees, no doubt likenesses of some of the famous churchmen of the day, although their features are well-nigh indistinguishable from the lapse of time. A semicircle of bodiless cherubs poise above Our Lady's head and a soft radiance is diffused about her.

Nothing could be more lovely than the spirit and sentiment of the picture; it is an incentive to everything "lovely and of good report," and Tintoretto must have lived very near to the heights of virtue so perfectly to portray its most complete votary:

"Ere from the chambers of thy silent thought
That face looked out on thee, painter divine,
What innocence, what love, what loveliness,
What purity must have familiar been
Unto thy soul before it could express
The holy beauty in that visage seen!"

Very different from this simple picture, yet equally as artistic, is the "Miracle of Saint Mark," the pride of the Venetians, and probably the most famous of Tintoretto's paintings.

Each guild in those early days had a patron saint, a pious practice which it is a pity we have not in vogue in these days of irreverence and carelessness. Tintoretto is said to have had influential relatives in the Guild of St. Mark, and when he was thirty-one he obtained an order to paint for this guild a huge canvas (twenty feet long) which was to represent the miracle of Saint Mark rescuing a slave from torture and death. This marked an epoch in the artist's career, for the exhibition of his work was his first step into the Temple of Fame, and praise poured in upon him from every side.

The subject of the picture is one of those beautiful traditions which are such realities to those of the faith, and so devotional in all their tendencies. A devout Venetian had been taken captive, made a slave by the Turks, and upon his refusing to forsake his faith was about to be put to death. In response to his pious prayers Saint Mark descended from heaven in a flash of blinding light, shattered the instrument of torture and so terrified the Turks that they spared the victim.

Few subjects could be grander, and the painting symbolizes one of the most comforting doctrines of the church: the efficacy of prayer, and the permission of God to his saints to come to the aid of his suffering ones in time of trouble. On this canvas are over thirty figures, and it would appear crowded were it not for the perfect adjustment of all, so that each figure has its *raison d'être*. The prostrate Venetian, enslaved, bound, and almost despairing, is superbly conceived, showing the advantages of the artist's early anatomical studies; the startled figures grouped about; the tense body of the turbaned Turk holding up the broken hammer to the astonished judge, who leans from a dais in amazement—all these are pregnant with action and life, marvellous with color.

The saint appears in the air above, like an eagle swooping upon his prey, and it is impossible to conceive anything more glorious than the action expressed in his figure. Monsieur Taine says: "Here is a man, head downward in the air, his clothes flying, yet he does not appear unnatural nor more surprising than the occasion requires." This is due in part to the genius of Tintoretto, but still more is it the outcome of the fact that the artist realized that this was not a "man, head downwards," and hence unnatural; it was a saint to whom were given supernatural powers. The heart of the Catholic painter was equal to his head, and it was given to him in a rare degree to combine artistic merit with devotion, and the

religious feeling of this picture shows the true spirit of its creator, for

“ . . . What of beautiful
Man, by strong spell and earnest toil, has won
To take intelligible forms of art
. . . are recognized to be

Desires and yearnings,
feelings after Him,
And by Him only to
be satisfied
Who is Himself the
Eternal Loveliness.”



“ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE MASTER'S
PAINTINGS.”

Tintoretto's attention to detail is shown not only in the rich habiliments of the actors in the dramatic scene, nor the study of each pose and figure, but in the bits of landscape, the columns, arches, lattices, and the graceful fringe of leafy branches which break the sky-line, and, framing in the vivid scene softly, tone in exquisitely with the clouds of the blue sky beyond.

An interesting fact in connection with this picture is that one of the two sketches which the artist made for it was given to Charles Sumner, the great slave champion, and is now in the pos-

session of George Harris, Esq., of Boston.

There are many charming byways in Venice. Indeed, everywhere is a dazzling beauty of sea and sky; but it is a rare treat to glide in a gondola from Saint Mark's, under the Bridge of Sighs, through the narrow Canaletti where palaces old in song and story rise on either hand, and your blue-shirted gon-

dolier sings dreamily, "O Italia Bella, ti con amore io canto." Come hither on a balmy spring day, far away to the north of Venice, where the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto looks out toward Murano and the Tyrol. What a beautiful old church it is! Built at the end of the fourteenth century, when Gothic architecture was in its perfection, its quaint façade, with the carven portal, exquisite windows, and rows of stone saints, is fascinating to the lover of architecture. But the interior contains treasures such as kings have in vain sighed for and coveted. Upon the walls hang many wonderful paintings, among them Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" and the "Worship of the Golden Calf." Both of these contain lessons which he who runs may read; but more beautiful than either, though not more remarkable, and certainly less well known, is his presentation of the "Miracle of Saint Agnes." This painting is a perfect example of the great master's skill and of his entirely natural method.

A Protestant writer recently said that the difficulty which Protestants, especially Americans, find in placing themselves *en rapport* with mediæval art arises from an ignorance of the legends of the Catholic Church, and adds: "We know enough of the erratic doings of the Greek demi-gods, and it is time that we were better informed concerning these spiritual heroes and heroines to whom we owe so much."



"THE INTEREST OF THE PICTURE CENTRES IN THAT SLIGHT MAIDENLY FIGURE."

The scene which Tintoretto represented in this matchless work is one of peculiar interest from a religious point of view as well as artistically, and

“. . . What at best
The beautiful creations of man's art
If resting not on some diviner ground
Than man's own mind that formed them?"

Saint Agnes was a young Roman maiden, living about 290 A. D., in the reign of the monster Diocletian. Sempronius, the prefect's son, desired her for his bride, but she refused him, saying, "I am the bride of Jesus Christ, and all thy wealth and pleasures cannot tempt me from my heavenly Spouse!" The young man falling ill, his father besought Saint Agnes to yield, and upon her again refusing she was accused of being a Christian and condemned to torture and death. As she was led out to execution Sempronius, hoping to force her to yield to him, rushed out to rescue her and carry her away by force, but as soon as he laid his hand upon her he fell to the ground, dead. His father raised his voice in grief, and at this the tender heart of the sweet saint was touched. She knelt beside the prostrate form, prayed to God to restore him, and with such efficacy that he arose to his feet. The prefect desired to save Saint Agnes' life in gratitude for his son's recovery, but the populace dragged her away and put her to death, like Saint Paul, by the sword.

The picture illustrates the moment when Saint Agnes prays for the dead Sempronius. In the background rise in stately splendor the pillars, arches, and a grand basilica of ancient Rome, while above them is a band of the most perfect angels ever painted. They are not impossible, limp creatures, nor like ballet-dancers, nor chubby cherubs; they are airy, graceful beings, natural in pose, holding the martyr's crown in readiness for the sweet soul who was angelic in her purity.

About her is a motley group of centurions, noble Romans, women, slaves, fierce soldiery, all life-like; but the interest of the picture centres in that slight, maidenly figure, so modest, so exalted, so womanly, so Christian! Beside her is her emblem, the lamb of innocence. The prostrate youth, just returning to life, gazes upon her with an expression of wondering awe and reverence. Well might she inspire it, for although almost a child, she was a marvel of virtue to the fierce spirits



"THE SWEETNESS OF THE LITTLE MAID PRESENTING HERSELF IN THE TEMPLE."

about her. Plato says: "The creations of the painter's brain stand and look as if alive. But ask them a question and they keep a solemn silence."

Not so; they speak to all hearing ears and seeing eyes, and the lesson of this painting is open to all who will learn. It is the triumph of purity over passion, of faith over death, of Christianity over the heathen world. No one can look at it unmoved and without feeling within himself a longing for the virtues which so ennoble poor human nature. So much does one feel this aspect of the work that one's inclination is to leave it uncriticised. Indeed, the most critical could find little fault and few flaws. It is a piece of the soul of the great man himself, and his finest work as to its technique, depths of feeling, and intrinsic worth.

Scarcely less lovely, though less heroic, is another painting upon the walls of Santa Maria dell' Orto.

The "Presentation of the Virgin" was long a favorite sub-

ject in religious art, and there is something in Tintoretto's rendering of it which fills the eyes with tears. The sweetness of the little maid presenting herself in the Temple as any ordinary Jewish child should do; she who was the Queen among women, with the weight of a mighty destiny upon her, the long foretold of prophecy—how purely docile she was!

The high-priest, in a magnificent costume, stands on the steps of the Temple, and the steps themselves are a triumph of the painter's art. The walls of the building are shown in all the magnificence of carving, and the steps are painted in the most remarkable imitation of stone-work and arranged semicircularly, giving a fine opportunity to show the various figures grouped about.

Lazy Eastern beggars, such as besieged Saint Peter at the Gate Beautiful, sun themselves, oblivious to so every-day a performance as the presentation of a poor maiden in the Temple. Some have even turned their backs; but others look dully on, neither interested nor curious.

In the foreground are two superb figures. An old man has sprung to his feet and gazes fixedly at the child. What stirs within his breast? Surely, the intensity of his gaze betokens that to him is granted some inner sense of the significance of the scene. To the left a young peasant woman, whose spirited figure has the grace of Guido's women, is pointing out to her child the form of the Blessed Virgin, and of all the assemblage she and the old man are the only ones who seem to realize, even in a measure, the presence of the Mother of God. The pity of it! It is a sad picture, and yet it is a blessed sadness:

“All beauty makes us sad, yet not in vain; .
 For who would be ungracious to refuse,
 Or not to use, this sadness without pain,
 Whether it flows upon us from the hues
 Of sunset, from the time of stars and dews,
 From the clear sky or natures pure of stain?
 All beautiful things bring sadness, nor alone
 Music, whereof that wisest poet spake;
 Because in us keen longings they awake
 After the good for which we pine and groan,
 From which, exiled, we make continual moan,
 Till once again we may our spirits slake
 At those clear streams which man did first forsake
 When he would dig for fountains of his own.”

"La Sposalizio," or the Marriage of Saint Catherine, is one of the best known of Tintoretto's paintings. It hangs in the Sala de Colegio of the Doge's Palace, Venice. The story of the noble Alexandrian princess is too well known to need repetition, and the beauty of this painting lies in its coloring and the grace of its figures. Its chief interest lies in the fact that the Madonna is supposed to be a portrait of the wife of Tintoretto.

Faustina dei Vescovi was the daughter of a noble house, and she showed herself to be a woman of rare good sense in that she was willing to marry beneath her—as the world of her day called it—preferring a man of genius and piety to the profligate nobility which surrounded her. The marriage seems to have been a very happy one, and their home in the Palazzo Camello, a grand old marble palace, carved and pillared in mediæval beauty, still standing upon the banks of the Grand Canal, was a more harmonious one than that of many artists in those days or since. Tintoretto was devoted to his wife, and her oval, thoughtful face, with so much of noble beauty in its aristocratic lines, appears in many of the artist's pictures, especially when he portrays the Madonna.

In "La Sposalizio" the Blessed Virgin is upon a dais, robed in soft blue draperies, holding in her tender arms the Infant Christ and bending over him with much womanliness and dignity in her graceful pose. Her face is refined, gentle, and far more lovely than that of Saint Catherine. The latter kneels before the throne, robed in the rich and rather extravagant costume of Venetian dames. She is in the act of receiving the marriage ring from the hand of the Babe, our Lord, a chubby child far from divine, who seems rather amused at the performance. He has neither the artless, baby look of Murillo's, nor the divinity of Raphael's Child God. The Doge, Nicolo da Ponte, Tintoretto's great patron, a venerable-looking man, kneels at the left, a devotee near him, while above them angels carry celestial flowers. The picture has not the vivid life which animates the Saint Agnes, nor the dramatic elements of the Saint Mark, nor the tenderness of the Presentation, but it has a dignity, a significance, and a beauty all its own.

Emerson in his essay on Humanity in Art says: "All great actions have been simple and all great pictures are," and it is the calm simplicity of "La Sposalizio" which pleases. It is one of the pictures of which one feels that it was painted for

one's self rather than for the multitude, and it appeals to all those "capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotion."

Tintoretto painted three "Crucifixions," each one a masterpiece, but the one now in the Scuola di San Rocco is considered the finest. It is grandly awful! The most dramatic, the most terrible scene in the world's history is portrayed as only a master with Tintoretto's vivid action could paint, and yet as sympathetically as only his mighty heart could conceive it.

There is a subtle darkness over the whole scene, yet figures and groups stand out distinctly, each one notable but secondary to the majestic form of the crucified Saviour of men. The fear-stricken, grief-laden group of disciples at the foot of the cross has a pathos beyond expression, and the soldiery and centurions, horses and men, seem crowded in a vast *melee*, yet in the artist's wonderful grouping each has some specific action to perform. A radiant nimbus is behind the head of Christ, as if the sun dignified what earth so despised. The face of the Master is bent down so as to be invisible—a master-stroke of genius, for who could bear to look upon so awful a sight? At the foot of the cross stands the Blessed Virgin, her face upraised to her Son, one hand extended pathetically to touch the cross:

"Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?"

A critic says of this picture: "I pity the Christian who has seen the painting without feeling more profoundly the seriousness of life, and how real and imperative are the obligations of religion." To the Catholic the picture means far more than this feeling of duty. It means that our hearts swell, our eyes fill, and our spirits yearn to spend our lives in atoning by loving service to the Crucified Saviour for the awfulness of his death for us, and to endeavor to comfort the heart of His Mother by tenderest affection:

"In the shadow of the rood,
Love and Shame together stood;
Love, that bade Him bear the blame
Of her fallen sister, Shame;
Shame, that by the pangs thereof
Bade Him break His Heart for Love."

When Tintoretto bent all the energies of his genius to painting this wonderful, almost inspired work of the

"Divine Humanity that hung
To brutal gaze exposed,"

he portrayed the mightiest dogma of religion, and showed forth his own belief clearer than by a Credo in words. He teaches that one should

"Love the Love that did for his love die—
All love is lost but upon God alone."

And all who are familiar with this great master and lovable



"ITS CHIEF INTEREST LIES IN THE FACT THAT THE MADONNA IS SUPPOSED TO
BE A PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE OF TINTORETTO."

man feel for him that warm glow of affectionate regard which one has for a kindly teacher who has led him step by step to higher things. Had Tintoretto not lived as he did and been what he was he might have been a famous artist, but he could not have raised up for us noble and beautiful ideals.

His life was spent in

". . . raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love

That better self shall live till human time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
 Unread for ever."

He died in 1594 after a long and useful life, and we think of him ever admiringly, tenderly, as one of those rare souls who feel

" . . . the high, stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days."



RAPHAEL'S TRANSFIGURATION.

BY D. J. McMACKIN.

BEHOLD, no ministering Angels come
 From Thine eternal Home,
 As whilom on the tempter's mountain height,
 Or on that doleful night
 To aid, anon, in dark Gethsemani
 Thy frail humanity.

Lo! now, Thy visage as the sun aglow,
 Thy vesture white as snow,
 The Prophets and the Law adoring Thee—
 Incarnate Divinity!
 So hath expectant Darkness seen the Light
 And human eyes been ravished of the sight.

CHRIST THE NEED OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

BY REV. MICHAEL P. SMITH, C.S.P.



ERO AHENOBARBUS, Lord of Rome, wished that all his subjects had but one single neck, which he might sever at a blow. The ancient world grovelled at the feet of this deified monster; repulsive beyond belief, he was the epitome of itself, and his cruelty has found an echo in every land, in every age.

Humanity, struggling for its own betterment since the beginning, had devised no better principle of existence than the law of intimidation, whereby the life, liberty, and happiness of the multitude were immolated to the ferocity of the few. Hopeless bondage was the rule; ruthless despotism, the exception that proved the rule.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

Pharao the oppressor; Nimrod, hunter of men and beasts; Sargon and Cyrus, Cambyzes and Xerxes, Darius the Mede and Alexander of Macedon—all these great names, that make the history of half-forgotten times, are writ in the blood of human hecatombs on bulwarks reared from the corpses of the slain. Deep calleth unto deep. Ameneman, librarian of Rameses, three thousand years ago asked his pupil: "What is the life of the peasant? All summer he fights against the locusts and vermin to save his crops against the autumn, when the tax-gatherer comes. This official and his minions are armed with clubs. He has negroes with him who carry whips of palm-branches. They all cry, 'Give us your grain.' The wretch is caught, bound, and sent off to work without wages on the canals; his wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

An Assyrian monarch (Assurispal) wrote on the walls of his palace at Nineve: "I took as prisoners men young and old. Of some I cut off the hands and feet, others I mutilated on the face and head. Of the young men's ears I made a heap; of the old men's skulls I built a tower. The children I burned in the flames." The Bible is full of histories that in some sense

resemble these tales of the pagans. From Agar and Ismael, whom Sara cast forth to die, even to Lazarus the beggar, whom Dives allowed to die in sight of his bountiful feasts, the stamp of a cruel ferocity is placed on many a reference to man's inhumanity to man. Experience did not teach moderation. Suffering did not teach gentleness. But as time advanced and the gloom of age overspread history, the light of civilization was seen to be a baleful light, rising on new lands only to exploit them, attracting from their savage freedom new hordes only that they might pass beneath the yoke and exchange manhood for servility, vigor for torpitude, longevity for disease and miserable death.

EVEN IN ANCIENT ROME.

We have sat at the feet of Rome, and we have received from her laws and language and literature. Rome, inheritor of all the arts and powers and vices of mankind since the flood, is that great city, that strong city, for which the kings of the earth, her princes, have mourned, because no one any longer buys their freight—"freight of gold and silver and precious stones and pearl, and fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, and every ivory vessel and vessel of most precious wood, brass, iron and marble, and cinnamon and odors and ointment and frankincense, and wine and oil and fine flour and wheat, and cattle and sheep, and horses and chariots, and slaves and souls of men." Shall we, then, look to her? shall we look to the "*immensa pacis Romanæ majestas*" for some alleviation of the cruelty of former times? Nay, rather, it is Rome who called two-thirds of her population chattels instead of men. It is a Roman senator who wrote: "The tools on my farm are of three kinds: vocal, the slaves; semi-vocal, the oxen; and mute, the wagons." It was Cato, the Roman paragon of virtue, who advised the sale of decrepit men "along with the old cattle and rusty scrap-iron." Rome adorned her highways with crucified bodies; Rome illuminated her pleasure gardens with human torches; Rome amused her populace with the death agonies of the innocent, the aged, the valorous, the virgin. Rome subdued the lovers of freedom by putting them to death,—seven hundred thousand in less than three months, sixty thousand in a day. Rome decreed for those who sought liberty of conscience, "*Non licet esse vos.*" Rome denied to vast multitudes under her rule all rights of contract, of marriage, of public service, of property, of personal immunity, of justice,

of judgment, of life itself. Every farm was a convict-camp, every household a prison, consuming within the average life of man a dozen fresh conscriptions of refined and accomplished men and women, who passed swiftly from youthful strength and beauty to debauched servility and utter ruin.

Nor were any exempt from the universal negation of human dignity. The noblest Romans of them all "did peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves." Cato, Cicero, Seneca were virtuous, eloquent, and learned in vain. They died like slaves at the nod of their imperial master, who was himself "The slave of slaves who called him lord, and weak as their foul tongues who praised him."

The great world lay exhausted and deflowered, the victim of its own excess. Manhood had lost its honor, womanhood its sanctity, childhood its happiness. Judgment had fled to brutish beasts; hope was unknown, and suicide was the only escape from the cloyed appetites of passion and pride.

THE CHRIST VALUED INDIVIDUAL MAN.

In the midst of this great and darksome horror of life in death, a small, still voice arose, the tender, pleading tones of the Incarnate God: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke upon you and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls."

Then was accomplished that saying of Isaias the prophet: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me. He hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach a release to captives and deliverance to them that are shut up; to comfort all that mourn and to give them a crown for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, a garment of praise for the spirit of grief, and they shall be called *in it* the mighty ones of justice, the planting of the Lord to glorify him." This wonderful "garment of praise" is sanctifying grace, the indwelling power of Almighty God, who recognized the value of the individual man which the world had ignored, and elevated it to a dignity beyond all the promises of nature. Jesus Christ saw the nations broken and weary, huddled together like sheep without a shepherd and looking upon them, he had compassion on them.

"Grace and truth came through Jesus Christ," and "to them who believed in his name, he gave power to be made the sons of God."

He came in their human nature to raise them to his divine nature. He restored that image first given in the creative act, a special, marvellous likeness to his own incomparable self; he washed away all the stains of their sins; he adorned their souls with celestial beauty and splendor. Nay, he made them members of his sacred body, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and consequently adopted sons of God and heirs of eternal glory. And with this inheritance he gave them the consciousness of their dignity; that is to say, Jesus Christ renewed conscience, exalted it, gave it a power it did not possess before, armed it with strength to obey God rather than men, to endure and by enduring to withstand and overcome wrong even unto death.

THE TASK OF FORMING THE INDIVIDUAL.

As the dazzling glare of the noon-day sun to the newly-opened eyes of a blind man, so was the revelation of the divine truth and will towards the fallen. For two thousand years this new light, the light of revelation, has beamed steadily on the earth, supplementing the half-garish light of Reason. Meanwhile it has, by a slow, unfaltering process of accommodation, revolutionized society. The vast machinery which had hitherto spent its force in crushing the individual became subservient to his welfare, protecting, nourishing, educating him, and revealing to him the infinite capacities which lie dormant in himself.

The sublime idea of human personality and the sovereignty of human conscience which man had waited for the Incarnate God to teach him, had been in his grasp from the first. St. Paul found him inexcusable because he had not known from the beginning "the invisible things of God, his power also and his divinity; that in him we live, move, and have our being, and that he is not far from every one of us, for we are of his seed." But the vain thoughts which had darkened man's concept of the type had robbed him also of the image, and he has crept back to some just appreciation of the image, by degrees so painful that we may well doubt whether it would have been possible for him to accomplish what he has accomplished, though possessing Revelation, without divinely appointed aid. But Christ provided this aid. He entrusted his ideal of the individual man to the Church, who, with a mother's solicitude, undertook the double task of *forming the individual* and, for his sake, of reforming the world.

The first and most important step towards counteracting the abuses of the old world was contained in the exhortation of the first bishop, the Vicar of Christ: "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims refrain yourselves from carnal desires which war against the soul; having your conversation [manner of living] good among the heathen, that whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, they may, by the good works they see in you, glorify God in the day of visitation. Be ye subject, therefore, to every human creature for God's sake, for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to shame the ignorance of foolish men. Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle but also to the froward. For unto this you are called, because Christ also suffered, leaving you an example" (Ep. of St. Peter).

THE REFORMATION OF THE WORLD RESULTED.

By heroic adherence to this one principle of cheerful submission to tyranny for Christ's sake the Church has from that day to this guaranteed freedom to every individual. Understand me, this freedom has not been of this world, earthy, sensual, devilish, but it has been the freedom to develop every god-given power according to the supernatural estimate of these powers which God has revealed. It is the freedom wherewith God has made us free—the freedom under his promise, "You shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free."

The gladiators entering the arena where death awaited them, turned to Cæsar in the intrepidity of natural ferocity, or hardened and coerced by despair, and said, "Te morituri salutamus;" but the band of Christians, standing in the amphitheatre, raised their eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "We give thee thanks, O Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thy truth raises us above the cruelty of men. We fear not them who can kill the body; we fear only Thee, who hast power over the soul."

Furthermore, every splendid and stable victory of the church over the world has been the reward of fidelity to this principle. No example more amazing could be offered than the three centuries of patient, bloody suffering which issued in the establishment of every man's right to serve the true God according to the precepts of his incarnate Son. Paganism was vanquished, the catacombs were unsealed, and the Labarum blazed from the summit of the Capitol, simply

because untold millions had suffered persecution for Christ's sake and had rejoiced, hoping for a reward in heaven.

Henceforth Christianity and European civilization were identified. The labors of the church, guided by the spirit of meekness, were devoted to the welfare of each. In vain did the powers of darkness incite the barbarian invasions. The church retired before them to the monasteries, there to lay deep and solid the foundations of mediæval learning. In vain did the virile stock she had newly adopted maintain its warlike spirit. The church yielded to its ferocity by directing it against the enemies of God, the Turks, and thence she wrested for her children a double blessing—the security of Europe and the endowment of modern society with sciences and the liberal arts. In vain did the feudal system oppress the weak, exalt might above right, and defy the law of Christ. The church accepted its spirit of independence, engrafted upon it her own marvellous polity of representative government, and called forth the modern state. In vain did violent and licentious sectaries lead kingdoms in revolt against the lenient discipline of the Spouse of Christ. The movement culminated in the Thirty Years' War, the great English Rebellion, and the French Revolution. But the church, fleeing before the tidal wave of anarchy in Northern Europe, girded her loins afresh, planted the standard of the cross on newly discovered continents, and even to-day is consecrating conservative Democracy, which her prayers have lifted up from the wreck of thrones, and which she recognizes, in part at least, as the social ideal set before her when she first began her labors under Tiberius Cæsar's frown.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT OF CHRISTIAN TRAINING.

She found mankind a race of slaves; she contemplates it to-day a race of sovereigns. The kings and great ones of the earth have disappeared, not because human progress has degraded them, but because human progress has elevated the mass of mankind to greatness.

Behold, then, the finished product of Christian training—the individual man! Well and truly does the poet describe him: "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!"

For nature and art, law and religion, have conspired to develop and encourage the exercise of these faculties in accordance with his happy destiny of personal perfection and

future fellowship with God. In the fullest meaning of the word, life is his own. The all-pervading law of equality is not an arbitrary denial of reasonable distinctions, but the reasonable denial of arbitrary distinctions. Be his birth ever so humble, each individual may aspire to the noblest emoluments of worldly success. His efforts are fostered by a government to whose well-being he is an active and recognized contributor. Its laws are made at his behest; their administrators owe the duration of their power to his good-will, and they lay no lightest burden upon him without his consent. The conservation of his rights is the accepted condition of universal liberty; they cannot be infringed without arousing in his defence the mighty energies of the world's most imperious dictator, public opinion.

Nor is the enjoyment of personal liberty restricted for him to any particular region; he has the freedom of the globe, and, wrapped in the ægis of his nation's flag, he may defy the armies of whatsoever potentate. If labor and frugality, or the chance of fortune, make him the owner of property, not only is that ownership inviolable, but it is also a multiplication of his personality. The ancient saying, "*Gravatus ære*," does not apply to him; rather he has become another Hermes with winged feet. A world-wide system of credit expands his modest capital to gigantic powers and lays the resources of all lands in subjection to his financial genius.

For his communication with distant peoples the depths of the ocean are traversed by the subtle electric fluid; for his luxurious journeys the mountains are pierced; for his domestic utility brave armies grapple with the ferocities of arctic solitude, or carry on war against the fierce denizens of the tropics; the continents are severed that a thousand argosies may bring to him more swiftly the spices and herbs of Ceylon, the gems of Cape Colony, the fabrics of China and Japan. His table is served with viands more recondite than the fabled dainties of Lucullus. All the world is his market; and for him, more than for any hitherto, all the world is a stage. Its daily happenings pass before his eyes in picture and story; its remotest inhabitants become, in one way and another, often in literal truth, his next-door neighbors, and their concerns are eventually of vital importance to him.

This cosmopolitan sympathy, this transformation of daily life, by countless devices, for his comfort, instruction, and entertainment; this universal co-operation in producing and combining the useful, the luxurious, the beautiful for his enjoyment, might seem to be, upon first consideration, the tribute of man-

kind to some world sovereign, or at least to some titled aristocracy; but in fact nothing is more characteristic of the age than the extension of its benefits to all sorts and conditions of men. The greatest triumphs of the inventor's skill have been for the general public. The state not only provides but insists upon education for all; the penny newspapers and magazines of literature and art, and the ingenious devices of competitive trade, so far complete the education of dwellers in our great cities that nothing henceforth can astonish, nothing is completely new.

OVER-REFINEMENT OF INDIVIDUALISM.

Like the sacred oil which ran down the beard of Aaron even to the hem of his garments, the subtle unction of refinement has seeped through humanity from top to bottom, and the world is teeming with sensitive, susceptible, responsive souls whose faculties are keenly alive to all that their environments have to give, whether of pleasure or pain, and only from the wilfully blind and deaf is the truth half concealed that human individuality, in full possession of its prosperous modern heritage, has merely gained a new capacity for suffering, amid surroundings which have a new and tenfold capacity for inflicting it; for this is of all ages the most restless and sad. Invention, commerce, public and private enterprise, gathering the nations into cosmopolitan brotherhood, have taught their members new wants and needs, and in doing so have withdrawn the possibility of satisfying these needs. From the economic point alone, we are justified in repeating the words of Tertullian: "Man is become a drug; the very elements scarcely meet our needs; our wants outrun the supply, and the complaint is general that we have exhausted nature."

The land is filled with young men and young women whose aspirations have mounted on the wings of modern culture, until the distance between laudable desire and possible realization has become an abyss. Thousands of hearts that have yearned for happy homes, for books, for music, for travel and the requisite accompanying leisure, are left to cheer themselves in meagre attics, or to find the courage for living on by walking penniless through the pomp and splendor of the city streets. So cruel is the reckless generosity of society that these unfortunates are constantly being tantalized with the good things which are beyond their reach; and an evening at the home of a wealthy acquaintance, or a few short weeks of summer gaiety;

suffice to keep the pain alive, to accentuate the narrowness of *their* lot, and to entice despair.

From this great army are recruited the most pitiable victims of weakness, vice, dishonesty, crime; and by the prostitution of their educated tastes to the intellectual brigandage of the stock-market, the hustings, the stage, and, above all, of the press, they become a scourge upon society more terrible than Attila's hideous warriors. They smite and spare not the privacy, the honor, the peace of others; they organize and voice the bitter discontent of mechanics and agrarians; they promote the hostility of political parties; and, merging at times their petty enterprises into one vast conspiracy, disrupt international peace. So much power and liberty have been given to the individual that, in a sense, the happiness of mankind is at his mercy.

The sphere of human consciousness has become like the old, dead moon—one side sublimely complacent in the splendor of borrowed light, the other black and dismal with its craters and abysses—scars of primal struggle and defeat. Half of mankind is drunk with the complacency of God-given triumphs, half is mad with the pangs of frustrated desire.

THE ULTIMATE PURPOSES IN IT ALL.

Oh, thrice blind race of miserable men! to what purpose does ancient history recall the horrid griefs of universal slavery? To what purpose did God become man, labor, suffer, die for the teaching of the truth? To what purpose has God's Church persevered through twenty centuries, striking off the chains of the slave, educating the ignorant, protecting the weak, moderating the impetuosity of the strong? To what purpose has beneficent Providence made the twentieth century a golden age in comparison with which the golden age of Augustus and the golden age of fabled gods are dim, restricted, contemptible? To what purpose are the nations at peace, the oceans filled with commerce, the individual man free to make his fortune or to mar it? Do progress, liberty, education lead to nothing better than the same old rounds of selfish competitions, carnal lusts, æsthetic gratifications, and fierce reprisals which blackened the first pages of human history? Is this the design of God?

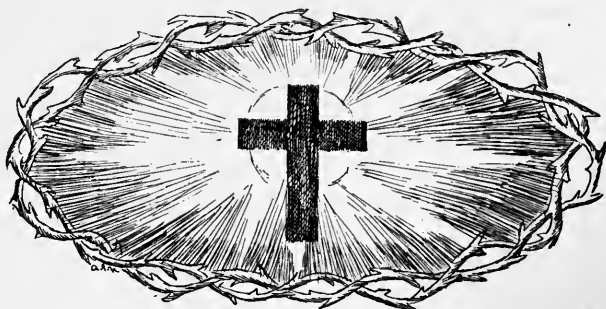
What higher purpose does there lie hidden in the creation of the individual and his ultimate refinement?

Could the publicans and harlots of Galilee, the slaves of

Rome, the barbarians of Gaul, better realize the divine presence, and better correspond with divine action than we? Why has God exalted the individual in material prosperity, in personal liberty, in intellectual enlightenment, except that he might be more free to cultivate the supernatural, to live a diviner life? But the individual man has ignored the purpose of Christ, has perverted his greater gifts. And herein are all found guilty, from the anarchist whose greed makes him an assassin, to the humanist whose love of the present makes him forget eternity.

And once more is heard the reproach, the warning of the Saviour: "If thou hadst known, if thou hadst known, the things that are for thy peace." Peace, O wounded hearts! Peace, ye that wander and are restless and sad, is abundantly offered you even in this day of competition, when man is a drug and nature gives signs of exhaustion; but peace to be found only in the designs of Him who is the Prince of Peace.

Peace is in the washing away of your sins; peace is in God's favor obtained by prayer and patience; peace is in likeness to His only-begotten Son; peace is in the dignity of human actions elevated by grace; peace is in the inheritance of truth and virtue: "For as many as receive him, he gives them power to be made the sons of God, to them who believe in his name."



ROBERT INGERSOLL.

BY REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.



Take notice this man because of the harm he did and tried to do, not because of any great quality that he possessed. He had a strong constitution and good digestion, and was without nerves except on the field of battle. His career as a soldier was very short; while his career as an anti-Christian lecturer was too long for the good of his own soul, and for the faith of the many half-educated people who listened to his speeches or read them in print, laughed at his jokes, and took his caricatures of Christian doctrines for solid arguments against them.

He was the type of a large class of Americans, the sons or pupils of old Calvinistic clergymen who held with John Calvin that human nature is "totally depraved" since the fall, that man is incapable of natural good or virtue, and that the immense majority even of Christians will be damned in virtue of a divine decree which takes no account of the good or bad actions of individuals; a decree which singles out a few who are called "the elect," not because they co-operate with God's grace, do good works, and so merit heaven, but because they are foreordained by a blind fate. These old-fashioned ministers, like Calvin and Luther, whose heresy was condemned by the Council of Trent, denied the existence of free will. They were hard, fanatical old fellows, like the early Puritans, who seemed to think that the great aim and purpose of Christianity was to make every one sour-visaged and miserable. The result of their teaching and practice was to make even little children detest Christian practices and observances, particularly the observance of the Sunday, when, to use the phrase of one who had grown up among them and afterwards became a Catholic, "children were condemned on the Sabbath to sit in solemn silence for hours studying Scripture lessons while they kicked shins under the table." An early environment of this kind helped to make Ingersoll an infidel when he grew up.

He might have been then saved from agnosticism if he had been trained to use his intellect properly in a good Catholic

college. If some one had taken him when he began to doubt and put him through a good course of logic, metaphysics, and ethics, as they are taught in Catholic colleges and nowhere else; he might have become a solid thinker instead of a mere scintillator of flashy phrases.

Dante beautifully says:

“Vie più che indarno da riva si parte,
Perchè non torna tal qual ei si muove,
Chi pesca per lo vero e non ha l'arte.”*

—There is “an art” in fishing for truth; the one who has not studied “the art” does not easily find truth. He speaks, of course, of truth in the natural order; of the philosophical principles which are the basis of all science, the pedestal of theology, and the preliminaries of faith. That it is hard to find these elementary truths without training is shown by the whole history of philosophy. Dante quoted Parmenides, Melissus, and Brissus in proof of his assertion; we might add the whole school of modern philosophers to the list, with few honorable exceptions, from Spinoza to Kant, from Locke to Herbert Spencer, and from Descartes to Rosmini and Gioberti. It is only thirty-seven years ago that the church had to condemn the errors of the able Belgian Ubaghs and the Italian Gioberti in giving a false definition of what constitutes the first element of science—an idea! Great as is the genius of Goethe, he was not able to rise above the false philosophy of Kant and Fichte; and their scepticism, and consequent pantheism, taint the whole of an otherwise great poem, “Faust.” So Ingersoll, without mental training, without having studied logic or metaphysics, fell a prey to false philosophy. He read Tom Paine’s *Age of Reason* and went a step farther than his master, as the pupil in such cases usually does, for “*facilis est descensus Averni*.” Paine was a Deist; Ingersoll became an Agnostic.

His lack of philosophical training was shown in his abuse of terms. I heard him once at a session of the Nineteenth Century Club, in a discussion with a Catholic lawyer, use the word “necessity” in three different senses in the same argument. He confounded moral with physical, and then again with metaphysical necessity. If his opponent had asked him to define his term, and held him to the definition, the infidel

* *Paradiso*, canto xiii. v. 121.

would have been completely bottled up. He never could understand the difference between a demonstration *a priori* and one *a posteriori*. He admitted the possibility of the first, but denied the value of the second. He could not see that in the demonstration of God *a posteriori*, or from effect to cause, the *a posteriori* is only logical, not ontological. The effect is contingent being, which is first in the order of cognition, but last in the order of reality. The necessary being existed before the contingent; but the knowledge of the contingent comes to us first through the senses which excite the intellect to action and logical argument. He never made philosophical distinctions; yet he must have read Dante, even if he never heard of the axiom of the logicians, "*distingue frequenter.*"

"Chè quegli è tra gli stolti bene abbasso,
Che senza distinzion afferma o nega
Così nell' un come nell' altro passo." *

Ingersoll, however, is only one of the many whom Dante classes as "fools," because they do not know how to distinguish the different meanings of the same word. This folly is the result of the neglect of the study of mental philosophy; a neglect which shows itself in the education of the graduates of the most famous American universities when they write on metaphysical or ethical questions, either in the press or elsewhere. They do not know the principles which underlie the subjects of which they are writing. They have not what Dante calls "*l'arte.*" It is because this "*arte*" is necessary for the thorough training of the intellect that the best Catholic colleges insist on a two years' course of mental philosophy before granting diplomas of A. B. to their students. Three years would be better still. The Jesuits exact three years of philosophy from their scholastics before permitting them to begin the study of theology, and hence the Jesuits seldom make mistakes in teaching or preaching.

Ingersoll was not only an untrained thinker, he was also ignorant of the theological and biblical subjects which he had the audacity to discuss. An incident in his life will show this. At the sea-shore, in the same hotel with a Catholic priest, a mutual friend tried to get them to discuss questions in Holy Scripture. The priest said: "Mr. Ingersoll is a lawyer, and therefore he knows that when there is question of the meaning

* *Paradiso*, canto xiii. v. 115 et seq.

of a document, the original or what is next to the original, if it exists, is the proper document to discuss. Versions, especially unauthenticated ones, are of little account. Let him bring here, therefore, the old Hebrew and Greek Bible, and we'll discuss it together." The infidel pretended not to believe in God, but he often swore by Him. He swore this time, and said: "That fellow has got me! I know no Hebrew and little Greek, and I am not able to discuss the meaning of words in these languages." He was also astonished to learn, as he did, that the Catholic Church condemned the "total depravity" theory of Calvin. He did not know, and he did not care to learn, what the Catholic Church believed or taught. Although he answered many ministers who attacked him, he never tried to answer the refutation of his false philosophy and shallow theology made by Catholic priests. He was afraid of them; they knew too much for him.

"What do you want!" said a priest to him once at Long Beach. "You want us to burn down the hotel, and come out and camp on the sand without cover or shelter from wind or rain. You do not offer us even the shelter of a bit of canvas." He made no answer to this protest against his nihilism.

He was grossly and outrageously impolite. When he lectured on "Robert Burns" in this city the Scotchmen all went to hear him, and every one knows that the majority of them are Presbyterians and swear by the "kirk." Ingersoll in his lecture forgot all the proprieties and decencies of life by making a most violent and uncalled-for attack upon it, and upon all the religious doctrines which the majority of his audience held dear. They went to hear a lecture on Robert Burns; they heard instead an infidel's assault on their religion, and went away disgusted.

He had a tenth-rate intellect, much inferior to that of Tom Paine or of Voltaire, whom he affected to imitate. Ingersoll had some wit, a talent for turning pretty sentimental phrases, and for caricature. He had something of the caricaturist of the Nast and Keppler order, who by a stroke of the brush could change a smiling into a crying face, a pretty into a hideous countenance. That's all. Nothing that he ever wrote or said will live a decade.

A STUDY IN IDENTITY.

BY JAMES N. WHITE, JR.



MONTEAGLE is a summer village, basking in a half-cleared forest on the Cumberland plateau. Its white soil, pale green foliage, and rare sky agree with the lustre of spirit in which its cottagers experiment with ideals—social, educational, and religious—for which the broader world is not yet prepared. I spent a summer there with Chalmers, an old acquaintance, who was conducting a sketch class. Life centred round a hill-side amphitheatre, rudely domed with shingles and festooned with morning-glories, but the shelter of many fine inspirations.

A cottage near by was our studio. In front of it the bare Mall quivered beneath the sun; its back windows commanded Lover's Walk, deep sunk in ferns, and on the slope beyond bees were harvesting. I was not slow to discover that for me the beauty of the place culminated in one of the pupils, Miss Vaughan. A sense of June on the hill and in the mild, sweet air was twin to the sense of her beside me, diligent before her easel. I liked her serene ways, and for her sake I came to like Miss Malcolm, her close friend, whose powers of fascination were conscious and active.

For her sake, too, I was interested in Hugh Coventry, a native, whom we asked to lead us homeward one day when the class was on a sketching tramp and had lost its bearings. He told such amazing stories of wild-cats and illicit distillers that we engaged him to be our guide and protector thenceforth. Incidentally he became our favorite model. His features had the massive simplicity beloved by the ancient Greeks; he was colored like the dawn; had frank, blue eyes, yellow curls, a downy chin, and was at the best age of the mountaineer, when youth still refines his rustic strength. We prevailed on him to smoke in the studio after we found how much the self-denial was costing him, and he often remained on the platform during intermissions, with head gently inclined and the pipe-stem barely touching his full lips, while he led the conversation, chiefly into wood-lore, where he was easily

master. Yet he was not at a loss when our topics were unfamiliar to him.

"Mr. Coventry"—it was Miriam Vaughan speaking—"you are not saying much to-day."

"No'm. It's part natural." Here we laughed. "Besides, I was thinking that if you'd taken them books you're talking about and put them 'long side of what the man says when he's just running on with his home folks, you'd see what a caym and pretty thing living would be if everybody had to write out what he's got to say."

A murmur of applause. "Oh! Mr. Coventry," cried a little school-teacher from Mississippi, "I'm sure that doesn't apply to yourself."

For an instant his pride was alert, then relapsing, "Oh! maybe-so, and maybe-so-not-so, as the fellow says."

In the course of the summer, Chalmers, Miriam, Sarah Malcolm, and I accepted a general invitation to visit his home, several miles distant. Chalmers spent the day sketching. His picture has received prizes and honorable mentions at various exhibitions; the garden of cabbages and hollyhocks, the gray ash-hopper, the gourdéd martin-pole, and the mud-daubed hut have thus become widely known. A barefooted woman greeted us and went to the corn-patch to hail her brother. Inside we found the cabin sweet with drying pumpkins, hung in garlands from the rafters, and Granny Coventry, smoking a corn-cob pipe, chirruped a welcome from her corner beside the clean hearth.

Hugh's entertainment was indefatigable. We compassed, during the day, every country pleasure, from eating the wild honeycomb to swinging in a grape-vine swing.

Sarah gathered about herself a troop of half-naked children, and Hugh's father, who appeared at noon, conceived a partiality for me. I was looking at Miriam in the swing. Her small hands grasped firmly the rough vines, her diminutive pointed boots peeped from a barely visible nest of white lace, and her slender frame was steadied for flight, as Hugh lifted her high above his head and sent her forward with all the might of his powerful arms.

"Pretty gal," the father said.

"She is grace itself," I replied, without turning to him.

"Now you're talking! Fact is, I kind of reckon it's a tolerable good thing for my boy to go amongst you all. I didn't take to it first off. City folks is too biggity."

"You make an exception in our favor?"

"Yes sir-ee! That gal acts just like she was at home."

Nevertheless, as I told Chalmers that night, I spoke to Miriam on our homeward journey of the contrast I had enjoyed between herself and these ingenuous natives. "It was a topic on which I could talk at length, but she gave the conversation an altruistic turn."

Chalmers was amused. "First thing you know Miss Vaughan will be starting a society with a long name for the benefit of handsome mountaineers."

"Oh! she doesn't believe in treating them that way. Did you hear what Reggie Carver said to his grown sister? He was announcing that Hugh had taught Miss Vaughan to hit a tomato at fifty paces with his rifle. 'She is truly swell,' he said. 'You wouldn't dare have a mountain man come to see you.' Of course everybody at the dinner table smiled. No, Miss Vaughan told me yesterday that class distinctions are like any other bargains, they must be acquiesced in by both sides; and the mountaineers will never admit that they are a class. The spirit of the Old South is too strong for that. I said they never belonged to the Old South. I had always heard them called 'po' white trash,' even by the negroes."

"What did she say to that?" Chalmers asked with sudden interest.

"Ha-ha! She said, very quietly: 'Did you ever hear of one being called that to his face?'"

Sarah Malcolm lived in a cottage with her mother, who was old and pretty as a sea-shell. Miriam was their guest, and I almost a daily visitor. One morning in early fall, when the leaves were turning their backs to the sharp breeze and we were gathered indoors round a fragrant wood fire, Chalmers and Hugh entered, bringing consternation as Chalmers exclaimed, "The Coventrys have gone to war."

"Revenue," was Hugh's reply to our eager demands. "Joe Spurrier ketched our old man last week over in Roark's Cove. First time his still's been spotted in four years."

Chalmers dilated upon the situation as if he were giving the recipe for a salad. "All the women and children are hiding in the pine thickets and every clump of trees is a probable ambush."

Hugh laughed. "Yes, if any of you fellows in store-clothes went down thataways now, you'd be shot first and they'd ask who you might be afterwards."

"How long has this been going on?" Miriam asked. "Why have we not known it sooner?"

"Bad travelling for news such times as this," Hugh responded with a twinkle in his handsome eyes. But as he noted Miriam's pallor he said: "It's all over now, anyhow. The old man give them the slip down at Cowan last night. We-uns help. Oh! don't let that phaze you, Miss Vaughan. Nobody was hurt—only a nigger."

"He actually finds it droll," Sarah Malcolm said to her mother.

Hugh was too well assured of Sarah's friendship to flinch. "Why, Miss Malcolm," he complained, "who's suffering?"

"Think of your poor old grandmother," Sarah replied.

"And your sister," said Miriam.

"And all those little children, Mr. Coventry," Mrs. Malcolm urged with gentle reproach.

"Shuh!" the mountaineer answered, half-uneasily, "they all's used to it; in ginseng time they sleep with the rattlers for more than a month—ha! ha!"

He was more concerned with his father's outlawry; for, later on: "They say we-uns can't live over a passel of weeks off yonder in that Northern jail"; and he added with a tremor, "too much pinned up."

I had once made literary material of Joe Spurrier, whose skilful and fearless campaigns, ending finally by death from ambuscade, would, in some more conspicuous arena, have earned the world's applause. I was thinking now that if Miriam's excitement further enhanced her beauty, I would gladly venture any task for her pleasure, and I therefore proposed to intercede with the raider.

Her eyes encouraged me to develop the plan till Hugh was converted from suspicion to admiring consent, and the others congratulated me as if my undertaking it were a matter of course.

Such a mission to a man of Joe Spurrier's integrity was delicate and uncertain, and I was happy to return after an absence of three days with the news that his band had shifted, without my intervention, to a remote part of the district.

Mrs. Malcolm was alone at the cottage. "The young people are having luncheon with friends at Table Rock," she said. "Go; they will give you a hearty welcome; it is even likely Hugh will be on hand to hear your good news. I think

he is more afraid to be seen in the village than he is willing to own."

From Table Rock the mountains billow downward to the west in changes of green and blue till the horizon is barely picked out by the glint of a stream. The sun sets daily to the music of banjos and guitars strummed by romantic tea-drinkers on the cliffs, but when I arrived at noon a majestic stillness rebuked the gay banter with which my thoughts were employed.

Presently a sound of distant mirth gave me the direction of the lunching party, and, before I entered a clearing that intervened, a person emerged from the bushes on its side opposite to me. He glanced about carelessly, then seated himself on the turf with hands clasping his knees and face upturned. It was the outward semblance of Hugh, indeed, but marvellously changed. His curls had been cropped, his face shaved clean, his brow of Apollo had disappeared beneath a cheap yachting cap, and his gray homespun, that through long usage had been moulded to his vigorous limbs, was travestied by a broad plaid of outlandish cut. His very rifle had given place to a freshly-hewn walking-stick.

"The beatitude of 'store clothes'!" I said to myself. "I'll bet Sarah Malcolm has been trying to sketch him all morning," and, screened by a cluster of laurels, I put pencil to paper deliberately.

No need of admonitions to-day; he kept his pose as if mesmerized by the amiable blue sky. It was I who saw the bushes part again where he had lately passed, and Miriam standing there. She was clothed in white, of some quaintly delicate texture, as all her dresses were, and she wore, a rare thing for the mountains, a bunch of Jacqueminot roses at her waist; one also was fastened in her soft, dark hair, which for to-day was unprotected; and a color more beautiful than roses was in her radiant countenance.

She stood for a moment, smiling and wistful, the picture of timid daring, then noiselessly advanced towards the unconscious woodsman. She laid her fine little hands on his great shoulders and cried close to his ear, "Surrender!"

He was on his feet in the instant, holding her hands in his, and even in my excitement I admired the grace with which nature had fatally endowed him.

"Silly fellow!" she said, "with all your bravery to run from oking."

Bending, he answered in a whisper; his back was turned to me and her replies were not audible, but in her blushing, joyous features I read their secret more plainly than words; nor was confirmation lacking, for they began to walk hand-in-hand along the path each had come alone and at the edge of the copse he stooped again and kissed her.

Youth accepts without question what a man who has been taught his limitations will seek to repair; I threw the sketch on the ground and sauntered back to the village. I was still exalted and smiling when, two hours later, I stood on the platform at Cowan to take the North-bound train on the main line. Cullogen Jones, with a neck-tie redder and collar and cuffs broader than usual, had been talking ever since we left Monteagle, but it was only when the train we awaited was crowding into the station that I realized he had been telling me about the sweetheart he had come down to meet.

"Cullogen," I said with a sudden grasp of his arm, "women are hopeless fools!"

"Have you just found that out?"—and he smiled his superiority. "Well, so-long; I see my people down yonder. You'll be back for Sunday, won't you?"

A girlish figure and a fluttering handkerchief had signaled him, and he pushed forward with a glad "Hello!" I did not, therefore, have to tell him that I purposed never to see Monteagle again.

I did not even hear from the place until more than five years afterward. I was then in Rome preparing illustrations for a work on Ancient Sculpture which the author, a young Chicago gentleman, was publishing elaborately at his own expense. Sarah Malcolm came there with her husband, the Honorable Bradley Weed, who had been sent by the United States on a special mission to the Quirinal. They rented a palace, and gossip was aroused by the magnificence of its appointments. But the surprise for me was its homelikeness. My native land, the past, the might-have-been, were suggested everywhere in this oasis of America which Sarah had transplanted to sepulchral Rome. I was grateful to find her likewise unchanged, and abandoned myself to a sort of blissful rejuvenation beneath the charm of her talk.

She had been to the Vatican that morning, and the solemn splendor of the Papal court had impressed her deeply. A friend of hers, a certain Lord Bemis, Marquis of Abbeville in Ireland, had been made a duke by the Sovereign Pontiff in

honor of his having saved an Armenian family while lately travelling in the Caucasus. Sarah paused: "May I ask why you are smiling?"

"I was just thinking how perfectly at home a Tennessee girl is with these dukes and popes."

"Oh! but Lord Bemis is an old acquaintance; he was partner with Mr. Weed in the Southern mines. It's strange his name is not familiar to you. He is now more of an American than an Englishman, and I've just made a discovery about his looks—he bears a striking resemblance to the Apollo Belvedere. I did not feel it till I saw the original."

"I was sketching the original this very day," I responded. "It always reminds me of a very different person—Hugh Coventry."

"Poor Hugh!" she said lightly, not observing the agitation with which I had pronounced his name, "he has very little of the Apollo about him now."

"You've kept in touch with—them?"

"Casually. I try not to neglect old friends."

"And his wife, what of her?"

Sarah described a visit of the preceding winter. They had found Hugh on the rafters in his smoke-house, hanging the new bacon his wife lifted up to him. The glamour of youth and love was gone. He was broken by hardship and dissipation; his sordid nature lay bare and unadorned, and the one who must live in bonds with him till death had not averted her pale, tired eyes before they had confessed the battle of the past five years, and the defeat.

I was silent for a time, then I said quietly:

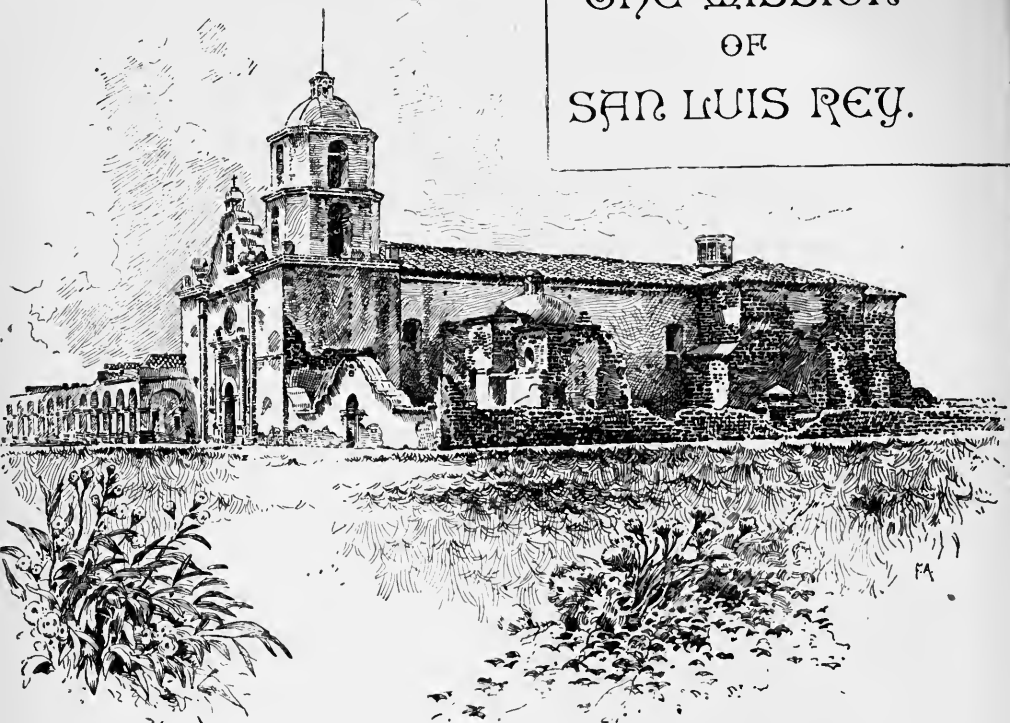
"I loved Miriam."

"Miriam?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hugh Coventry."

"Why—why—Oh, you poor boy! how did you get that ridiculous notion? Miriam is married to Lord Bemis. We thought you knew; we found the sketch you made of him—don't you remember?—at Table Rock, the day they were engaged."

THE MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY.



BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.



WHEN travellers take the coast route from Los Angeles to San Diego, speeding southward for miles on the high bluffs at whose feet the waters of the mighty Pacific break in long, crested rows of foam, they leave the fertile Santa Ana valley behind, and, passing the ruined Mission of San Juan Capistrano, the interest of the passengers is centred on

the broad, blue expanse of waters to their right. There is nothing particularly attractive about the small towns on the line of the railway, and the country rising gradually to the eastward presents little that seems worthy of attention.

This is another instance of the superficiality with which one views a country from car windows. Few people are aware that only a short distance inland lies one of the most picturesque sections of California, teeming with historical interest and exhibiting life to-day as it existed everywhere on the coast

in the beginning of American occupation. Primitive conditions have been retained because the rugged foot-hill country is off the line of travel, reached only by private conveyance and the United States mail wagon.

Whoever wishes to investigate this region leaves the train at Oceanside, forty miles north of San Diego, and accompanies the driver of the mail wagon on his tri-weekly trip, or hires a livery team. The road stretches up a bare, treeless slope for half a mile, then descends a long and winding grade to the valley of the San Luis Rey River. A scene of pastoral beauty is spread out below, as different from that of the *mesa* bordering the coast as can be imagined. The course of the river, here shallow and broad, can be traced by willows and cottonwoods. On either side of its low banks are acres of arable soil stretching back to the foot-hills, and covered with wheat fields, orange groves, and vineyards. Four miles from Oceanside, on rising ground in the centre of the valley, stands the most imposing mission ever erected on the Pacific coast, with the possible exception of San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson, Arizona. It lends a foreign air to the picture, and does not seem to belong to this prosaic land, where the beautiful and romantic are too often sacrificed for the utilitarian, and Mam-

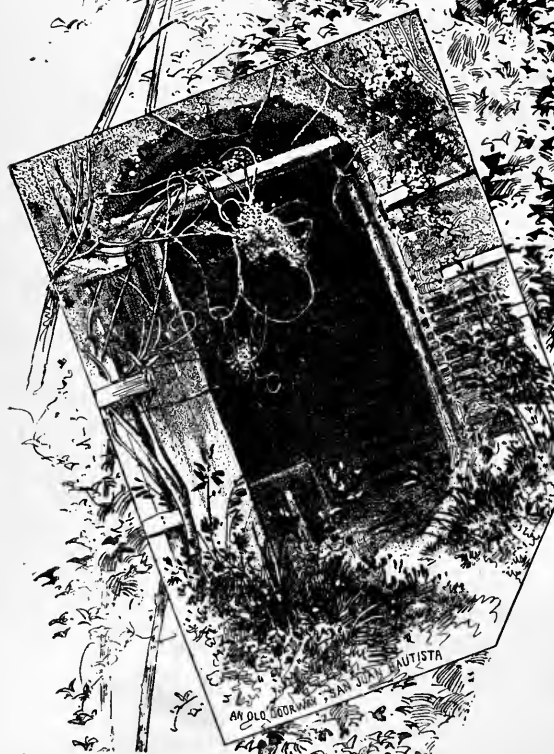


SAN GABRIEL.

mon is the god universally worshipped. There may be finer ruins in Europe, but nowhere can there be an architectural pile more in harmony with soft, blue skies, warm, brown hills, and the peaceful quiet of seclusion, than this relic of a bygone era in California. As we gaze reverently upon it, the bells in



CHAIR IMPORTED FROM SPAIN
BY JUAN CRISTOBAL



AN OLD ROOM IN SAN JUAN BAPTISTA

the crumbling tower, brought from far-away Spain, tinkle softly for some service, and the sound lifts us far above the sordidness of every-day life, nearer to Divinity.

The San Luis Rey River valley is a long strip of alluvium, with slopes of red land leading from the *mesas* and rolling hills on either side. For forty or fifty miles a country extends inland which, in diversity of scenery and fertility of soil, can scarcely be surpassed. Fruitful ranches lie between rounded hills, over which cattle and sheep roam. One of these contains six thousand acres adapted to the plough. A number of Englishmen have settled in the vicinity of San Luis Rey, leading quiet, comfortable lives beyond the sound of locomotive whistles and the noise of the world's rush.

Twenty miles farther east lies the

charming Pala valley, encircled by purple mountains, with a branch mission artistically situated at the head of the valley. Beyond are cañons leading upward to higher valleys, the mountains becoming more lofty, until they attain a height of seven or eight thousand feet.

The population is sparse, and not a modern house is anywhere to be seen. Large, low adobes alternate with unpainted cabins, and in front of many of them is the brush-shaded trellis that denotes Indian occupants. A large proportion of the residents for miles about are wholly, or in part, of red blood. Some of the white men have Indian wives and rear large families of half-breed children. There is not a Protestant church, or public burial-ground, in all this region. The only religious services are those held in the noble old Mission of San Luis Rey, the half-ruined branch Mission at Pala and an adobe chapel at Pauma, higher up in the mountains, there being no resident priest except at San Luis Rey. The missions each have their plot of sacred ground in which believers in the Catholic faith are interred; but deceased Protestants are either taken to other parts of the State for burial or are laid to rest on their farms.

It is interesting to review the early history of this remote part of the United States domain, and the remarkable achievements of the *padres*, who braved unknown dangers and endured severe privations that the natives might be converted to the Roman Catholic religion, and the revenues of the church might be increased by intelligent and indefatigable cultivation of the resources of the new land.

Seven expeditions sailed from New Spain, or Mexico, for California between the years of 1526 and 1683, and were failures. The Spanish government then decided that the conquest of California was impracticable by such means, but offered to furnish the Society of Jesus with financial support if it would prosecute the work. The general of the Jesuits concluded that it would not be best to assume charge of the temporal concerns of the conquest, though the society would furnish missionaries for the religious work. To three dauntless members of the order—Fathers Rino, Juan Ugarte, and Salva Tierra—are really owing the establishment of the great chain of noble missions throughout Lower and Upper California.

These men, each eminent in letters and science, met in Mexico in 1697, and had many enthusiastic interviews on the subject of the unconquered land to the north-west. Father



MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

Rino was the first person to discover that Lower California was a peninsula, not an island. Father Tierra sailed from Mexico across the Gulf of California to Loreto, on the peninsula, where he pitched a tent for a temporary chapel, and placed within it an image of our Lady of Loreto, as patroness of the conquest. This was the first successful establishment of Catholic worship in California.

Possession of the country was solemnly taken, in the name of the Spanish king. The necessities and privations of the little band of Jesuits were great, owing to the lack of supplies from New Spain and the unproductiveness of the new country; but they kept bravely on with their work, putting up buildings, and more than once resisting attacks made on them by the natives.

Father Ugarte left Mexico on the third of December, 1700, and met Father Tierra at Loreto in the spring of 1701. He was the first white man who broke ground in California for the purpose of raising grain. He imported cattle and breeding animals from Mexico, and diligently studied the language of the Indians. In the autumn of 1701 he established a mission in the Vigge mountains, called St. Xavier. He had the difficult task of instructing a fierce and untamed people to live in a

self-supporting way, and to obey persons in authority, besides teaching them the truths of a Christian religion. The fathers were kind and strove to bind the people together, not to destroy or injure them. The Indians were taught to lay bricks, build houses, and till the soil—the first effort of civilized man to develop the agricultural possibilities of California. Vines were planted, and crops of wheat, maize, etc., raised, while cattle, sheep, and horses increased in great numbers.

Father Ugarte made a distaff, spinning-wheel, and looms with his own hands, and sent away for a master weaver to teach the Indians how to make their own clothing. He also built the first ship ever constructed on the Pacific coast, and named it *The Triumph of the Cross*. In 1721 he surveyed the Gulf of California in this ship, verifying Father Rino's discoveries and ascertaining the position of the best harbors and ports. This wonderful man died at Loreto in 1730.

The Indians, in their native state, had no chief to whom they paid tribute, but each family governed itself. One or two, recognized as of superior ability, gave orders for the harvest, headed the tribes in wars, etc. There was none of the political intriguing among them that disgraces the present day, as they cheerfully recognized the right of the ablest among them to govern, when leadership was requisite. They had no temples

or altars, nor any special prayers or forms of worship. Somewhere, they thought, was a Great Spirit, and a vast universe of



THE BRUSH-SHADED
TRELLIS DENOTES THE
INDIAN OCCUPANTS

spiritual beings. Sorcerers had great influence over them. These men claimed to hold intercourse with spirits, and



GRINDING CORN.

were the physicians of the tribes. The greatest danger to the missions lay in their influence.

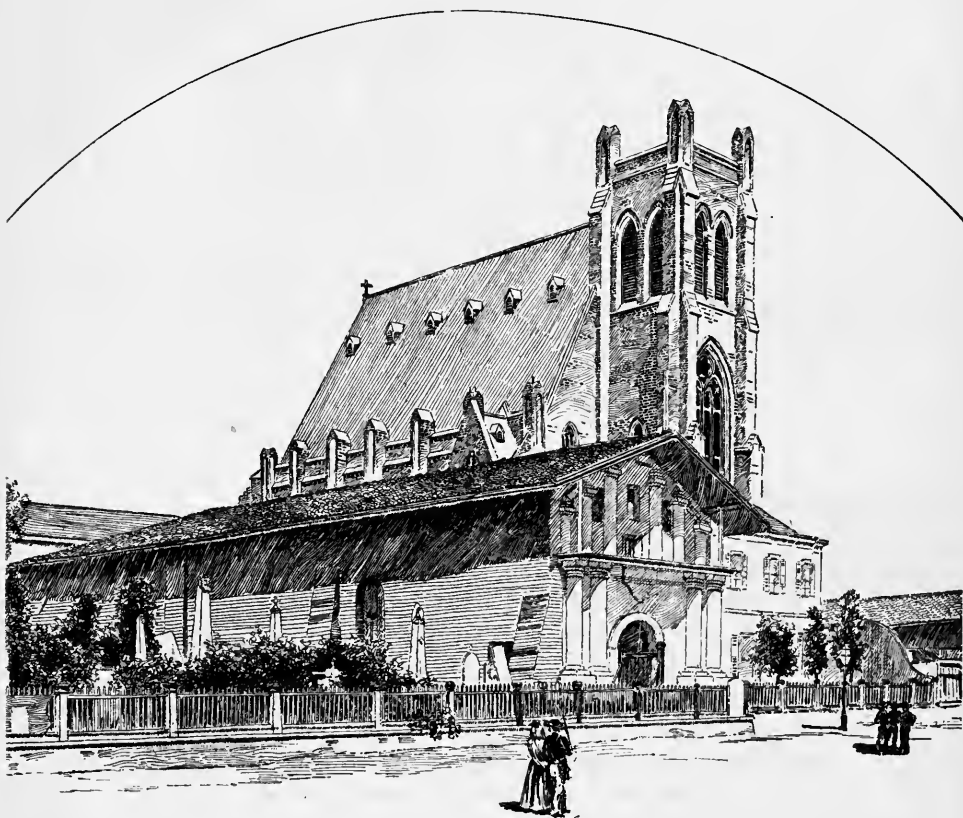
The daily life at this first mission, and all the others afterward founded, was about as follows: The Indians assembled at sound of the bell for early Mass, then breakfasted on a preparation of boiled corn called *atole*. They worked until noon, hauling stone and timber, making bricks, cultivating the fields, or pursuing the various industries that had been taught them; then had dinner of boiled corn, meat, and vegetables. The employment of the afternoon was concluded by supper of *atole*, and devotions. The children were instructed in reading, writing, singing, and Spanish. All Indians possess a strong natural liking for music and a love of bright colors, and these tendencies were gratified by the songs and paraphernalia in daily use at the mission services.

The charge has been made against these zealous *padres* of early days that they placed in servitude a simple, harmless people who had previously known no masters, and arbitrarily employed them for their own aggrandizement and for the benefit of the church. As a matter of fact, no men ever worked harder and more undauntedly than the pioneer fathers, striving not only to advance the cause of their religion, but to improve the condition of the natives, and bring forth the dormant possibilities of a hitherto uncultivated land. The naked Indians were clothed and housed, taught to live regularly, to marry as in Christian countries, and to do such work as they were constituted to perform. The monks who superintended this gigantic task were highly cultivated men who had been statesmen, soldiers, artists, lawyers, engineers, merchants, or physicians, in Spain, before devoting themselves to a religious life. They worked side by side with the Indians when teaching them various arts, and they failed in nothing that they undertook, upheld by the most sublime faith and unselfish courage. In the face of difficulties such as could not exist at the present day, and with only the crudest appliances, they accomplished feats which excite the wonder and admiration of all enlightened and broad-minded people.

By 1745 there were sixteen missions and 25,000 converts in Lower California, and the land was rapidly increasing in productiveness. The work was actively continued until 1766, when the Spanish government became jealous of the influence of the Jesuit Order in California, and sent ships with secret orders directing the Jesuits to be seized and made ready to leave the

province. All this was done in one night. The Jesuits never yielded or were discouraged when fighting for others, but they could not battle for themselves and quietly left the country.

The Franciscans came in the following year, headed by Father Junipero Serra, a scholarly and earnest man; and most of the missions in Alta, now the State of California, were



SAN DOLORES.

founded by them. The first one was established at San Diego, in 1769; then followed those at San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, and several other places.

Each priest was allowed a salary of \$400 a year from the Mexican government. The communities soon became self-supporting and then wealthy, each one possessing from 30,000 to 100,000 head of cattle, besides sheep; and exporting large quantities of hides, tallow, leather, wool, grain, wine, cotton, tobacco, and hemp. The wants of the Indians were well supplied, and an immense surplus remained which the *padres* mar-

keted to the best advantage. The different missions vied with each other in efforts to excel, and everything flourished almost magically.

The San Luis Rey Mission was established under the auspices of the Marquis de Branciforte, Viceroy of Spain, and of Governor Diego de Borica, by Father Fermino Francisco de la Suen, on the 13th of June, 1798. There were present at its consecration Father Antonio Peyri, its first minister; Father Juan Norbetto de Santiago, minister from the Mission of San Juan Capistrano; Don Antonio Grajira, captain of cavalry, with a guard of soldiers; and a large number of neophytes from the missions of the southern part of the present State. The writer is indebted to Rev. Father Joseph J. O'Keefe, the Franciscan priest now in charge of this mission, for information regarding it. This was the eighteenth mission in Alta California, and was dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Louis, King of France. Over fifty children were baptized on the same day. Father Peyri was a man of wonderful energy, and taught the Indians by both word and example, treading the adobes and moulding the clay himself. A vast amount of work was necessary on the mission buildings, for they covered six acres. The walls of the church were 6 feet thick, 37 feet high, 177 feet long, and 42 feet wide, and the transepts 70 feet. Tiles were made for the roofs, bricks burned for the columns and arches, and active work of many kinds prosecuted.

The neophytes became so numerous that it was deemed best to establish a branch mission at Pala, in 1816. This was done under the patronage of St. Anthony of Padua.

In 1832, when Father Peyri left the San Luis Rey Mission, it owned 70,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses, 68,000 sheep, fields yielding 13,000 bushels of grain annually, the largest church on the coast, and a complete set of buildings; and this prosperity was chiefly due to his wise and unremitting exertions. Yet he took with him only sufficient funds to enable him to join his convent in Mexico, and threw himself on the charity of his order.

It was a pity that such monumental work throughout the coast should have been destroyed by the secularization of the churches, which took place in 1833. Mexico became independent of Spain in 1825; California was called upon to submit to the Mexican government, and the Franciscans were requested to take the oath of allegiance. The head of the order was unwilling for them to do it until the Spanish king had abandoned the sovereignty of California. For this hesitancy he was ar-



THE CLOISTERS OF SANTA CLARA.

rested and banished to Manila. Echuadra, the governor-general sent to California from Mexico, told the priests that their annual stipends of four hundred dollars would be withheld from them, and that they would be relieved of their temporal burdens, and lands would be set aside for the Indians who had been employed on the missions. Government officials, called *administradores*, took charge of the missions; and so the priests lost the powerful influence which had been theirs for sixty-five years. Some of them went to Mexico, some sailed for Boston and for Spain, and others were laid in the consecrated ground of their missions.

During those years of almost unexampled activity probably 65,000 converted Indians died and were buried in the *Campos Santos*. More than 20,000 whites afterwards embraced the Catholic religion, as there were no other churches in existence during the early occupation of the land by Americans. The missions were resorted to by all who felt the need of divine worship and sacred rites. The altars, vestments, etc., remained

scattered over a length of seven hundred miles; and the registers of births, marriages, and deaths, extending back for one hundred years, have proved of inestimable value to the State.

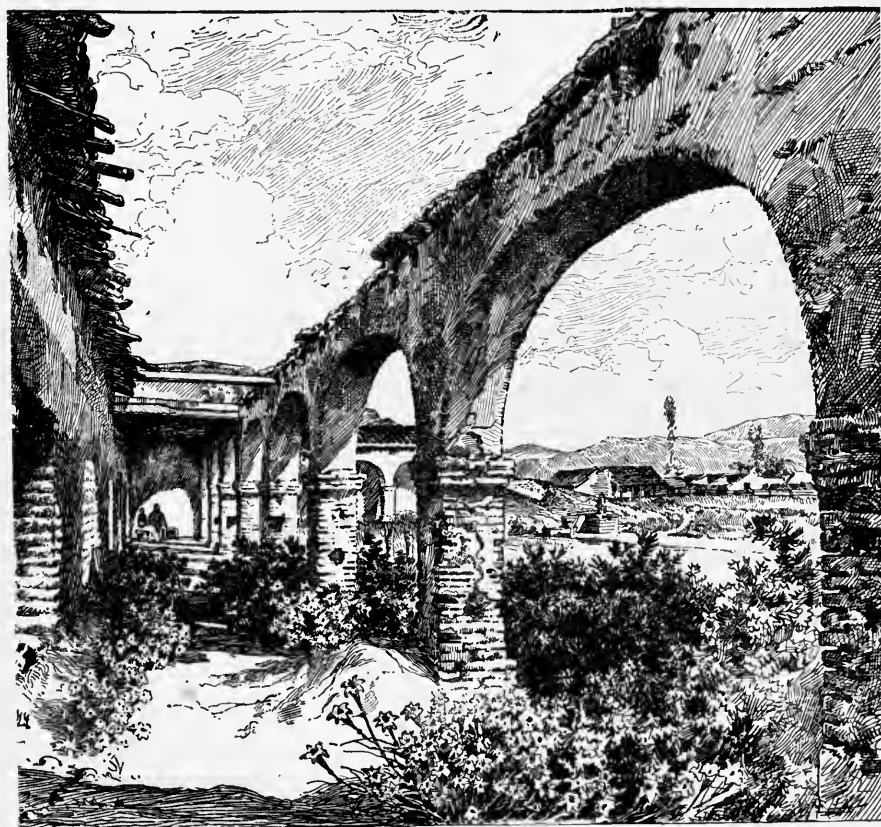
There was no resident priest at San Luis Rey after 1846 until 1892. All the missions were considered parish churches, under the jurisdiction of the bishop, and there were few priests for so large a territory. The mission was occupied by General Fremont and his troops in 1847, and the buildings remained in good condition until 1860, when vandals began to carry away the tiles and rafters from the roofs, to blow down the beautiful arches in order to get the brick, even to appropriate the doors and windows to their own uses.

A community of Franciscans took possession of the property in 1892, and have expended eighteen thousand dollars in putting the buildings into habitable condition. They are established there for the purpose of training young men in the holy vocation of their order, that they may be in readiness to fill the vacancies from time to time occurring on the Pacific coast. The present community consists of three priests, six clerical students, six novices and lay brothers, in charge of Father Joseph J. O'Keefe, O.F.M.

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of this mission was celebrated last summer, both at San Luis Rey and at Pala. It brought together all the residents of the country for many miles around, a large proportion of them being Indians. The writer was present at the Pala festivities, and found them most interesting. Through some mischance no priests were sent from San Luis Rey to Pala, and the only religious services were those held over the remains of an Indian baby one morning, in the adobe chapel. It was a noteworthy scene, one which probably never has been duplicated in the religious experience of white people; for the long ceremony was conducted by girls, in a correct and dignified manner.

These young people of a dusky race sang hymn after hymn, in the Latin, Spanish, and English languages, accompanied on a parlor organ by one of their number. The voices were somewhat nasal, but excellent time and tune were kept. The Catholic ritual for the dead was then intoned by one of the girls, the others responding, first in Latin, then in English. A prayer was offered for the soul of the departed infant, followed by a silent prayer, then the Lord's Prayer; and the service concluded with solemn marches, played by Indian men, on drums and violins.

The bereaved mother crouched on the floor, her face concealed by the black shawl thrown over her head. Once her grief burst the bonds of native stoicism and of custom, and she sobbed convulsively. It is a religious tenet of these Indians not to betray emotion until the last sad rites are over. The child lay in a pine casket covered with white cotton, and bedecked with rosettes of gilt paper, with the emblem of the cross on the lid, and a gilt crown on its head. It was borne by four little girls to the burial-ground, so thickly crowded with



CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

mounds, on which were pieces of bright china, glass, and simple ornaments. After the casket had been lowered into the ground, each man, woman, and child took up a handful of earth, kissed it, and threw it on the coffin. It was an impressive sight, and convinced us that not all the fine and delicate customs belong to the white race.



OLD GATEWAY, SAN ANTONIO.

The *fiesta* continued for four days and nights. Spacious *remathas*, or booths, had been erected in the open space beside the church, of tules and willow boughs over a framework of timber. Here, shaded from the sun, the hours of both day and night were spent in dancing, the playing of games for stakes, as the Indian is an inveterate better, and eating *tamales*, *tortillas*, and other delicacies dear to the hearts of Indians and Mexicans. In all this time of mild revelry there was no intoxication nor lawlessness. It would be hard to find as orderly a gathering of the common people, for purposes of pleasure, in any Eastern community. Horse-racing took place each afternoon, and the joy was intense when a horse owned and ridden by an Indian proved the winner in every race, as there were several good animals entered by neighboring English residents. The ancient game of Indian foot-ball caused much sport, and a game of base-ball was played against the nine of a town some twenty miles distant; but in this the Americans won.

These Indians are very superior to many of the tribes seen in the West. They are cleanly, well dressed, industrious, intelli-

gent, and of fine physical appearance. The civilizing influence of the Catholic Church, which has ever been about them, is manifest in many ways, and they win the respect of all who are familiar with them. The lace and needlework of the women is exquisitely fine, equal to that which has become so famous in Mexico, and evidently emanating from the same source—the early teaching of the nuns. The children are sent to the public schools, and are docile pupils. Afterward they attend the industrial schools maintained by the government in several parts of Southern California, but under Catholic supervision; or they go to the cities to be instructed in accomplishments by the sisters. The men till the soil, shear sheep, and otherwise support themselves in simple comfort. There is a reservation in the Pauma valley, half a dozen miles beyond Pala, where substantial Indian homes are surrounded by cultivated fields and orchards. The rest of the broad valley is owned by Bishop Mora, of Los Angeles.

Not one tourist in ten sees, or even hears of, this beautiful section of California, so full of historic interest, and contrasting so peculiarly with the progressive conditions and the conventionality of the portions of the State which are traversed by railways. The student of human nature, the lover of history, the respecter of zealous Christian work of whatever creed, the admirer of rugged, diversified scenery, may well turn aside from the beaten paths and devote a leisurely period of time to a study of the San Luis Rey valley and its inhabitants.



REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN
ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. L. WALWORTH.

VII.

CONVERSIONS AMONGST THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY.



ENOUGH has been said for the present concerning the conversion to Catholicism of persons of rank in England; that is, of persons belonging to the English gentry, not only of peers and their families, but commoners. These two classes often rank together in social life. The Commoner, if he derive descent from an ancient family, may outrank the Peer in importance and influence. This is not only so in fact, but should be so. In the author's deliberate opinion it would be a very dangerous change, and perhaps a fatal one to England's pre-eminence, to abolish the House of Peers. Still, being an American citizen and sincerely attached to the republican form of government, under whose eagle he has grown up to old age, he values as much and sympathizes more with the English peasantry, for whose conversion he labored much during his term of residence in that country. The little pony which he drove so often along the highway leading from Hanley to Upton-on-Severn and which passed through Hanley Castle, was well known along that road to the small farmers and the laboring poor. He believed in his youth that princes and peers may be unmade and made again. History teaches us this lesson:

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

These humble people, often badly neglected by those of higher rank in religious matters as well as in social and political affairs, when once they present themselves to receive religious instructions, give their attention and their hearts to it with a humility of spirit and a simplicity which needs less time to mature into faith. Why not, when the ground is so much less occupied by prejudice?

As a specimen of humility attaching to the poorer class in

England my memory recalls a man named John Handy, to whose unfloored but comfortable cottage I was a not unfrequent visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. Handy," said I one day.

"Don't call him mister," said his wife, interposing at once. "He's nothing of the kind. He's plain John Handy and never was anything else."

Many other virtues grow easily upon the foundation of humility; first, and above all, simplicity. One of my earliest converts was another John, whose family name was Rogers. Rogers was a pedlar. He supported himself and his family by selling such wares as he could carry about in a dog-cart. He had no assignable religion, but his wife and some four or five children were Catholics. John looked up to his wife with profound respect. This respect she did not return, unless the constant scolding to which she subjected him may be considered as respectful. John found no fault with it, but always declared that no man in England had a better wife. I took an interest in this man and determined to exert myself to bring him into the true fold. My superior, who had already tried his hand upon Rogers, gave me no encouragement. When, however, I found that his treatment of John's case was very similar to the wife's, I determined to persevere in my purpose and try a different method. My method was to avoid humiliating him and try to lift him up to some sentiment of self-respect. I learned that he was notable amongst his companions as a man of extraordinary muscular power, and that no man known to Upton-on-Severn was able to stand before him when it came to blows.

Walking out one day on the highway, it was my good fortune to be overtaken by John. He looked sheepish on recognizing a priest, and would gladly have passed me with a respectful salute. This I did not allow, but stopped him and soon began to feel of his arm.

"Why, my good man," said I, "this is a most extraordinary arm!"

"Yes, sir," said John. "It is allowed to be strong. But don't think I am a good man. Nobody that I know of allows that."

"A strong arm," I replied, "is a good thing for a good man to have. St. Christopher was more than a good man. He was a holy man."

John looked at me with some surprise and with an interro-

gation mark in his eye. Being alone together on the road, I asked him to take off his coat and let me see his arm. We stopped, and John took off his coat at once and I proceeded to roll up his shirt sleeve.

"What an arm!" said I. "Did any one ever see the like of it! Now close your fist," I continued, "and lift it up. This he did. It was as hard as a hammer. I was delighted at the same time to see my new friend straighten his neck and give me a look of satisfaction and confidence, which I returned.

"You must come and see me, John, as often as you can. Come alone sometimes. I know your wife. Bring her with you when you care to, or bring one of the children. By and by, when we know each other like a book, I shall expect to see you at our convent with your dog-cart and your four dogs to draw it. You're a big man," I said. "Can they draw you along when you have your wares in it, or must you walk? Why you'll make a good St. Christopher when you can carry such a weight as he did on his own shoulder."

"I don't know of any man hereabouts," said John, with a fire of exultation in his eye, "that can carry more on his shoulder than I can. But you shall see what my dogs can do. By George! I'll come some day to the convent and bring my wife and all my children, and we'll all sit together in that cart and drive my four dogs as fast as a horse can draw a light wagon. And then you'll see the dust fly!"

His confidence then forsook him all of a sudden. He dropped his head and said, mournfully: "Father, I must begin by telling you something about my bad ways."

"No," said I, "I know enough about them for the present purpose. Let me do the driving now. I'll not leave anything undone that I think ought to be done. Wait till the good time comes. Here, take my hand. Don't squeeze it too much. Good-by!"

This interview was the beginning of a long contract of friendship. It is a specimen of the most joyous part of my life in England, and introduced me to many friends among the poorer class who will always remain dear in my memory.

Another convert of the industrious class, sincerely humble but not, so far as I know, often humiliated, unquestionably simple but none the less wise for that, was by trade a shoemaker at Upton. By some chance, the cause of which I do not remember, he was present one Sunday at the Vesper service, early in the afternoon. All was new to him, for he had

never before been witness to anything like Catholic worship. He could not, of course, therefore, have much understanding of the details of what passed before his eye. One thing, however, he saw which made a profound impression upon him—the use of incense. That he took in at once. It was an emblem of prayer. Walking home to Upton with some Catholic friends of the Leys family, he told them that he wanted to see me the first time I should come to Upton. On my next visit, therefore, to that station I went directly to his house and was received with a joyous welcome. He told me frankly that he was convinced that Catholics had the true Christian worship, and that he wanted to join that church. I asked him, very naturally, what had brought him to that conviction.

“It is the incense,” said he. “When I went to your chapel at Hanley the other day and saw the incense rising in front of the altar and curling up, up, up towards heaven, my heart went up with it. I was brought up to read the Bible, and I love to do it. So much, you know, is said everywhere in the good book about the use of incense that I always said it was the right thing. I wondered that the Baptists didn’t have it, nor any church that I knew of; but I saw it in your church at Hanley, and my whole heart felt at home at once. You can count on me. I want to be a Catholic.”

I found him willing to wait and to be instructed, and accordingly and without hesitation I put his name down on my list of catechumens. Whenever I said anything to him, in order to test his patience under the necessary delay, his simple answer was:

“All right, father. Fix it all your own way. But you can count on me, you know.”

I did count on him and I found him an apt scholar, willing to learn and quick to learn things far more valuable and essential than the use of incense in public worship.

I cannot, however, resist the temptation to leave on record here, in connection with my reminiscence of this good man, an anecdote which goes to show how variously men of one and the same faith may be affected in regard to matters of devotion.

I was occupied one day in teaching my class of converts, or convertibles, the four marks or notes which distinguish the true Church of Christ from false churches. I then asked one of them:

“These marks being the natural and reasonable marks of

the true fold of Christ, has the Anglican Church the mark of Unity?"

The answer was given: "No, father," and the right reason assigned. To another, who was a Presbyterian, I said:

"Has your Presbyterian Church this mark of Holiness?"

The answer was: "No, father," and the true reasons specified. Of a third I inquired:

"Have the Methodists this note of Catholicity?"

"No, father."

"And why not?" The true answer was given. I then asked the shoemaker, the latest pupil in the class: "Has the Baptist Church, in which you were brought up, this note of being Apostolic?"

"No, father," said he; and then, with a merry laugh, he continued: "They haven't got the incense, neither!"

All my scholars laughed at once, but none laughed so heartily as the maker of the joke. This simple-minded convert of mine, being a Baptist, or, as Catholics would call him, an Anabaptist, had never yet received baptism of any kind. I deferred baptizing him until he should be regularly received into the fold by a regular profession of faith and abjuration of all the heresies attaching to his former sect. This brought on a great misfortune in this case. He was suddenly attacked in the night with a bowel complaint which carried him off before morning. He urged his wife and friends in the house to send immediately for me to give him baptism, but these being Baptists, and attaching no value to baptism as a means of grace, refused to do it, saying that it would be simply a folly to wake a clergyman at night to come four miles merely to give baptism. He died, therefore, without being christened, except such christening as the Holy Ghost gives to a faithful and earnest heart's desire.

We gave the good man a Christian grave under the walls of Hanley Church, and many a Catholic prayer mingled with the incense which rose up in front of our altar bearing the name of this good catechumen to heaven.

Let me record here another instance of conversion where the motives assigned at first were insufficient to warrant so great a change, but which, as it turned out, gave to the holy Faith two earnest and intelligent converts. These two were also of Upton, and nominally engaged themselves to each other by promise of marriage, but having, as they thought, some good cause of offence against the pastor, they felt unwilling to

be united by him. They came, therefore, for this purpose to me. I told them that it was against the law of England for me to marry them, neither of them being Catholic, and that I might be made to suffer for it. If, however, they were willing to join our communion after having received the necessary preliminary instructions, I would marry them. They declared themselves willing to be instructed and to wait as long as I should think right. I found them most promising disciples. Both became well versed in the differences between Protestantism and the true Faith, and keen-witted combatants in all the controversial contests which every convert is doomed to encounter.

A Baptist minister, newly imported from Ireland, an Orangeman of the deepest hue, hearing of their conversion, entered boldly into their house and soon engaged them in a dispute. He accused them of having bound themselves to a faith under which they would be forced to become idolaters and to worship images. This they denied. They said they did not worship the image, a thing of mere bronze, or brass, or wood. When they saw the figure of Christ their Saviour sculptured on a cross they kneeled down before it. They worshipped the living Christ crucified for them, but not the figure on the crucifix, which was, therefore, no idol. Its only value was that of a religious memorial.

"We know what we mean to do very well, better than you who cannot read our hearts."

"It makes little difference," he replied, "what you mean. The thing is wrong in itself and you must be held accountable for it as idolaters."

"I suppose, sir," they said, "that you say prayers before getting into bed at night."

"I do," he said.

"Do you do this standing up, or sitting down, or kneeling down?"

"I kneel down," he replied.

"Does it make any difference which way you face—east, west, north, south?"

"Not a particle," was the reply. "I generally face towards the bed and lean on it."

"Ah, then, you worship the bed-post."

"No, indeed, I don't. My prayers are meant for God and to God they go, without the intervention of any creature."

"But don't forget, sir, what you have already asserted. It

makes no difference what you mean, but what you do. You kneel before the bed-post in worship. The act is in itself idolatrous, and you are responsible for it."

The minister could make no points in disputing with these young neophytes, and so gave them up.

This same minister, a Baptist and an Irish Orangeman, made a special point of opposing himself to the conversions going on at Upton, and haunted my footsteps there. I had been invited to visit a family consisting of a man and wife with a large number of children. They desired instruction with a view of uniting themselves to the church. On my first visit, when I had been in the house only a few minutes, I was startled by the sudden appearance of this reverend gentleman. He accosted me at once, taking little notice of the family, who were assembled together in one room, and soon drew me into a controversy on the worship of images.

I pleaded that a cross, and especially a crucifix, made intentionally to represent the sacrifice of Christ for our redemption, must necessarily command the respect of a Christian. This he denied. "You, yourself," I said, "must necessarily feel this in your heart." This again he positively denied.

"I think," said I, "that I could prove this by your own confession, and before these witnesses."

"Try it," said he defiantly.

I drew out a small crucifix which I wore upon my breast concealed under my coat, and showed it to him.

"Now then," said I, "suppose I lay this crucifix upon the floor, would you be willing in presence of this family to place your foot upon it, to show that you have no respect for it?"

"I would," was the answer.

"No, you will not," I said indignantly. "I will defend this sign of my redemption against any such insult upon your part."

Every eye in the room was fixed with horror upon my opponent, and he saw that so far as our little audience was concerned his cause was lost. There had been all the while a gathering of interested observers of this interview outside the house. They stood on the sidewalks, and some looked over from windows opposite. My good man, the catechumen, told me afterwards that when he went out upon the street his neighbors gathered around him, eager to learn the issue of this contest between the minister and the priest. He told them that the minister was nowhere.

"What!" they said, "couldn't he help himself out with the Bible?"

"No"; so he told them. "For every text he could think of the priest had two to match him."

This was not a very appreciative statement of the merits of the whole combat, but it made a strong impression on the crowd, who wondered at it greatly.

VIII.

FAMISHED IRISH WANDERING THROUGH ENGLAND IN 1848 AND 1849.

It would be to leave out of this record something strongly recorded in my memory to overlook the unusual flood of impoverished Irish people cast upon the shores of England during the great famine which was at its height in 1848 and 1849. History cannot afford to forget this famine so long as history has a heart to feel for human woe. The famine prevailed chiefly in Belgium and Ireland, and was caused by the failure in those countries of the potato crop. Either the failure of the potato to come to maturity was more complete in Ireland, or the unity in government and the bond of a common language made the misery prevailing in Ireland better known in England. In my home at Hanley I was thus brought face to face with two miseries from poverty. The first was the existing misery amongst the English peasantry, poor enough, God knows. The second was a destitution bordering on death which cast a crowd of famished Irishmen and Irishwomen upon the shores of England, many of whom passed along the highways of Worcestershire and rapped at our convent door. This crowd did not ask for alms alone. They asked also for a kindly hand to send letters home to friends they had left behind them. They asked also to receive the sacraments of their church, and such help as a Catholic seeks from a priest of his church, and which he can get nowhere else.

In asking alms, in asking spiritual aid and counsel, in asking help to correspond with absent friends, in all these applications there was something very peculiar and characteristic in these poor wanderers which can only be well known to those in whom they place implicit confidence. For this reason I ask permission of my readers to dwell awhile on matters to which my heart leads me, and if thereby I shall give them any pleasure also, I shall be glad to know it.

We begin then. It is not probably known to many that there was a certain secret intelligence prevailing amongst this multitude of petitioners for alms by which, although constantly separating from each other, they knew how to find each other again, and by which they kept open a way of communicating among themselves. There was no Freemasonry about this, no binding together by means of constitutions or by-laws, or mysterious gripping of hands. It was something that grew up out of ties both natural and supernatural, and could be depended upon better than potato crops or anything that can grow out of that sort of philosophy which goes by the name of social science. Will it be believed that these simple-hearted people, when kindly received, were accustomed to leave a little chalk-mark near the door, a very little mark indeed, and yet sufficiently observable to be a guide to some other eager eyes whose circumstances of want were similar? This kind of mark was enough to say: "Rap here. It is a good place"; or, on the contrary, it said, "Go by; no use." Sometimes the marks made in this way must have carried the authority of an autograph, and could be recognized by friends who did not know how to read or write and were by no means expert in proving signatures.

Messages could be passed along from wanderer to wanderer which reached their destination with a wonderful speed. If, for instance, I said to one of these foot-passengers:

"Do you happen to know a man by such a name?" (giving it).

"I do, father," would be the answer; or, perhaps, "I know of him."

"Can you get a message to him that I want to see him?"

"I could, father."

"The sooner he comes the better."

"It won't be long, father, before he comes to you." And so the issue proved.

What shall we say of these secret chalk-marks which dotted the gates and doorways throughout England? There is a sort of literature in it which people seldom stop to think of. Is it not a literature which belongs to the earth? Yet, is it not also a scenery which belongs to the skies? Is it not something for the eyes of angels to look at? Poverty is gifted with a sort of quick intelligence which is a mystery to those who are not poor and who do not care to trouble themselves with the study of poverty.

I saw enough of these poor wanderers from Ireland to know that they did receive in England a great deal of charity, and my impression is very strong that the charity shown to them came mostly from that part of the English people whose condition in life was not much elevated above their own.

Who that lived in England at the time when this distressing famine was filling the roads and byways with tracks of strange feet from Ireland, would not be interested to know of the jottings "by the wayside" that indicated their route? Who would not also be glad to know that their own fences and gates and steps had been favorably noticed by these sorrowful pilgrims from "the green Island of Erin"? I do not wish to forget all that a reasonable prudence should suggest while dealing with the poor when they ask alms at our hands. Still it is true that God does send the poor, and that they often come to us in his name without being backed up by documents which tell us everything at first sight. True Christian charity requires something more than a full purse. It requires a patient listening to the pleadings of want and woe. The poor are always writing our histories for us; and small chalk-marks written by unlearned hands will do more for us when our life's calendar shall be written up and completed than can be penned out in fair copy or set up in good type.

The industrious English peasantry, who depended on the labor of their own hands for a living, were the chief benefactors of the suffering poor in this famine. Yet I know of others in the neighborhood of Hanley, belonging to the class of landed gentry, who felt deep sympathy for these poor wayfarers and helped them generously. It is always hard, however, to know much about the poor when one does not mingle with them constantly and freely. English gentlemen, as a rule, do not know much about their own poor. How can they know much about the poor of other lands?

My memory here calls up a case of great want which hangs as visibly before me as a framed picture done in strong colors and hanging on a bright wall. I was sent for to bring the sacraments to a sick woman from Ireland. I found her under a woodshed belonging to a small farmer and sheltered in a nest of hay. It was a veritable nest, but large enough to hold her and her whole family. I climbed upon the hay and looked down upon this family circle. The husband was there and so were a group of children. The husband and one or two of the children got out in order to make room for me. After having

administered to her spiritual wants, I climbed out again from the nest and got a view of the surroundings. I was much struck with the charity of the inhabitants of this farm-house. It certainly could not have been a convenient thing to give a shelter like this to a poor family of strangers. There was danger in it as well as inconvenience. This hay chamber was a very combustible one, and the occupants were unquestionably very much in the way. The charity, however, was most freely and cordially given, and it was really the very best thing they had to give. Enough of such kind acts took place within the reach of my own observation to show me how largely and widely such kindly shelter was given to the victims of this famine in England.

The same evidence is furnished by the large amount of money which these poor creatures brought to our convent to have it sent home to their suffering friends in Ireland. They were mostly women; for the men landed in great numbers at Liverpool and other ports, with scythes and other implements of labor, seeking to get money by their work. These did not find their way so readily into our part of Worcestershire.

Here let me go back to the chalk-marks. It must have been something like this instinctive intelligence which we were delineating a little while ago that brought so many Irish wanderers to our Hanley convent who hailed from a parish on the sea-coast near Cork, called Clonakilty. These Clonakilty wanderers found at the door of our cloister a friendly reception, and received aid in more than one way. This very naturally brought others to the same door, hailing from the same parish. It got me into a correspondence with the pastor of Clonakilty, whose name, if I recall it right after so many long years, was Father Morgan Madden.

It was a very noticeable fact that these footsore wanderers, collecting charity as we have described, did not spend upon themselves the alms they received in money. This went mostly back to Ireland. They lived only upon what was of a perishable nature and could not be kept; sometimes, of course, good meat, hot or cold, but oftener bread and butter and vegetables. Economy in saving money could not be carried farther. It was, of course, difficult to carry money with them, and keep it safe while it accumulated. They had, however, little deposit banks of their own, sometimes in the bosoms of their dresses, sometimes still more secretly concealed under their petticoats. There is a great deal of wisdom in true love as well as in the

frauds of business, and it is pleasanter to tell of it because a blessing belongs to it. It is a pleasure now after so many long years to recall how, from time to time, some ragged petitioner in want of an amanuensis received my consent to write home for her and become her banker. Then was reproduced in real life the fairy tale of Cinderella. The pleading lips put on a smile of happiness. The applicant withdrew for a few moments to some woodshed or other place of concealment, and came back again with a hoard of money; and I became a banker. The business between us was soon transacted. It would take the eyes of a spirit to count the footsteps which make up the true statistics of transactions like theirs. But the items to which I have access are soon made out. A money order through the post-office, a letter to Father Morgan Madden, or some other priest in Ireland, and a letter back again,—all this is quickly set down.

The part of amanuensis is the principal difficulty in matters of this sort. I found it hard to understand a great deal of what my dictators wanted me to write. The money transaction was not all. I was expected to make inquiries about the friends at home. What these inquiries really meant was altogether beyond my understanding. I soon found out, however, that it was not necessary for me to understand anything about them. When I said, "I don't rightly understand what you want me to say," the answer was, "Never mind, father, he will know what I mean when he hears the letter read." And so it always proved to be. I give the following as an example:

After the proper address to Father Morgan Madden, of Clonakilty in the County of Cork, with the names of the parties interested and all that was necessary to identify them, came the circumambient questions which to me were as good as very hard Greek. This I made no account of except to spell the words right. When I had got to the end of the letter, and signed my own name to it, I said to my fair dictator:

"Now, before I close this letter, just think a moment and don't leave out anything that you really want to know about, and then I will close it up with a postscript."

"Well," she said, "give me a little time to think. Oh, yes, there is one thing more!"

"Well, then," I said, "let me have it quick, and I will put it in."

"Ask him how it is wid the pig."

I put the words down in the same way she gave them to me, and when Father Morgan sent back the answer, he took no more trouble about it than I had done: "It is all right wid the pig."

It may seem very trivial to the reader to introduce incidents that belong to the life of the lowly, the ignorant, and the uninfluential into a series of reminiscences that profess to grapple, after a sort, with a great religious crisis in a great country.

Such things, however, do have an influence with educated and thoughtful minds. They are even necessary in order to make a right impression upon men whose thoughts are much engrossed with business or with the pleasures of society. Such men are accustomed to ride through books and conversations as passengers travel over the land in railway coaches, scarcely noticing the landscape which opens before them and closes behind them. They see very little of what is to be seen in a world teeming with life, and their memories hold nothing of what is worth remembering.

I recounted once some of these incidents to a small party of gentlemen to whom it was all new. One of these was my old friend Squire Hornyhold, and another was a Catholic bishop. They were very much impressed with what I told them. It was like the revelation of a new and unknown life—a life that is to be found only among the poor. The bishop said:

"This is something that ought to be better known, and more thoroughly studied into."

The squire said: "I shall never dare hereafter, without a very strong and special reason, to refuse to any of these poor wandering people anything they ask for. It will trouble my conscience hereafter."

This must be my apology for introducing into these pages such sketches from the wilderness of lowly life. I am not satisfied with apologizing to the reader. I feel it my duty to ask pardon also of the poor. I cannot put them on paper as they ought to be represented. It is like the effort of an artist who endeavors to represent green hills at a few miles' distance. The only way to do it and to make it look natural is to keep his brush free from all green paint and color the hills blue. There is only one large Eye that sees poverty as it really is; and they that would study it rightly must see it by the light of that Eye.

IN DARKNESS.

BY VIRGINIA OSBORNE REED.



WHITHER art Thou leading, my God?
My eyes are growing dim. I cannot
see;
For now the light of Heaven, once so
bright,
Is darkening to me.

I listen ; but no longer from the skies
Faint strains of angel music do I hear,
And e'en my heart, erstwhile so full of love,
Grows faint and cold with fear.

My spirit chafes midst the surrounding gloom ;
I question why I'm left thus stumbling on,
And wonder that Thy gleams of heavenly light
Are seemingly all gone.

But hark ! I hear a voice within that says
The faith that is quite blind is the most blest ;
And so I go unseeing in the dark,
Obeying Thy behest.

And still it seems that ever midst the night
I note the whisperings of that voice most clear :
It tells me that when near my journey's end
My star shall reappear.



THE ASSOCIATION OF ST. CAMILLUS.

BY JOSEPH IGNATIUS MAGUIRE.



URING the scholastic year of 1894-5 several of the students at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., commenced the visitation of the sick and poor confined in Bay View Asylum, the city almshouse. The object of their weekly visit, made on the afternoon of the holiday, was one of mercy—

“ . . . mercy that saves,
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.”

They visited all, irrespective of creed or nationality, and tried by a hearty greeting, friendly conversations, and kindly acts to make each individual whom they met feel that the one with whom they spoke was a friend. Actuated by the love of God and the love of neighbor for his sake, these young men soon discovered how true it is that sympathy and kindness can lighten the burden of misfortune, and that they give to their possessor a strong personal influence over all with whom he comes in contact. To acquire this influence, and to exert it for the good and happiness of those visited, was their endeavor. Finding that their labor was not without good result, and wishing to give permanence to and enlarge the scope of the work thus undertaken, there was formed in September last, with the approbation of the reverend faculty of the seminary, the Association of St. Camillus, in honor of him who saw in each of the sick—for whom he did so much—the person of Jesus Christ. In the following pages will be sketched a brief outline of this organization, as well as a short record of some of the work accomplished during the past months. It might be well to state here that the association numbers at present fifty-four members, and that different bands of students regularly visit each of the following institutions: Bay View Asylum, the Little Sisters of the Poor, as also the City, St. Joseph's, Baltimore Charity Eye, Ear, and Throat, University, Maryland General, Marine, St. Agnes', Baltimore University, and Good Samaritan hospitals; about an hour and a half being spent in each place. Each band is under the guidance of a member of

the Board of Directors, and he is supposed to manifest a very special concern in the work immediately under his control.

The board is composed of as many directors as there are places visited, and in it is vested the governing power of the association.

Every band is composed of as many members as there are wards in the hospital visited, one student being assigned to each ward. As he always goes into the one place, he soon becomes, as a result of his weekly visits, intimately acquainted with his "patients," who soon come to look forward to his visits with real pleasure.

This last has been the experience of almost every member of the association, and it is largely to be attributed to the fact that the methods of the seminarians differ so entirely from those of the avowed missionaries who, full of zeal, are found in large numbers in all public charitable institutions. They mostly visit these places with the explicitly avowed purpose of aggressively attacking the unconverted by the use of pious phrases, tracts, and hymns.

There are some exceptions to this mode of procedure, but they are not numerous. As a general thing the average missionary—so styled—ignores too much the human and social element in man. They meet a sinner, and immediately they want to make a conquest. They "go for him" in the approved style, and are too fatally ready to promise all sorts of things if the one in question will proclaim himself or herself converted. Some good results are occasionally met with, but generally speaking experience confirms the logical consequences of such a system, consequences so apparent that they need not be pointed out. The member of the St. Camillus Association does not go among the sick and outcast to talk religion, *ex professo*. For Christ's sake he loves those whom he visits for their own sakes; he tries to love them with a disinterested human love, and to treat them with as much of human kindness and consideration as he would a dear friend or brother. These young men want to give the best that is within them of heart and brain; they seek to put themselves in closest touch with the personality of the individual, striving, like St. Paul, to be all things to all men, hoping thereby to lay the foundation for an elevating influence by which they can impart Christian character to the morally feeble and infirm, Protestant as well as Catholic. Moral reinforcement, soul and spirit, is what is wanted, and this comes only by personal contact between the helper and the

helped—a contact that will inspire self-respect and love both for God's law and God's minister. It has been conservatively estimated that over one thousand persons have each week, as a result of these visits, a chat with one of the seminarians, and it must be borne in mind that the majority of these people are either Protestants or religious indifferentists. A large number of Catholic papers as well as other reading matter is distributed, procured from the students and various newspaper offices in the city. Some of the members have had shipped from their homes boxes of old magazines, and in this respect the faculty of St. Charles' College have been very generous. Through the kind donation of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the reverend members of the faculty of the seminary, and some Baltimore priests, we secured quite a large number of good Catholic books, which were variously distributed in such of the hospitals as contained book-shelves. There has likewise been distributed a large number of prayer-books, scapulars, and rosaries, as also copies of Father Searle's *Plain Facts*, and of Cardinal Gibbons's work, *The Faith of Our Fathers*. A copy of this last-named book was given to an old man, an inmate of Bay View, who having read it during the week, handed the following acrostic poem to the young man on the occasion of his next visit:

"C onscience bids us believe with our fathers
 A nd honor their truth in our lives,
 R emembering the days of the martyrs,
 D oing just what they died to advise :
 I n Christ and His cross first to glory,
 N ext reverence the Virgin and saints,
 A nd thus record the inspired story,
 L eaving all for His loving embrace.

G reat honor his Eminence, the writer,
 I n all Christian lands has entailed,
 B y proving the true Church the mightier,
 B ecause, built on the Rock, it prevailed
 O ver all persecutions from men,
 N ow with fire, now with sword, now with pen,
 S afe in God, sæcula sæculorum. Amen."

It is almost needless to add that the reading of this book was the cause of the author's conversion.

Since last September there have been in all seventeen conversions, among which the following are worthy of a little

mention: H——, an unusually intelligent man, nearly sixty years of age; a good mechanic, but addicted to occasional "sprees." On his first meeting with the seminarian he was not inclined to talk much, and, as in all cases like this, the St. Camillus visitant respected his mood and simply expressed in a friendly way the hope that he would soon be better. Next week he was sitting up and disposed to be friendly. After the usual inquiry about his health, a near-by building in process of erection started a topic of conversation. H——, it seems, was a carpenter himself, and commenced to talk about his share in the erection of some of the more prominent buildings in Baltimore. After a chat of about ten or fifteen minutes, as the student was leaving, H—— was very cordial in inviting him to call again. His visitor had noticed that he had on a very heavy and uncomfortable-looking pair of old shoes, and on his next visit presented H—— with a pair of slippers. Upon receiving this trivial present he seemed much moved, and after a little while said that no one had ever unasked given him anything since his mother died "years and years ago," and the old man's eyes slowly filled with tears, tears that he tried hard to hide at first, but they would come, and then he began to sob like a little child. A slight act of disinterested kindness had softened a heart long a stranger to gentle impulses. The seminarian tried to show what he felt—sympathy, and soon he was listening to the story of H——'s life. Born a Methodist, he had not entered a church for over forty years, and, to use his own words, he had all his life long been a wicked man in heart and act. On the occasion of the next visit he said he would like to become a Catholic; he was baptized in the course of several months, and during his instruction and since has lived up to the good resolutions that he took.

In dealing with Protestants, the subject of Catholicism is left to be introduced by those visited; they frequently, however, have some question to ask, and in the case of most of the conversions made the parties have themselves solicited instruction. A short time ago one of the students who visits a ward in Bay View Asylum received a letter from a man to whom he had been speaking for over a year. This poor fellow, who at the time when he was first met professed no religion, was, it seems, somewhat timid about requesting instruction, and so he wrote asking the young man if he would not bring him a catechism the next time he called, as he

wanted to become a Catholic. Recently, in another hospital, the seminarian was asked by the one in charge of the ward to speak a word to a patient then dying, a result of the morphine habit. He did so, found the young woman had never been baptized, and was anxious to receive the sacrament. He immediately sent for a priest, and by the time of his arrival had her instructed. She was baptized and anointed, death occurring a few hours later. The chaplain of this hospital is so well pleased with the result of the work done among the patients that he recently made a handsome donation to the society, and it is gratifying to be able to record that the chaplains of the various institutions have regarded the work of the association as an adjunct to their own, and that they have given it every possible encouragement.

Very many Catholics have been induced to approach the sacraments. Once it is known that the party is a Catholic, at the first opportune moment the advantage of this is urged upon him, and in nearly all cases the person has been induced to attend to his duties, and to make at least an effort to do better. Lack of space excludes many interesting details, but mention must be made of the case of a young woman who, having fallen under the power of a man, had remained from confession for a considerable time. She was induced to return to her religious practices, a position was secured for her, and she is now doing remarkably well. Another case was that of a nineteen-year-old boy who had left his home and native land some years before. For a long time he had abandoned all religious practices, and was on the high road to trampism. Both clothing and a position were secured for him; some time afterwards he voluntarily approached the sacraments, and is now leading a good and useful life. There was also the case of two Protestant young men, both under twenty-one years of age, who had left their homes and had since descended very low in the social scale. Positions and clothing were procured, and both—particularly one of them—have reformed their lives and are giving satisfaction to their employers. An attempt is made to obtain situations for those whom it is thought will profit by them; this is made feasible through the kindness of a gentleman in the city. By the collection of such articles of apparel as the students have no further need of, quite a number of unfortunate men were provided with clothing. Financial aid is sometimes given to those who are judged deserving, but under certain conditions laid down in the constitution. Help

in the shape of food and lodging has frequently been granted for a few days, in order to give the one recently discharged from a hospital a chance to secure employment. One young man out of work had been obliged to pawn his clothing to supply the necessities of life. He came to the seminary one day during the late blizzard, asking for help. His clothing was redeemed and he was put in the way of securing work. A woman in one of the hospitals, entirely destitute, was clothed, and more recently a poor young man was sent to Philadelphia, in accordance with his wish that he might die at home.

During the Christmas season a little treat was given to the aged poor in Bay View and at the Little Sisters of the Poor, as well as at some of the more neglected hospitals.

The association depends on the contributions of such priests as wish to become honorary members, and upon a collection that is annually taken up among the students. Among the honorary members are his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; the Right Rev. P. J. Donohue, of Wheeling, W. Va.; the reverend members of the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary and St. Charles' College, as also about fifty priests, ex-students of the house, both in this and in other dioceses. The association hopes to increase this membership.

The fact of the existence of the society has already become known in one or two seminaries, and it is most encouraging to learn that there is some talk of its introduction next year in both of them. The experience which has been gained since the first inception of the work among the students of St. Mary's makes it seem certain that the work is a practical one, one from which at the cost of a little self-sacrifice much good can result. Finally, in this connection there is a point that has not been touched upon in these pages, but which is worthy of consideration. The work is one that is calculated to infuse into the seminarian a true sacerdotal spirit. It besides acquaints him with the condition of the destitute, and the not unfrequent disappointments that are to be met with in any work that seeks to benefit others. It is a work that arouses in him an interest in all that tends to elevate and reclaim the suffering and unfortunate. It teaches him how to console, cheer, and judiciously aid the needy; it enkindles in his breast love for God's poor and ready sympathy for the afflicted.

"NEW YORK CATHOLIC TEACHERS' MANUAL."



THE Archdiocese of New York has a Catholic Board which is composed of men who are thinking and doing. A dainty little book in gray binding, bearing upon its first cover the title that appears at the head of this article, tells us that a committee has revised the course of study for the schools of the Archdiocese of New York, and that the members of that committee are: Right Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V.G., LL.D., Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D., Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Rev. M. J. Considine, Secretary. Truly a representative body of men who are keenly alive to the importance of work in Catholic schools and to their needs in the present day.

The preface gives us the key-note of the work. We quote the following :

"The scope of the present Manual, which has been prepared under the supervision of the School Board of the Diocese of New York, is intended to cover the existing grades of the Primary and Advanced Departments of our Schools, or equivalently, the existing grades of the Primary and Grammar Departments of the Public Schools. Its object is two-fold : first, to rearrange the course of studies of the various grades, so that it may be in actual accordance with the advancement in educational matters of late years ; and, secondly, to afford our teachers, in the exercise of their calling, a number of useful hints and suggestions, gathered from observation and experience.

"It prescribes, then, as definitely as possible, the amount of work to be accomplished in the various grades of the said departments. It must be observed, however, that such a rigid adherence to the course outlined as would cramp the natural development of the pupil or suppress the spontaneous initiative of the teacher is not demanded ; but only such a practical compliance with the directions of the Manual as, in the judgment of the superintendent of the diocesan schools, reasonably may be expected.

"The pedagogical instruction which is given in the Manual and the spirit which is sought to be infused into it are intended to impress teachers with a deep sense of their obligations to impart to the children entrusted to their care the

benefits not only of a good education, but especially of a truly Catholic education. A Catholic atmosphere, therefore, should pervade and a Catholic spirit should reign throughout the whole life of the school. The school that is not pervaded by such an atmosphere or not ruled by such a spirit does not deserve the name of Catholic. Truth and Catholic teaching alone can give it that title and justify the sacrifices made in its behalf."

We have here placed before us a clear statement of the scope and object of this Manual which invites examination. One thought found in the preface must be borne in mind as we proceed in the work of studying this little book: "It must be observed, however, that such a rigid adherence to the course of study outlined as would cramp the natural development of the pupil or suppress the spontaneous initiative of the teacher is not demanded." It would be well were these words put into the preface of every course of study adopted by every school.

The first part of the Manual gives us the "Rules of the New York Catholic School Board." These rules mean much. Teachers must have certificates signed by the president and secretary. They should have access to a library of standard works on pedagogy, read current educational journals, attend to the ventilation of school-rooms and the regulations and requirements of the Health Board.

After the "Rules" we find the "Christian Doctrine Course." The work is outlined for each half-year for the primary and grammar grades, and the wisdom of the committee manifests itself at once in this portion of the Manual. A reasonable amount of matter is assigned for each grade, and the value of development work receives due consideration. The necessity of having the children memorize carefully the ordinary prayers, to tell in their own words the stories of the birth, life, and death of Jesus, and the leading incidents in the lives of the saints, is emphasized.

From the second year to the sixth year inclusive the work of each grade is divided into three parts: (1) Review of the work of preceding grade, and then the prayers to be taught in this grade; (2) Work from the catechism; (3) Oral instruction. The work of the seventh or last year in the grammar school is a review of the previous work, oral instruction "adapted to the present mental development of the children on man's origin, original condition, destiny, obligation, failure, God's merciful

promises of a Divine Redeemer, and the Types and Prophecies of a Redeemer."

This "Christian Doctrine Course" recognizes the child's needs and limitations as well as his growth and development. The work assigned for each year is suited to the mental status of the child. The oral work designated by the course is remarkably strong. The child who leaves the grammar school with even a fair knowledge of the sacred characters named in this course will have embedded in his heart and mind models in every way worthy of imitation.

The "English Language Course" embraces the work usually given under the headings, language, grammar, composition, reading, and literature. The science of grammar begins in the fifth year. The work is correlated with that of "Christian Doctrine," particularly reading and composition. Suggestions are given as to the methods that might be employed, but the brevity of the directions sometimes leaves one in doubt as to the actual meaning.

The course as a whole indicates so much attention to pedagogical methods and values that we hesitate to criticise adversely. On page 30 the instructions would lead one to suppose that in learning new words, in first steps in reading, the old method of copying was considered better than the present one whereby children are asked to form mental pictures quickly and then reproduce them. Stress is laid upon natural reading, neatness in written work, good English in speaking and writing, and correctness and clearness in composition.

The outline for Arithmetic is concise and well graded. The teacher is told what to do in each grade, but the value of the course is not enhanced by telling her what not to do, as 4, 2, on page 48; 4, 2, 5, on page 49, and similar limitations on other pages. The general plan is excellent and the amount of work assigned for each subject is about what the average child can accomplish. The nature of the work outlined shows that the child's environment was taken into consideration.

The "Course in Geography" is not as clear as we would wish. The history and geography are treated as one, although there is a separate course in "History." These two subjects should be closely correlated in teaching. When they are given separately in the course, it would be well to keep them separate except where correlation was especially mentioned.

The usual ground considered in primary and grammar grades

is covered, and valuable additional work is outlined in the geography of the lands in which lived Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and their friends. We fear the geography work will not stand the test of the school-room, but we prefer to leave it to that test before deciding that it is lacking in clearness.

The course in "History" covers the United States, and in the seventh year a brief history of the church. When we recall that the biographies of many saints and other noted people are given in the Christian Doctrine work, we can readily see that the children are well prepared to consider that portion of Church History that is assigned to the seventh year of school.

Under "Course in Penmanship" some excellent things are mentioned,—the object of teaching writing, the necessity of having the children take natural positions in writing, the fact that the angular style of handwriting should not be presented to children "because it is not sufficiently legible and is unsuited to rapid business writing," and several other good, strong points.

Drawing and Music are given merited places in the Course of Study, and the teachers are asked to give these subjects a proper amount of attention and not regard them as optional. Physical Training and a "Course in Needle-work" have, wisely, been outlined. Thirty-three hymns are given to "be learned by all the children of all the schools for use in congregational singing."

The Manual is valuable; it contains many excellent suggestions, it gives a fair outline of work for the primary and grammar grades, it suggests a good line of literary work, it gives the best "Course in Christian Doctrine" found in any similar "Course of Study," and, on the whole, teachers not only of New York but of all the Catholic schools of the country owe a debt of gratitude to the committee for giving us the present "New York Catholic Teachers' Manual."

To keep in mind the yearning for the absolute good, undying hope, the love of the best, the craving for immortality, the instinct drawing us all toward things eternal, is the solemn duty of every man who plans that which is designed "to lead souls back to God." He who has the faculty to give to truth its divinest form, and to lift the hearts of the nation to the love of heavenly things, will surely merit "a seat among the elect"; but if his vision be not clear enough to see "the all in all," he will have the reward assured to those who have been faithful unto the Light given to them.

A BALLAD OF NORMANDY.

BY ROB LEAR.



HE climbed a hill in Normandy,
 A hill that lowers to the sea;
 Big tears were in her mother eyes,
 Her watching eyes,
 That held in quest the far-off west,
 Where ocean trims the falling skies.

“O mother! with your Norman wail,
 Those tears, I trow, may tell a tale?”
 “Ah, stranger, mourn my little Jacques,
 Mon cheri Jacques,
 Who sailed away; ah, woe the day
 He sailed beyond that sky-sea track!

“The brightest of this world was he,
 And joy stood mate to him and me;
 But telling five and ten his years,
 His summer years,
 He begged to roam the ocean foam,
 To court to wife the sailor’s fears.

“He loved the sea, the seaman’s ways,
 And oft at home he sang the praise
 Of wave and land where he had gone,
 My Jacques had gone;
 And how he railed the sea he sailed
 When army gales came battling on.

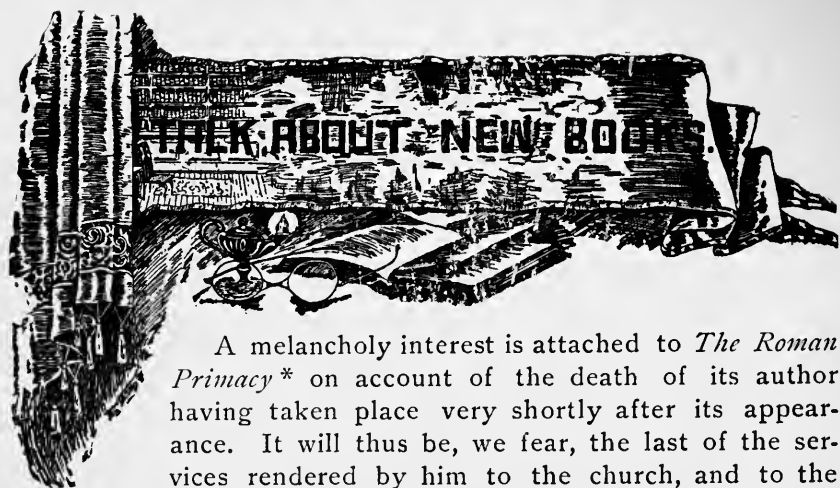
“Oh! how the folk were good to Jacques,
 Who used to tell when he came back
 The show of love they gave to him;
 They lavished him
 With stories old, and bits of gold,
 And orchards made his basket brim.

“All these were mine when he came home
To rest him from his ocean’s roam ;
And coming to my cottage light,
His beacon-light,
I felt his kiss my only bliss,
His farewell was my only night.

“Ah, stranger, off he sailed one day ;
I saw his ship go down the bay,
I saw the clouds bring up their black,
Their deadly black ;
I recked no word that day I heard,
That never more I’ll see my Jacques.”

And still she climbs in Normandy
The hill that lowers to the sea ;
Big tears are in her mother eyes,
Poor, hoping eyes,
That hold in quest the lonely west,
Where ocean trims the falling skies.





A melancholy interest is attached to *The Roman Primacy* * on account of the death of its author having taken place very shortly after its appearance. It will thus be, we fear, the last of the services rendered by him to the church, and to the cause of truth to which since his conversion he so completely and successfully devoted himself. Believing exposition to be, when possible, the best form of controversy, the object of Dr. Rivington in writing this work was to give a detailed account of a definite and crucial period of the church's life in order to bring out the relation in which the pope then stood to the church. The period chosen is a very important one, embracing the Œcumenical Councils of Ephesus and of Chalcedon, as well as the Robber Synod of Ephesus. The questions whether of the truth revealed by Christ there was by his appointment an authorized guardian, who was this guardian, and where was he to be found, were raised by the events which occurred at this time, and these questions received clear answers. "The guardianship of the faith was entrusted to the Episcopate of the Catholic Church, of which the head was the successor of Peter in the See of Rome, and this by divine institution. The relationship of that See to the universal Church cannot be seen anywhere more clearly than in the records of the Council of Ephesus in 431 and the Council of Chalcedon in 451. Here, when the hour of supreme trial was come, the Primacy of the Bishop of Rome comes before us as a well-established provision, of divine institution, for the welfare of the churches." The absence of full records for the antecedent period is, Dr. Rivington rightly holds, the reason why an equally clear manifestation of the authority of the Holy See is not made before: moreover, the fact that it is found fully established then is an evidence that it had already been long in existence. The principle of interpreting the earlier by the later, the more obscure

* *The Roman Primacy*, A. D. 430-451. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., D.D. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

by the clearer, is in itself entirely reasonable and has long been urged by theologians. Nor is its recognition confined to theologians; for, according to a writer quoted by Dr. Rivington, to the adoption of this principle the great advance recently made in the study of Roman constitutional history is due. To those who recognize, as many Anglicans do, that the undivided church was divinely guarded from error, the inference is easy that the recognition of the divine institution of the Primacy, if made at this period, involves the fact that it had been in like manner recognized antecedently to that period: for it would be incompatible with the divine protection of the church from error should she have erred at any period on so vital a matter.

Dr. Rivington has taken Dr. Bright, the professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, as the representative assailant of the Pope's Primacy. He has also given an answer to Professor Harnack's treatment of the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon. Dr. Bright is an antagonist fully qualified by learning; with the full conviction, too, of every Englishman, that absolute power must necessarily be despotic and unlimited, and that of all government, human and divine, the English constitution is the type. The pope's authority is undoubtedly supreme. He is, strictly speaking, under no church law; and of the divine law, natural and positive, he is, when speaking *ex cathedra*, the infallible interpreter, as well as of supernatural revelation. Yet, as a matter of fact, no one is more rigidly controlled and less able, even if he so willed, to pull down and to destroy by deviating from the old ways. Whatever power is possessed by the pope is recognized by him as in its entirety derived from God, and is a trust for faithfulness in the use of which for the good of the church account has to be rendered. He is surrounded by counsellors permeated with this same conviction. Ignoring, however, these obvious and elementary considerations, Dr. Bright endeavors to excite the instinctive, if not reasonable, aversion to control which characterizes his countrymen: a course hardly worthy of an Anglican; hardly honest, we may say; for the control which is not to be submitted to when exercised by the divinely appointed and protected Head of the Church is to be handed over—if the efforts of Dr. Bright's coadjutors succeed—to the Anglican bishops, educated and cultivated and refined gentlemen, indeed, but not (according to their own profession) divinely protected from error; and so the true liberty from error, guaranteed by submission to the

pope's teaching, is to be sacrificed for the sake of a control illegitimately usurped by authorities not so protected. This is the only alternative, unless all church teaching is thrown aside and the mere private judgment of the individual substituted, a thing hardly contemplated by Dr. Bright and a result which would annihilate any claim to authoritative teaching made by the Anglican bishops.

A detailed criticism of so large a work would carry us beyond our limits, and so we can only direct attention to a few points. The questions raised by Dr. Bright depend for their solution not only upon an exhaustive acquaintance with the documents to be interpreted, but also upon the most accurate and perfect knowledge of the finest points of Greek. How Dr. Rivington meets these requirements may be seen as to the former by his note on the meaning of *tupos* on pages 21-3; as to the latter by the note on page 15.

Even more important, perhaps, than these qualifications is a readiness fairly to recognize and receive just as it stands any evidence adduced, together with all that it involves. An example will be found on pages 9-19 of the way in which Anglicans appear to be lacking in this respect, and to be thereby led to minimize and empty of real meaning the evidence for the pope's authority. Upon a reader without preconceptions (if such exist) an exalted idea of the recognition then existing of that power must, we think, be irresistibly forced. How easily, yet how unfairly, a different meaning may be read into these documents is seen by the way in which this evidence is treated by Bishop Wordsworth and Dr. Bright.

On pages 39 and following Dr. Rivington deals with a more pardonable misapprehension on the part of Anglican writers, that, namely, as to the relation which exists between the pope and the bishops, who, while they are really co-judges with the pope, and not mere agents, and have a right to examine even definitions, yet have no right to correct or reform these definitions.

On the whole, this is a book which deserves the study both of the defenders and of the adversaries of the Roman Primacy. To the superficial reader from its avowed aim and object an appearance may be presented of special pleading due to the fact that Dr. Rivington takes pains to bring out clearly all that is involved in support of the primacy in the actions and the utterances of the bishops. But this is only an appearance due to the expository character of the work. All of Dr. Rivington's

authorities are accessible to all theological students. The only new matter brought forward, and that is new only to the English reader, is the recently discovered Latin copy of the letters written to Rome by Flavian and Eusebius. These letters confirm the arguments of the supporters of the Primacy and weaken the case of its opponents, showing that the appeal made to Rome by these prelates was not to Rome as the see of the "first patriarch," as Dr. Bright and Anglicans maintain, but to Rome as the see of the Apostle Peter, the Apostolic Throne. It will be hard for a fair-minded man to resist the evidence adduced by Dr. Rivington, and for such the book will be very useful.

Mr. Wright is one of the Commissioners of Labor, and his reports are well known to all who are interested in that department of social science—and, by the way, our own use of the term social science and Mr. Wright's comment * on that term remind us of a consideration with which we shall begin this notice. It is admitted that strict definitions, and the constant use of terms with regard to the express meaning of the definitions, are necessary to all sound speculation and to the conveyance of the thinker's ideas to his readers. We say distinctly the phrase social science is the proper term by which to embrace the subjects which constitute the science of society. Mr. Wright's objection is that we say "social sciences" when speaking of the group, so that, as we understand him, history is a social science, jurisprudence, political economy, and so on, are social sciences, and accordingly the term is not so comprehensive as sociology. We reply, the departments of knowledge mentioned are branches of social science, just as chemistry, electricity, and so on are branches of experimental physics. Herbert Spencer, who, if uncertain or inconsistent in the employment of scientific terms in the sense in which he first defines them, is at least a master of language when he expresses the thought then burning in his mind, uses the term social science as an equivalent for sociology, and also as we have used it, namely, the science of society.

Comte, as we said on a former occasion, employed the word "sociology" for the first time, and, as we pointed out, to express what used to be understood by the phrase "philosophy of history"; but there is another objection to the term *pace* Mr. Wright's effusive adoption of it; namely, that it is on a

* *Outline of Practical Sociology.* By Carroll D. Wright, LL.D. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

level with the barbarous jargon used by quacks and barbers for the nomenclature of their remedies and restorers. Be this as it may, we are most ready to acknowledge in Mr. Wright a valuable laborer in the active fields of the statistician. Without the assistance of men of that kind the thinkers, previous to the use of "political economy" as an English term to express an art and science of society, would not have material by which to verify their deductions. Of course we are almost at issue with him concerning the value, respectively, of what he would call practical sociology and theoretical sociology; but a difference of opinion on the point is not important this hot weather. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with saying that a man might as well contrast the value of applied mathematics with that of pure mathematics as the investigation of social facts and the tabulating of them with the scientific form in which the motives and influences underlying all social activities are presented as fundamental principles. Moreover, the inductions from ascertained social facts of various times and countries, carefully tested and compared, must be part of the constituent elements of the science. These and those, the generalizations from induction and the conclusions by deductive processes, form the science and the art; so that such a phrase as practical sociology, if the study be a science at all, has no meaning. No one regards Giffen as a science man, though he is the greatest statistician of the day.

We are aware that there is an objection among a certain class of professors and teachers against what they are pleased to call theory; and the objection is repeated *ad nauseam* by their pupils in the ministry of the different denominations, and in the conceited stage, the untried stage, of the learned professions. The objection arises from a misunderstanding of the meaning of theory. Mr. Wright, we dare say, will admit that his collection of facts, his mode of testing the value of facts, his system of classification, have all an origin in some principle as distinguished from a use. In other words, the classification is regulated by affinities, even though the purpose for which the statistics were directed to be taken was purely with a view to particular legislation. We find in his own statistics of labor a very clear reverence for scientific system, and this is a proof of the value of sound speculation—a term constantly meant when the word theory is employed by the tyro or the end-of-the-century man.

But speculation of the kind must be used, since students

and thinkers worthy of the name have at length recognized the force of psychic influences in accounting for the phenomena of society. As a consequence the statistician, so far as he is not an original thinker, will be relegated to his proper place as the collector of materials for verification of deductive processes, or materials for the expression of new empiric laws. Nothing sounder in principle can be found than the *à priori* conclusions of Aristotle, who combined in himself in the most remarkable manner the power to think out and to test by experimental method what he had thought out. We do not think he can be superseded. The biological analogy which in modern times led to such curious results was never used by him as anything more than an illustration of social processes, but all the same the principle that society had a life in which intelligence and responsibility were factors of the highest moment was never for a moment lost sight of.

We do not think, then, that the system which begins its teaching by setting the student to collect unrelated facts—for such they must be if he be turned loose into a town or a jail to observe and note down what he sees or hears—will make him a man of science, though he is sure to be catalogued as a “practical sociologist,” and his reports listened to with acclaim in the mutual admiration society of which he is a member. Indeed, we are inclined to think that we would obtain the assent of Mr. Wright for many of the views we have expressed, notwithstanding that his work seems written under some idea of the superiority of active to speculative exercise in the pursuit of this study.

He recognizes that the science comprehends the study of the origin and development of social institutions, but this means not merely the history of the race in the largest sense but an inquiry into the laws of thought, the power of what are called the affections in drawing men together, and that necessity of defence which must have existed since men first stood upon the earth. Perhaps one part of the discredit confronting the change from the method of biological analogy to the suggestion that psychology affords some explanation of the influence which impels men to social forms is to be found in the fact that only a small part of the psychic forces operating on mankind are taken into account by the new school. When Professor Giddings concludes that the motive which draws men together into society is the “consciousness of kind,” he gives a reason for gregariousness; but he does not tell us why the

vast empires of antiquity held men together in a blind obedience, or why the passions of a presidential campaign sink to rest after the election is over.

We have no doubt of our position, that the history of the race and the knowledge of man's nature are the real sources of a science of society. Statistics are excellent for legislation, but this is only an instrument in the living out of the life of society. Laws are a means to an end, so is political liberty, so are all the forces, civil and religious, which hold society together. We have stated elsewhere that the problems which vex society to-day, in one shape or another, disturbed it in the past. They are incidents of its growth, they will continue to the end. Our author takes this view to some extent; and in doing so he unconsciously recognizes that Comte, Baldwin, and Ward, biologist and psychologist alike, confirm the Evangelists, just as the despairing philosophers of Greece and Rome had borne outside testimony to their teaching.

The Acts of the Martyrs formed the principal spiritual reading of the early church;* and perhaps if they were more widely read now, a more robust spiritual vitality would exist and less of the worldly spirit be manifested; for these Acts bring home to the reader, more clearly perhaps than it is in any other way brought home, the conflict which is going on in one form or other at all times between the church and the world. The present volume contains translations of the Acts of some of the less known martyrs; namely, the Acts of SS. Julian and Basilissa; of SS. Marius and Martha, with their Sons, and the Martyrdom of St. Valentine; the Martyrdom of St. Martina; the Acts of SS. Montanus and Companions; the Martyrdom of SS. Philemon, Apollonius, and the rest; the Acts of SS. Felix and Adauctus; of SS. Adrian and Nathalia, as well as the Lives of St. John Calybite, of St. Euphrasia, and of St. Julian Saba. The Invention of St. Stephen, Proto-Martyr, the Captivity of St. Malchus, and the Passion of St. James Intercisus, together with Anecdotes from the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, interspersed—in order to avoid monotony—between the Acts and Lives complete the list of contents. Authenticity has been taken into account in choosing these particular Acts out of so many others. The aim of the translator has been to make the translation extremely simple and literal, and in our opinion he has succeeded admirably in presenting the record of the glorious confession of the faith

* *Gems from the Early Church.* Compiled by E. F. Bowden. London: Art and Book Company; Catholic Truth Society.

by these martyrs of old in language perfectly in harmony with the subject and sure to bring it home to the minds and hearts of the reader. To the same result the way in which the book is printed will not fail to contribute.

The *Exposition of Christian Doctrine** is the companion volume to the *Exposition of Christian Dogma* which appeared not long ago, and forms part with it of the Intermediate Course of Religious Doctrine taught in the schools of the Christian Brothers. It would be hard to give too high praise to this part of the work, and were it to be found in every household and studied and mastered, a most efficacious step towards this country's conversion would have been taken, for it would make Catholics so intelligent in their hold upon their religion that every one would be a source of light. It is not, like so many similar works, a dry compendium, a collection of bare bones without life, but is pervaded by a spirit of piety and unction due to a constant and apt citation of Holy Scripture. The definitions are clear and theologically exact. The chief excellence, however, seems to us to be its completeness. For example, in the section on Moral Education the Letter of Pius IX. to the Archbishop of Friburg, Leo XIII.'s Encyclicals, and the Decisions of the Congregations of Propaganda and of Rites are incorporated. The teaching of Leo XIII. on the duties of Civil Magistrates, of Workmen and Employers, on the Right of Property, and on the Condition of Labor, is fully set forth. The work is, in fact, more complete than the smaller manuals of moral theology, when these are stripped of their technicalities, and will be very useful to the preacher and even the confessor. We may add that the translation has been made with great skill and judgment; it is by no means an easy matter to find the exact English equivalent for the terms of moral theology. It is not in every case, however, that the translator has succeeded in finding the exact equivalent; for example: slander cannot be considered as the true rendering of detraction. In the common acceptance of terms it means the same as calumny.

* *Exposition of Christian Doctrine*. By a Seminary Professor. Moral. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

I.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES' MISSIONARY DISCOURSES.*

It sometimes happens that a master of ascetical and mystical doctrine is also a master missionary. Such is the case with St. Francis de Sales. He led all his contemporaries in the number of his converts, and he has left methods of making converts hard to be equalled. Let it be realized, too, that his converts were made in the enemy's country, and almost single handed and alone, and that the enemy was Genevan Calvinism, an alliance of clever dialectics and fanatical fury far more formidable then in its early era than now in its decline.

The subjects treated of in this volume cover the whole field of Church authority, though grouped for the most part under the head of the Rule of faith. The reader will find a full though concise argument for the divine mission of the church, her human and divine sides compared and adjusted, a very able statement of her divinely given marks, her relation to the Scriptures and to divine tradition, and a valuable series of arguments in proof of the supremacy and infallibility of the See of Peter. To this ecclesiastical part of his book, which forms the bulk of it, are added a treatise on the harmony of faith and reason, and others on the sacraments and purgatory. Everywhere the holy missionary delivers heavy blows at the Protestant errors contradictory and contrary to the truths he propounds.

St. Francis did not strive after any new departure in Catholic apologetics, having been a very practical character, though so high a teacher of Christian perfection. But if there is no novelty even of treatment, yet there is much freshness, boldness, and withal kindness in these vigorous discourses. The fearless missionary and the kindly persuader are thoroughly blended in St. Francis de Sales, and these discourses are good evidence of this happy condition. The old and well-known truths, identical with Christian missionary utterances since the Apostles, are put in a fervent way, are driven home with the insistence of loving interest in the souls of men, the fervor and the zeal of the apostle being a notable help to his success. Any of us can use these same arguments, and some of us can do it clearly, and the inherent force of truth carries some con-

* *Library of St. Francis de Sales.* Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By the Very Rev. H. B. Canon Mackey, O.S.B., under the direction of the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. III. *The Catholic Controversy.* Edited from the autograph MSS. at Rome and Annecy. Second edition, revised and augmented. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1899. Price \$1.60.

viction always, or rather conviction to some—to the rarer kind of spirits who are independent characters and fearless and pure of heart. But who will convert his thousands and his tens of thousands like St. Francis? Only the one who learns the divine art of persuasion, as he did, in the divine school of humility and obedience, patience and prayer and love. A sling is at hand, and the brook has as many limpid pebbles as you desire; but have you the arm and eye and heart of David? When Francis began in the Chablais he was indeed the David of the Lord's missionary host, being only twenty-seven years of age and but recently ordained priest.

How St. Francis came to print these discourses he tells us himself in his preface to them as first published. He appealed to the eyes of those who would not lend him their ears. He took refuge from his empty benches in the Apostolate of the Press, for even St. Francis was not always a "drawing card," since he dealt with a blood-thirsty Protestant nobility and clergy and a deluded or terrorized people.

"Gentlemen," says the Saint in his preface, "having prosecuted for some space of time the preaching of the word of God in your town [Thonon, in the Chablais, a totally Calvinistic community], without obtaining a hearing from your people save rarely, casually, and stealthily,—wishing to leave nothing undone on my part, I have set myself to put into writing some principal reasons, chosen for the most part from the sermons and instructions which I have hitherto addressed to you by word of mouth, in defence of the faith of the church. I should indeed have wished to be heard, as the accusers have been; for words in the mouth are living, on paper dead. . . . My best chance, then, would have been to be heard, in lack of which this writing will not be without good results."

Among the results was an increase of hearers at the saint's meetings, which sign of success was accompanied by the yet better one of attempts to murder him. He feared neither man nor devil in his Apostolate, and was rewarded, as we know, by a marvellous success. Having never grudged a sermon to a miserable failure of an audience, he finally was forced into the open air to accommodate the vast throngs who would not be denied. Once, on a stormy day, he had but seven hearers. "It is not worth while preaching to that little group," said some one to him. But he said, "One soul is as precious to me as a thousand," and he forthwith began a carefully prepared discourse on the invocation of the saints. Among his

seven hearers was a prominent gentleman of Thonon. St. Francis was speaking doctrinally and made no effort at pathos, but this man began, after awhile, to sob with such violence that Francis was forced to interrupt his preaching. After the sermon this man came to Francis and assured him that he had been the means that day of saving his soul. "When," said he, in effect, "I heard your bell ring, and saw only four or five persons going in, I said to myself, now if M. de Sales preaches only for the love of God he will give us few people a sermon all the same; but if he preaches for his own glory, he will despise so humble an audience, which will prove to me that he is an impostor and teaches lies. Your zeal in teaching these few humble peasants edifies me greatly, and I am so affected at my own miserable state of error that I could not help weeping." This occurrence was soon spoken of everywhere, and helped the saint to larger audiences.

Francis de Sales attacks Calvinism with merciless severity, and the reasons for this aggressiveness are plain. They are local and contemporary reasons; firstly, the anti-Catholic violence of the Calvinistic ministers demanded a defiant attitude on the part of the Catholic missionary. The defeat and humiliation of the champions of error was a necessary preliminary to obtaining a hearing for the affirmation of the positive claims of the true Church of Christ. And, secondly, the absolute belief of the people in the validity of the Protestant claims called for forcible and detailed assault on them to begin with. It is easily seen that in our day the Catholic missionary, confronted with a timid heretical ministry and a decadent Protestant faith, should, as a rule, follow the shorter and directer road to persuasion, ignoring, as far as possible, the Protestant errors (and who can tell what they now are or what they are not?), but preaching straight-out, thorough-going Catholic doctrine. St. Francis did the like when in other localities and in later years he had, either in an audience or an individual, conditions similar to our own. But when he conquered the Chablais he was literally bearding the lion in his den. He never faltered, he never was discouraged, he worked and waited month after month, in deadly peril of his life, without any visible fruit, till he broke the spell by resorting, as is here shown, to the Apostolate of the Press.

In the preface to his book the saint sweetens his medicine with characteristic kindness, closing as follows: "Receive favorably, I beg you, gentlemen of Thonon, this work, and

though you have seen many better made and richer, still give some little of your attention to this, which will, perhaps, be more adapted to your taste than the others are; for its air is entirely Savoyard, and one of the most profitable prescriptions, and the last remedy, is a return to one's native air. If this profit you not, you shall try others more pure and more invigorating, for there are, thank God, of all sorts in this country. I am about, therefore, to begin in the name of God, whom I most humbly beseech to make his holy Word distil sweetly as a refreshing dew into your heart. And I beg you, gentlemen, and those who read this, to remember the words of St. Paul: 'Let all bitterness and anger, and indignation and clamor, and blasphemy be taken away from you, with all malice. Amen'" (Eph. iv. 31).

A lesson is here given of the worth of a gentle manner in overcoming prejudice; likewise the occasional opportuneness of "waving the flag" of one's country in the interests of its citizens' religious betterment.

We are indebted for this new and perfect edition to Dom Mackey, O.S.B., who is making a new English version of all the Saint's writings, having already given us four volumes, including a much-needed translation of the golden Treatise on the Love of God. This learned English Benedictine is at the same time bringing out a complete edition of the Saint's entire works in French, revised and corrected from the original MSS. by his personal labors.

2.—INDUSTRIAL CUBA.*

As we look back over the scenes of a year ago and calmly study their real nature apart from the passion and deep feeling that enveloped them at that time, we are made quite certain that the Hispano-American War was entirely an industrial revolution. The issues between Spain and the United States may have been complicated with and colored by certain century-long racial antipathies, or even some very deep religious antagonisms, yet substantially and essentially it was the deep-toned cry of the people for bread and the necessities of life that precipitated the war. It has been called a war for humanity's sake, and such it was. The American is so constituted that if a

* *Industrial Cuba*. Being a Study of present Commercial and Industrial Conditions, with suggestions as to the opportunities presented in the Island for American capital, enterprise, and labor. By Robert P. Porter, Special Commissioner for the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico. With maps and 62 Illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

neighbor in the next yard is inflicting bloody cruelties on his children, is starving them into subjection and beating them unto death, so that over and over again the cries reach him in the quiet of his home, and frequently messengers come and tell him of the dreadful cruelties that are going on next door,—the American is so constituted that he cannot close his doors and windows to keep out the sounds, and deafen his ears or steel his heart to the piteous cries of the helpless ones, nor sit down contentedly and let the persecuting miseries go on. He must do something to rescue the children even if they are not his own, or save the poor wife even if it is none of his business. Anyhow, public decency requires that the good name of the neighborhood be protected, that standards of morality be enforced on those who outrage them, even to the policeman's club and the cannon's shot. It was just this sentiment and no other that lay at the bottom of the Spanish-American War.

America's real motive was to relieve distress and to lift up a poor naked, etiolated slave, who with famished body and emaciated frame piteously appealed to her for protection and succor.

The providence of God, by an almost bloodless war, has banished the cruel taskmasters from the island as a plague from Egypt, and it will not be many years before the rich vitalities of the country will assert themselves.

There is no reason why Cuba should not be the garden-spot of the world. It is a country of wondrous vitality; so fertile that there is nothing that grows within the tropics that will not grow there, and so productive that crop after crop has been gathered and still the soil has not been worn out. Its well-known wealth and productiveness only made it a prey to the rapacity of a horde of alien officials. How it has been despoiled of its riches, how it has been paralyzed in its energies, how it has been debased in its ideals, how it has been prostituted in its mental, moral, and physical standards, the world knows now only too well.

The process of regeneration has been started in a prudent, healthful way. In the first place, the island has been cleaned up. As a breeding pest-hole of yellow fever it was a constant menace to the United States. A few years of correct sanitation will effectually stamp out the fever germs. In the next place, all the legitimate industries have been nurtured. During the past year the growing of the cane, the fostering of the tobacco, the cultivation of a line of tropical fruits—to these

projects the people have turned their attention. It will not be many years before the immediate demands of the people will be satisfied. They will have nourished their starved bodies, they will have built again their homes, they will have accumulated some little wealth, and then Cuba will look for an opening in the markets of the world.

By a prudent provision Cuba has been protected from the speculator and the adventurer. Wild-cat schemes of investment or booms on the American plan would have been as fatal to the island's welfare as a rich banquet to sailors famished through a week's exposure and starvation on the sea. Any large investments for the purpose of improvements just now might create a top-heavy system that some day or other would collapse. What is wanted is to begin at the bottom and let the nation's main resources thrive. It will not take long to put the agricultural interests of the island in a healthy state of prosperity. Then will follow the industrial development.

The position of the United States towards the island is merely as pacificator. In the beginning this country disclaimed "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island," except for the "pacification thereof." The people are tired of warfare. They would be glad to blot out the memories of a generation of deceit, robbery, and oppression. They are glad to have the strong arm of vigorous America stretched out over them in protection and support. The people have fought and suffered for freedom. They love it profoundly. But just now the freedom above all others that they want is industrial freedom—to go back quietly to the plough and the fireside.

As for the future, it may be too soon to prognosticate what will be the ultimate political condition. There is no doubt as to the almost unanimous sentiment of the people from top to bottom. It is to have the United States stay just where she is. No greater calamity could befall the island than to have the United States troops withdrawn and permit the restless elements to awaken an internecine strife. With quiet, peace, and the proper encouragement of industrial activities the future will take care of itself.

We have carefully refrained from touching on the religious situation. It is a subject all by itself, and in order to comprehend it, it needs the statement of many facts fearlessly and truthfully made with all their proper qualifications. This can not be done within the limits of a short article.

We profoundly believe that the events of the last year have been the dispositions of a very wise Providence overruling matters in church as well as in state so that the greatest good may be the outcome.

3.—FROM ECONOMICS TO LEVITICUS.*

Not a great while ago an attack on all definite forms of Christianity was published by a distinguished gentleman connected with one of our great universities. It was remarkable for impartial hostility to all creeds, rather than for general fairness, and bore more evidence of wide, indiscriminate reading than of conscientious analysis. The work was divided into chapters meant by their titles sharply to emphasize the contrast between superannuated religious faith and modern science. Among others, the legend "From Leviticus to Political Economy" headed an exposé of the weaknesses in theocratic social regulations traditional since the days of Moses, and summed up the satisfaction more or less prevalent among contemporary scholars at having been emancipated so successfully from the Egyptian thralldom of simple faith.

And still there are many among us who would fain demur, who cannot refrain from declarations of belief in the truth, utility, and indestructible vitality of social principles traceable back to the first definite instruction of man by God. The growing confidence and power of such as these, their successful interference and forceful control in the trend of contemporary intellectual movements cannot be hidden. Suggestion, nay, palpable demonstration of their widening influence among the thinkers of this closing century, is brought home to us by the memory of John Ruskin's name, activities, and still surviving power.

Ethereal Ruskin! Surely entitled to, and gladly accorded, our undying admiration that with Promethean fire he galvanized our generation into new being. Honest and fearless and untiring, straitened with the travail of a message, whose inspiration was Sincerity and burden Truth, born into a Philistine world lackey-spirited and school-boy minded, great man he lived and died—yes, died many times and over again, and was buried almost, long time before the spirit left him. Broken with work and weight of years, begloomed by disappointment and meagre fruit and wasted health and fortune, to Philistines he would seem a mournful illustration of the "might have been." Those who weigh his words and read his work realize that he is not

* *John Ruskin, Social Reformer.* By J. A. Hobson. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

yet dead ; and though he were, that the work thus far accomplished might nigh suffice for immortality.

Boy-poet, art-critic, painter, professor, economist, prophet, and heretic ; in public view for half a century ; writer of almost matchless activity and unexampled versatility ; loved, revered, suspected, wondered at and scorned ; man of his day, antiquarian, far younger than the generation whose quickest advance he had outstripped ; brother to Carlyle and Tolstoi, yet once under surveillance for tending Romeward—Ruskin can find no portrait in these few lines of ours. Only we owe a tribute to him whenever his name appears ; and an ardent student of Ruskin has just favored us with a summary account of the Master's views on Social Reform.

Proper appreciation of the volume demands far greater equipment than the reading of it will supply. Only those who have loved Ruskin long since will get full value for their efforts, and to such we commend its luminous and thorough exposition of Ruskinism as a social theory. Other readers—if such there be—we would not discourage from the work, but suggest previous reading of books like Collingwood's *Life, Præterita, Fors Clavigera, Unto this Last*. But perhaps little commendation of these books is required, the study of Ruskin being frequent and full of interest. Would that it came the way of some barren intelligences we know, who waste time nursing their talent, and sigh for "something to read" !

One will appreciate the necessity of preparatory reading if the details of that long life, the variety of work, and the style of execution be recalled. Ruskin, like Matthew Arnold, was no system-maker. Despite his grasp of social needs and attempts at restorations, no conscious detailed and scientific résumé of his socialism is discoverable among his own writings. Yet rank is claimed for him as the great social teacher of his age, and is justified by the number and variety of his doctrines, his thorough comprehensive grasp, and his ardent and forceful propaganda of novel ideas—novel to his hearers, at least. The very gifts that have earned him fame, his mastery in art, his superb, impassioned rhetoric, his "fanatical," or rather heroic, advocacy of ideals,—these not infrequently prevent serious consideration of his claim to be an economist and deep student of society, as well as a leader in measures of practicable reform. For the gaining of true perspective, therefore, careful and slow must the reader be. In this Mr. Hobson's work will prove of immense service ; but it cannot, nor would its author wish it to, replace the study of originals, the critical judgment of

Ruskinian thoughts as they stand entwined among foliage and played upon by glittering sunbeams, just as the Master left them.

Thus far as to the volume.* It is tastefully, even handsomely bound. The style befits the subject and the treatment. The writer thoroughly justifies Ruskin's claim advanced for position as a great teacher of social science. But we would not close without a further word on what is to us the most striking, most admirable, most characteristic feature of John Ruskin's socialism.† May we not thus qualify that deep, all-embracing, all-pervading sympathy, wide as the world, that saw man's whole nature beautifully one, that dreamed of continuous progress to ideal perfection consisting in full development of body and mind, imagination and soul—the crowning with destined glory of all things ideal and actual, living and inanimate; expressed by himself thus succinctly in the last volume of *Fors*:

“‘Modern Painters’ taught the claim of all lower nature in the hearts of men, of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life in all that I now bid you do, to dress the earth and keep it. I am fulfilling what I then began. The ‘Stones of Venice’ taught the laws of constructive art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the unknown. ‘Unto this Last’ taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice; the ‘Inaugural Oxford Lectures,’ the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labor recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; and lastly, ‘Fors Clavigera’ has declared the relations of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honor, for low and high, rich and poor, together in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which, whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically, nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day: and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to his creatures, and an immortal Father to his children.”

What, now, shall we think of those to whom Mr. Ruskin seems like an antagonist of the teaching that Faith is Art's Life? True, this axiom needs broad interpretation; but understood, it is but the crowning of that high and true Idealism for which Ruskin stood.

* We cannot omit mention of a most unfortunate accident in binding, whereby pages 226, 227, 230, 231, 234, 235, 238, 239 are missing in the present edition.

† Socialism: word used here etymologically and clear in the context—*vid.*, realism, animalism, somnambulism.

Ruskin, like any subject of meditation, must be considered as a whole in order to be accurately appreciated. There is plain and continuous development in the history of his growth from Nature to Art, through Art to Human Life, and through Human Life to the ever-deepening sense of Eternal Law, shining through and vivifying every visible creature. Thus conceived, his life shows harmonious through apparent discord. It was matter of course that under existing circumstances his youth should be that narrow, unsympathetic thing it really was. So, too, was his later awakening quite in the to-be-expected order. Given his characteristics and certain social conditions, contact of these would almost necessarily produce the reaction that occurred.

So Mr. Hobson's volume helps to a clear understanding of what we would have postulated as antecedently probable—that Ruskinism is the result of a certain definite and scientific view of phenomena, and not a mere sentiment. It makes for an integral grasp of human life, and its moral character is grand. The crowning that it lacked—the wedding with the faith of Dante, Angelico, Raphael, Gregory, More, Leo,—this we can contrive ourselves, and mark how the whole shines beautifully true and strong, proving the dead Master, as far as he went, to have been a veritable Prophet to the modern, narrow-minded, low-lived world.

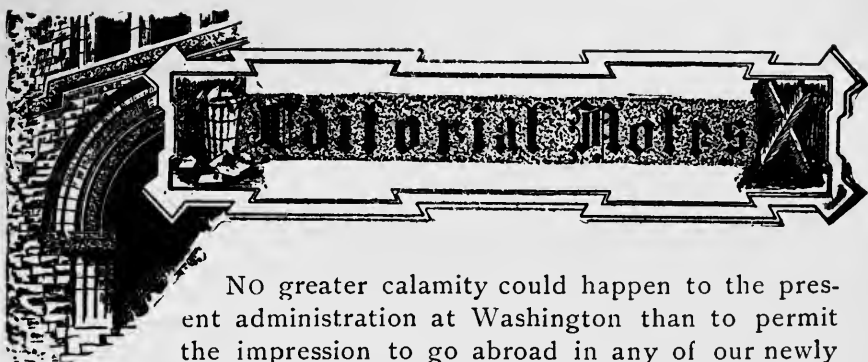
4.—KEY TO THE STUDY OF GAELIC.*

The above is the first of a series of three parts, two of which are still to be published, and devoted to the grammatical analysis of the Irish language, "with exercises and vocabularies" for the aid of those who desire to acquire a knowledge of the Irish language through the medium of the English alphabet. The first part before us takes up the question of the etymology of the language, and within the comparatively small compass the writer has allowed himself it must be said that he has given a fairly clear and concise statement of his subject. It is to be regretted that owing to the neglect which our language has suffered, and still suffers, no thoroughly scientific grammar has as yet been issued, if we except, perhaps, Windische's, which to the student is to a great extent a closed book, unless he be already an adept in philology. O'Donovan's grammar, though a marvel in its way, considering the fact that its author was unable to bring the knowledge of comparative philology to bear on his subject, as philology had as yet

* *Key to the Study of Gaelic.* By John O'Daly. Gaelic School, Boston.

scarcely emerged from an inchoate or formative condition to the perfection of a science as we behold it to-day, is entirely inadequate to the requirements of even a partial knowledge of the wonderful system of phonology which underlies our language, and which proves the extraordinary degree of culture to which our ancestors attained. It may be said, without mincing matters, that very much of what has been written in our grammars heretofore on etymology and grammatical forms in general is largely empirical, and must be rewritten, when the scholar who is competent to do so can be found. That scholar must bring to bear on his work a thorough knowledge of the phonology of the language, and in addition a knowledge of philology, as far as that science has progressed. He must, moreover, from the very nature of things, have a *traditional* or *natural*, and not a merely acquired, knowledge of the Irish language; otherwise we shall have a new example of "the blind leading the blind." It may not be too much to hope that Ireland under the present stimulus to Celtic studies may shortly be able to produce such a scholar. At all events, it is a hopeful sign of the times to see a young man like Mr. O'Daly take up the work of writing a text-book for beginners, and all such efforts should be encouraged by those who have the welfare of the Irish language at heart. The writer, moreover, shows that he possesses a very extensive knowledge of Irish, which is supplemented by conscientious research and painstaking, and we are very much mistaken, or he is a natural Irish speaker. He would do well, however, to avoid designating as corrupt anything that still exists in the spoken language; the safer way is to regard any difference of idiom or pronunciation in any particular district as a natural development, till the contrary is clearly proven. We cannot at all agree with him that the diphthongal sound given in Munster to *a*, *o*, and *i*, coming before *ll*, *nn*, *m*, *ng*, etc., in monosyllables is a corruption. In fact the contrary seems to be the case. Take, for instance, the word *poll*, a hole; we have Welsh *pwll*, Manx *powl*, Old High-German *pful*, Breton *poull*, and English *pool*. Again, take the word *im*, butter, Old Irish *imb*—Latin, *unguentum*, ointment—and the Munster pronunciation, *eyme*, would seem to be unlauted from the Indo-European root.

Aside, however, from these considerations, we can cordially recommend this little work to beginners, especially to those who think they can make better progress in studying the language from English rather than the Irish character.



No greater calamity could happen to the present administration at Washington than to permit the impression to go abroad in any of our newly found colonies that the spirit of the American government is antagonistic to the religion of the people. Yet some of the official acts give color to such sentiments. At best the government has all it can do to suppress the insurrection. We are continually reading of how the insurgents were beaten here and defeated there, but they will not stay "beaten" or "defeated." We sincerely hope that the war will be brought to a speedy and victorious issue.

We have no sympathy with the editorial policy of some papers that at this juncture take occasion to denounce the administration for certain imperialistic tendencies it is supposed to possess. It was just that policy last spring in Congress that kindled the fires of revolt, and a continuation of such an attitude is giving comfort to the enemy while their forces are engaging our soldiers in battle. The only way out just now is for the government to quell the insurrection, and do it quickly. Then, when the peace propositions have been signed, we can discuss the evils of an imperialistic policy. The other course is constructively treasonable.

It is indicative of the best progress that the Temperance movement is choosing to work along educational lines. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has lately finished the deliberations of its Twenty-ninth Annual Convention, and we gather from the published reports that the organization is now the largest Catholic fraternal organization in America, and is constantly growing. This convention reports a membership of 80,373; but what is more hopeful for the future life of the organization is the good work it is doing among the children.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

Editor of The Catholic World.

REVEREND FATHER: The article by Rev. George McDermot in the August CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE brought forcibly to my mind a personal incident which might be of interest to your readers in connection with "The Man with the Hoe." The enclosed poem embodies my thought, but perhaps a little explanation will not be amiss.

While at the Columbian Exposition I had set apart three days for the art gallery—it was all I could afford to give—and I found when nearing the end of the allotted time I had not seen the famous picture. A young girl, not a Catholic, a former pupil, was with me. She was an adept at wedging her way through a crowd, being a Chicago girl. So at last we reached the spot and were trying to guess the inner thought of the picture. Of course she declared it hideous, stupid, but I recalled to her remembrance an old Bohemian who did chores around the convent in her school days, and for whom the "Man with the Hoe" might have stood for portrait, and said: "Well, now, you know old Kravonich was not so dull as he looked, and when appealed to through his religious feelings was really grand. Surely he would not have done a sinful thing for any money." She assented and we drifted on, talking of the peasantry of Christian countries and how the cultivation of the religious element raised them to heights not dreamed of in countries where material ideas held sway. I quoted Carlyle's estimate of the highest type of humanity, the, "peasant saint," the man who willingly bears the burdens without sharing the joys of humanity,—and we concluded that Father Damien would have filled his ideal. While lingering thus a set of young men, art students we found out later, sauntered along. After casting a hasty glance at "The Gleaners" one exclaimed: "Oh, say, here is 'The Man with the Hoe'!" Instantly they all gathered around, and one remarked: "I must say I do not fancy Millet; his pictures are all so sad." "Sad!" echoed the next one. "That lout hasn't enough soul to feel sad. He's all right; he'll go home, fill up, and go to sleep without a thought."

Somehow my companion had fallen in love with "The Man with the Hoe," and she resented the slander, and with the bohemianism born of the subject, the persons, and the place, she flashed back: "That man may not be so dull as you think; you should remember that is a French peasant." A smile flitted across the faces of the students, and even I was surprised at her enthusiasm. One gentleman politely interposed: "But I do not see the point. What has his nationality to do with it?"

"Why everything," she answered. "In France every hill-side has its monastery or its village church; just let its bell ring out a call to prayer, and you will see 'The Man with the Hoe' turned into the 'Angelus.'" It was like a luminous shaft entering our minds. We all had seen the "Angelus" and knew its elements were identical with "The Man, etc.," and all that changed its spirit was indeed the call to prayer.

I have tried to embody this in the following, with what success I must leave you to judge:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of labor's curse he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes vacantly ;
A seeming emptiness o'erspreads his face,
And on his back life's heavy burden lies.
Is he all that his vacant features tell ?—
A being dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,
Within no power to lift the brutal jaw,
No power to forward curve the slanting brow,
No breath of life to stir the narrowed brain ?

By Nature's law is matter shaped by soul,
This clod-like thing is man in outward form,
Begrimed and roughened by unending toil
To semblance in expression of a brute.
And yet a human soul must dwell within :
What fiend-like power has marred this God-like work ?
This crowning glory of the world, reduced
To be the fellow of the beast he feeds ?
Eternal curses light on those who dared
Debase the thing the Lord God gave and made
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power
To feel the passion of eternity !

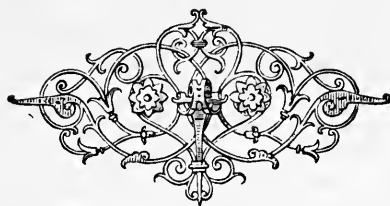
Restrain, my friend, thy noble wrath, and think
Perchance 'tis spent in senseless railing
Against the roughened shell that holds the pearl
And gives no outward gleam of treasured light.
No gulf between him and the Seraphim
May lie, save in thy earth-bound fantasy.

Lo ! from a village spire slow tolls a bell ;
It strikes upon his idly listening ear,
And straight the pearl of soul within him shrined
Gives forth a gleam, proclaiming him a man,
A being made for reverence and for love !
The brow is raised or lowlier bent to earth
In adoration's mute appeal to God ;
The lips their oft repeated Ave ! form,
A gleam of light his patient spirit stirs,
A grander gleam than swing of Pleiades,
Than Plato's guesses of the Infinite.
" Long, long ago, my curé told me so,
The God who made the world was such as I,
And toiled and sweated for the sins of all,
Albeit he did no evil thing Himself.

Eh bien! I am a guilty sinner; *moi*,
But toil will be my way to *Paradis*,
With the bon Dieu to rest for evermore."
And shouldering hoe he peaceful turns him home.

See now, the tinkling of the vesper bell
Has touched with gleams of Immortality
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched;
For the hard lines by daily toil inwrought
Touch not the seraph nature of the nian.
Just such as he, mayhap, were Juda's men
Who watched their flocks when chanting angels came
To call them to the Stable and the Crib.

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FRANCIS L. PATTON, the president of Princeton University, admits the value of the small college, and that many of the great universities are indebted to small beginnings. He contends, however, for the special benefits of the university course, and proves his case very well, as follows:

"This specialization of function, which is going on so rapidly in our American universities, is of great advantage to the professors, for it enables them to become investigators and not merely teachers of the body of accepted truth.

"It would not be impossible for the same man to teach logic, ethics, and metaphysics, and also to lecture on English literature, international law, and the evidences of Christianity. But he could hardly be expected to do original work in all of these departments, and it would be strange if he succeeded in teaching any one of them well. And it is a distinct advantage to the student when the professor's teaching schedule is so reduced and his area of professional responsibility is so limited that he can give his whole time to the study of a specialty. For there comes a time in the life of the undergraduate when he feels that his days of learning lessons and of reciting from text-books are over, and that if he is to have any fresh inspiration for study he must get it by contact with men also who are acknowledged masters in the departments with which they deal, and by independent study in a chosen field of inquiry.

"It will be universally conceded that for a student to engage successfully in original research he should have the advantage of access to large libraries, the use of well-equipped laboratories, and the guidance of professors who have made certain fields of inquiry in a very special sense their own. And these advantages ordinarily cannot be enjoyed outside of the universities. The only question is, whether a student may profitably engage in work of this kind during his undergraduate career. I see no reason why he should not begin work of this kind during the last two years of his course, and why a very considerable part of time in senior year should not be devoted to it.

"It is not denied, however, that much can be said in behalf of the old-fashioned curriculum and the small college, though what is commonly said of them in contrast with and to the disadvantage of the university could be improved by the infusion into it of a more judicial temper. It may easily happen that in the college the freshman comes into direct contact with a professor, while in the university he is very frequently brought into relation with a tutor or an assistant professor. But this is not necessarily a disadvantage."

*

*

*

The officers of the Ozanam Reading Circle, New York City, are:

President, Miss Mary F. McAleer; Vice-President, Miss Helen A. Walsh; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary I. McNabb; Recording Secretary, Miss Frances B. McAleer; Treasurer, Miss Jane C. McCarthy. Director, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. The president of the Circle presented at the closing meeting, season of 1898-9, the following outline of the year's work:

It is my privilege to present to you the twelfth annual report of the Ozanam Reading Circle. The first regular meeting was held October 3, Father McMillan presiding, for on that night the annual election of officers was to take place. The interests of the club are well attended to by a president, a vice-president, a record-

ing secretary, and a treasurer. These officers, with the ex-presidents and the Rev. Director, constitute the council, whose work is mainly advisory. Special meetings are held by this body for the purpose of determining the yearly programme.

The particular work of the Director is that of recommending books for home reading. Once a month he outlines a work which he thinks of especial value. Among those so discussed by him the past year are: *The People for whom Shakspeare Wrote*, author Charles Dudley Warner, and that old English classic by Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, which, in contrast to Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, might well be styled *Looking Forward*.

The points in this book particularly noted and commented upon referred to passages bearing upon present municipal questions. Quoting from the book:

"Utopia is an island protected from invasion by nature and art. Its capital, Amawrote, resembles London in position; in arrangement it is what London might be. It has broad, clean streets and well-built houses, each with a fruit and flower garden. The magistrates are elected by the whole community. They in their turn elect by ballot a prince from four candidates sent up, each from a quarter of the city. Laws are few, so as not to be a stumbling to the unlearned. Religious questions may be discussed, but violence in argument is treated as a crime."

In our own country municipal changes have caused a revival of interest in the book, which deserves a more careful perusal than is generally accorded to it.

Current topics have entered largely into our Director's plan of study for the year. The month of October was devoted to a study of one of the works of George Eliot—*The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton*. This induced home study of the book, which prepared the way for discussion at the regular meeting.

The latter part of the present century has been remarkable for the great number of literary productions totally lacking in the spiritual sense. Brother Azarias, in *Phases of Thought and Criticism*, has laid particular emphasis on this defect in modern literature. With a view to learn how to combat the modern spirit that is abroad, certain evenings were devoted to the subject—The Culture of the Spiritual Sense. *The Imitation* was selected for a study. Its literary structure was first presented.

It was interesting to note the traces of authorship running through it. Scarcely a sentence but does not recall some passage now in the Old, now in the New Testament. The author drew from St. Gregory the Great, St. Bernard, St. Francis Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas. He also laid the pagan classics under contribution. He quotes Aristotle, Ovid, Seneca, and there are some remarkable coincidences in expression between himself and Dante.

This presentation was followed by a paper on the "Spiritual Sense" of *The Imitation*, Brother Azarias being again taken as an authority. He says:

"For the student *The Imitation* is laden with beautiful lessons. Thomas à Kempis continually reminded his scholars that great words do not make a man holy and just. He lays down the condition under which study may be pursued with advantage. He shows the greater responsibility attached to human knowledge, and counsels the student to be humble:

"The more thou knowest and the better thou understandest, the more strictly shalt thou be judged, unless thy life also be the more holy. Be not, therefore, elated in thy own mind because of any art or science, but rather let the knowledge given thee make thee afraid."

The book has always been a consoler in tribulation. Louis XVI., when a prisoner, found great comfort in its pages, and read them day and night. La

Harpe thought the book beneath his notice, even as the humanists before him had regarded St. Paul. La Harpe, in the prison of Luxemburg, met with the book, opened it at random and read lines that made him fall on his face and weep bitterly. Ever after *The Imitation* was one of La Harpe's most cherished books.

And again, read George Eliot's tribute to the small, old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence to-day. Poor Maggie Tulliver! trouble and misfortune have come upon her, and she has not yet learned the lesson of Christian patience and suffering. An accident puts her in possession of *The Imitation*. She reads the book. It thrills her with awe, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music telling of beings whose soul had been astir while hers was in stupor. It is to her the revelation of a new world of thought and spirituality. And so with many others.

Emerson and Newman also furnished a theme for comparison. Newman's poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," formed an excellent contrast to Emerson's "Sphinx." The Spiritual Sense of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" concluded this analysis, which has opened a new field of thought for many of us.

Those who had the great pleasure of attending the lecture on Coventry Patmore know what a debt of gratitude we owe the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., who on December 6 so ably introduced to the friends of the Ozanam the late poet, whom "only the elect may read."

The remainder of the year of 1898 was devoted mainly to critical readings of works of fiction. *Vanity Fair* produced two papers, one discussing, Was Lord Rawdon justified in condemning his wife? Another arguing, Had Becky Sharp any redeeming qualities? I think we never settled that question. We all agreed to disagree on that point.

Among the new books of the year *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has come in for its full share of criticism. The opinions, both pro and con, have been many. St. George Mivart was referred to as one authority in *Mosher's Magazine* whose critical comments were much enjoyed by the members of the Circle. Sienkiewicz, the great realist, has been the means of many a pleasant hour's diversion in the busy home-life of our members.

February 22 brought round again the annual At Home of the Ozanam, when we gladly welcome all our friends, both old and new. Among the latter it is our privilege to number Mr. John Jerome Rooney, well known for his poems on the recent war, who that day introduced to us Apples Finkey, The Water Boy, with several other of his war ballads.

Those who were with us on Washington's Birthday know what a rare treat we enjoyed in listening to these readings of Mr. Rooney, followed as they were by Father Doherty's reminiscences of his experience at Manila, which kindled our interest to enthusiasm, particularly when he informed us he had met Dewey and Aguinaldo.

The past two months have been months of profit and enjoyment. Thanks to the Board of Education we were able to attend a course of lectures in this hall on Shakspeare and general literature, that have well repaid our faithful attendance. The year has drawn to a close. For many things the Ozanam is very grateful. To the Paulist Fathers we owe deep gratitude for the kind interest that has led them to provide us with a large, warm, and well-lighted room, and what is still better, for the spiritual and intellectual help we have received from them. While ambition urges us onward and upward, we sometimes have to cry a halt in our pursuit and check the too eager aspirant for higher

realms. We have learned not to expect too much of the humble deliver, but to remember that—

“ Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.”

* * *

George H. Baker, who resigned from the Columbia University Library on July 1, has been succeeded by Dr. James H. Canfield, late president of Ohio State University, who has begun his work.

The additions to the library in the last college year, ending June 30, were 25,404 bound volumes, of which 18,283 were derived from purchase or exchange, 5,141 volumes from gift, and 1,975 from the incorporation into bound volumes, either singly or by subjects, of pamphlets and other material received unbound in the year, or already in the library in unbound form. This is the largest annual growth which the library has made, the nearest approach to it having been in 1894-'95, when 24,839 volumes were added.

It may be interesting to give in brief the additions to the library of the University in the last fifteen years. There were added to the library in the five years ending June 30, 1889, 35,836 volumes; the additions for the following five years, ending June 30, 1894, were 80,931 volumes, while the number added the third period of five years, ending June 30, 1899, was 98,502.

The number of books in Columbia University Library in 1883, when the various libraries belonging to Columbia were consolidated in what was then the new library building, under Melvil Dewey, was less than 50,000 volumes. In May, 1889, when George H. Baker, after about a year's service as acting librarian, was chosen librarian in chief, the library numbered a little above 90,000. It now contains more than 275,000 volumes, and is thus exceeded in numbers by no university library in America except that of Harvard, unless the undetermined and undeterminable extent of the Chicago University Library should be thought to exceed the above figure.

Many additions have been made in the year in French and German history, together with more than 2,200 volumes in philosophy and education, with large developments in many other directions. Among other special purchases was a collection of more than 1,100 pamphlets issued in the French Revolution, consisting of reports and other official and semi-official documents addressed to the legislative bodies in France in the years 1789-'91. Also a large body of dissertations in Greek literary history and archæology was acquired. Following the interest and importance which the subject has assumed, an unusually rich collection of material on the Philippine Islands has been formed, including many Spanish works and books printed in Manila.

There have been made and added to the general catalogue in the year 61,034 new cards, and the number of cards incorporated with the catalogue for a number of years was an average of 50,000 annually. The growth and the use of the library indicated by the loans of books to be used out of the building have shown a great increase from year to year in the last ten years. The number of books lent in 1888-89 was 11,325, the following year it rose to 16,004, and it has annually increased until the record for the last fiscal year is 77,260 volumes lent, or between six and seven times that of ten years ago.

Columbia University Library now consists, as far as the public is concerned, of a general reading room, the law reading room, the Avery architectural reading room, eighteen special reading rooms in the library building, and twenty departmental libraries of greater or less extent, each with certain reading room facilities.

M. C. M.



DATE DUE

~~NOV 29 1966~~

[illegible]

AP
2
C3
v.69

The Catholic world

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
